THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

5c. in

Volume 200, Number 13

Sept. 24, '27

Beginning **CRUSADE** By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

3 *Sizes* 6 *Graduated Points* 5 *Jewel-like Colors*

Parker's new Duofold with Pressureless touch

And Non-Breakable Permanite Barrel 28% Lighter than Rubber

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Of the men you know— *how many are really well dressed?*

Everyone has heard of the "well dressed man"—but how often do we meet him in actual life?

Ever stop to count them—those friends of yours who honestly deserve the title of "well dressed men"? There aren't so many—when you come right down to it. The chances are you can count them all on the fingers of one hand.

Strange, isn't it, that of all the men you meet—keen chaps in all walks of life—scarcely a handful make their clothes really add to their personality? Especially strange, when you consider that many men spend a good deal of money on clothes, and still never manage to look the part. They know how important it is to dress well, if only for business reasons—and they try—but somehow never quite hit the mark. And then some fellow comes along, and seemingly with no effort at all, gives exactly the right impression, just by the quiet distinction of each carefully chosen item he has on!

Of course, it's easy to say, "These well dressed chaps can't help it—they have a knack for wearing clothes. Take that man Smith—he always looks well. He was *born* to dress well." But isn't that really dodging the issue? If a man goes into the matter—and it's worth any man's time and thought—he almost always finds that men who dress well have thought the thing out pretty carefully. They don't spend a fortune on their clothes, either. Any man can dress well—supremely well—*if he knows how to pick out the right things.* Here, for example, are some of the rules that guide him:

All men will like this Society Brand suit. It tailors exceptionally well in Piping Rock cloth.

If you're dark, you're certain to look well in suits of the lighter shades: such as tans, light grays, and light colored plaids and mixtures. If your hair is light you'll be at your best in dark blue, Oxford gray, and other deep rich effects. If being dark you still prefer dark fabrics, choose ties that have bright colors in them. Bright ties will give contrast and tone up the whole effect.

When you buy a colored shirt, keep in mind the color of the suit you'll wear with it. Get a lighter shade of the same color, or one that harmonizes. Tan shoes go best with tan or gray suits; black shoes with darker colors. Never wear light tan shoes with a blue suit; they're too conspicuous. If a man's accessories are properly chosen he's won half the battle.

Now for the most important point of all. What *style* of clothes should a man wear? How can he be sure that the suit, topcoat or overcoat he is buying will be the right thing for him?

There's nothing very mysterious about style, if you think it over. That whole problem can be

boiled down to a very simple idea. If your clothes are well designed—or, in clothier's terms, if they are correctly cut—they can't help but be good looking. The man who buys a correctly cut suit—and watches his accessories—is bound to be well dressed!

For a generation Society Brand Clothes have been noted for the unfailing correctness of their cut.

It's a common saying among very discriminating men, that good fabrics and all the trimmings can be obtained from many clothes-makers, but for the essential of good style—for the Correct Cut—a man had better go to Society Brand. The entire success of these clothes is based on the one idea: "It's the *Cut* of your Clothes that Counts." To discover the truth of this statement, look up a Society Brand merchant, and slip on a Society Brand suit. Then simply compare it with any other.

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Society Brand Clothes

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

THE BOSTON GLOBE—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1927

ZZLE

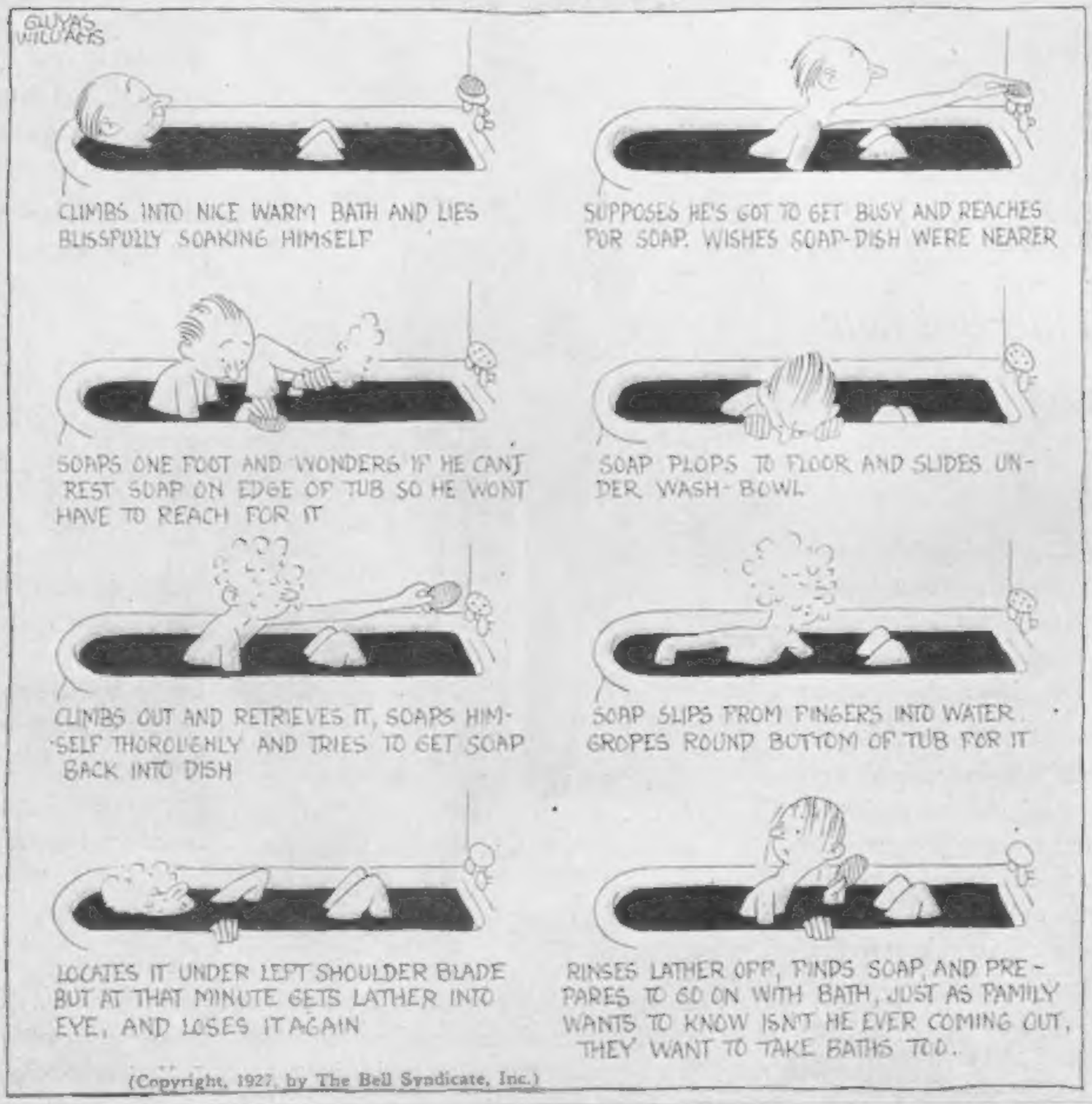
F YESTERDAY'S
OSSWORD PUZZLE

CICERO SAPP—Gideon Gets the B

THE LAST AS WAS RE MY P. THE LAND RUSH SHE TERP EXC

THIS IS A FIG HERE I AM A INTELLECT AND SITTIN THE WORLD MEETING OUT I SPEN HE DAY AND NO ONE S IT IS I HA OER AND OR WHEN UNTIL

Snapshots of a Man Taking a Bath


GUYAS VILLAGERS
CLIMBS INTO NICE WARM BATH AND LIES BLISSFULLY SOAKING HIMSELF
SUPPOSES HE'S GOT TO GET BUSY AND REACHES FOR SOAP. WISHES SOAP-DISH WERE NEARER
SOAPS ONE FOOT AND WONDERS IF HE CAN'T REST SOAP ON EDGE OF TUB SO HE WONT HAVE TO REACH FOR IT
SOAP PLOPS TO FLOOR AND SLIDES UNDER WASH-BOWL
CLIMBS OUT AND RETRIEVES IT, SOAPS HIMSELF THOROUGHLY AND TRIES TO GET SOAP BACK INTO DISH
SOAP SLIPS FROM FINGERS INTO WATER. GROPES ROUND BOTTOM OF TUB FOR IT
LOCATES IT UNDER LEFT SHOULDER BLADE BUT AT THAT MINUTE GETS LATHER INTO EYE, AND LOSES IT AGAIN
RINSES LATHER OFF, FINDS SOAP, AND PREPARES TO GO ON WITH BATH, JUST AS FAMILY WANTS TO KNOW ISN'T HE EVER COMING OUT, THEY WANT TO TAKE BATHS TOO.

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CRUSADE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Miles Gave His Disarming Laugh, "But My Name is O'Neill, and My Baptismal Name is Not Mile, But Miles, in the Gaelic Tongue, Maelmorra, or Servant of Mary"

IT SEEMED to the man on horseback, now that he was once more outside Jerusalem, now that from the Damascus gate he could see over the fortifications, over the huddle of houses like the massed backs of turtles, the cupola of the Holy Sepulcher, and farther toward the left the miracle of cool delight that was the Templum Domini—the Temple of the Lord—and farther still, the blue mountains of Moab becoming purple in the sunset, that all his pain to be once more among his own people had gone. He blamed himself for wishing, as he knew he wished, he were still back in Damascus, a prisoner of the Saracen.

Outside the Damascus gate Arabs were going to and fro. Sentinels in the green livery of the Count of Champagne were drowsing over their pikes. A mad knight, whom he remembered to have been a friend of Alenard, the Norse crusader, galloped all but into him and, raising his hands in the air, began to shout in barbaric Norman: "I see an eagle flying over a king's army, and in its claws are seven javelins. And it cries, Woe! Woe is Jerusalem!" He had a tangled red beard falling down to his saddle, and unkempt red hair straggled about his winged Norse helmet, and in his eyes, blue as a lake, was madness. The Arabs slippered away in respect from the man afflicted by God.

But the green-jerkined sentinels laughed. The man on horseback, for all his weakness as of a month-old child, forced his mare toward them, and called in fury: "How dare you insult a knight, you kept terrier? And where is your officer?"

The sentinels were small black men, with black, Gaulish eyes. They were out of hand, impertinent. "And whose kept man are you?" one sneered.

A gust of shaking anger came over him, with a throbbing in the head, and he remembered how he must look to the sentinels. A man on a chestnut Arab horse, in silken Arab clothes, and the red boots of Syria on his feet, and on his face, he felt, the stamp of death. Yes, he must look like some renegade Christian, some of the many who had accepted Islam, and then been flung out of the tribes as a man lacking in honor, a man they didn't want. He noticed the Arab children eying him curiously, and a tonsured brother of Saint Francis—an Italian by his face—looking at him malignantly. An underofficer hustled down from the tower, a spruce, soldierly man.

"I am Sir Miles O'Neill," the man on horseback said, "attached to Sir Ulick de Lacy's command, and until four days ago a prisoner of the Saracens."

The man came to attention smartly enough, but Miles could see he had been drinking.

"Why don't you keep better discipline at your gate, man?" he asked.

"It is peacetime, Sir Miles," the underofficer answered, "and the men are lax." He dropped his voice. "It is so long since they have been paid, sir."

"Where is Sir Ulick's command?"

"I don't know, sir. If it was the Irish kerns, I'm afraid they're gone, sir. They were lost at the gaming tables, and went with their new owner into High Germany."

"And Sir Ulick?"

"Many of the knights have gone to Cyprus, sir."

O'Neill was silent. If this were so, he had come back penniless into a city where he had no friends. He would have to find lodging and food, an equipment and a new commander.

"If you don't mind my saying so, sir," the underofficer smiled, "you will find the Holy City changed. The peace will make a great difference, sir. Good for some, sir, and bad for others. Good for me, sir. I've got a little property, sir—olive trees and grapes near Bethlehem, and a little drove of camels."

"You are a Westminster man?"

"Southwark, sir."

"What English knight is in the city?"

"Let me think, sir. There's Sir Robert Paget, a Sussex man. Oh, a very nice knight, sir. And there's Sir Odo Trelawney—he's not English but a Cornishman. They call him, begging pardon, sir, Odo le Gras—a fat, swearing man."

"Where are Sir Odo's quarters?"

"Near the Temple, sir. I'd go with you, sir, but my relief doesn't come for an hour yet."

"I'll find it."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." O'Neill rode off, thinking how the fellow would curse him for not having given him something.

As he rode down the crooked steep streets the nauseous stench of Jerusalem all but stifled him, and he said to himself bitterly that he knew beyond doubt he was in a Christian city. A train of camels, whacked onward by Syrian Christians, bumped him against the walls, and his left arm, still in splints and sling under his coat, was scraped. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and a little groan came to his lips. A giant negro, clearing the street for a burly Templar, seized his mount's snaffle and forced it aside. He struck the Cairene convert across the face with the heavy whip in his right hand, cursing the officious black man so terribly, in such a chilled low tone of voice, that he shuffled away terrified. An English palmer, with mouth and eyes swollen and red from some hideous disease, implored him for alms, with high whining patter, and when he, too, was cursed, retorted with such a flood of obscenity that it made the foul air fouler. O'Neill rode on. Chancing to glance downward, he noticed that the chestnut's near fore hock was filling. That was the last straw.

And only four days ago he had left Damascus—clean and green and cool Damascus, where his captors were more friendly and more courteous than these brethren of his who bore the cross on their shoulders as a sign of enduring fellowship. "Enduring fellowship!" he sneered. And yet he could not stay in Damascus. Honor demanded he should return. But two months before, when it was decreed that Saracen and Christian should live in honorable peace, he had been happy. He had waited and waited to hear that his ransom had been paid. He had waited in vain. He had wondered if his commander, De Lacy, were dead. The old sheykh whose prisoner he was, and the Arab physician, had remonstrated with him:

"Sheykh O'Neill. Here are trees that bear apples and small rivers which sing songs. And many birds. And a mountain you can look at—Hermon, with his white wise head. Let peace come into your heart, for only when there is peace in the heart can the body prosper. I would not extol myself," the old sheykh said, "but there are knights of Normandy who have been treated worse than you."

"I am but half Norman, Sheykh Haroun," O'Neill had said. "My father was of an impetuous, impatient race—the king of Ulster is my cousin. Chains break our wings. I can say so, now that my ransom is on its way. It is not hardship, but that I have been a prisoner, which irks me."

The old sheykh was silent for a full minute. They were sitting in the inclosed garden, fashioned after the pattern of the gardens of Cordova in Spain, with plots of grass and small orange trees and paths of golden gravel and cool fountains. Sheykh Haroun drew letters in the path with his riding stick.

"Your ransom has been arranged, Sheykh O'Neill," he said quietly. The old physician looked at his chief in surprise.

O'Neill stood up and stretched his free arm. "*Allahu akbar!*" he cried, in the words of the muezzin. "God is great! Who arranged my ransom, Sheykh Haroun?"

"A Certain One," said the sheykh.

"I asked," O'Neill grew cold, "what lord arranged my ransom?" He looked proudly at the Arab chief. The Arab looked at him just as steadily.

"The Lord of Daybreak, Sheykh O'Neill."

O'Neill turned away with all the petulance of a sick man. He never felt so deserted, so small in all his life.

"Am I then so poor in friends and goods," he said bitterly, "that charity must be forced on me?"

"Oh, boy," the old chief thundered, "I have said that He has ransomed you. And what compact this old man has made with the King of the Day of Fate is not your affair. Young sheykh, when will you learn that pride is a king in gold armor who hath a swine's snout? And take refuge from it as from Satan who was stoned?" He was silent a minute. "Also, I had thought that among the Arab you were not lacking in friends."

O'Neill's conscience turned restlessly in him. "None could have been more kindly, more courteous than you have been, sir. I had thought it was just your chivalry. I had not dared to think it was more. I am ashamed to have been so petulant."

"A sick man is but a helpless child," said the hakim kindly. "His very weakness makes him angry."

"Do I not know that," said the old man, "who in my young time was wounded by King Richard's self?" He rose and came over to O'Neill, and his old hands, strong as oak, brown as old oak, took the silver horse's curb chain that was like a bracelet on O'Neill's right arm—the only mark of his captivity. He broke it like a piece of rotted twine.

O'Neill could believe now the stories of the old man's youth which had seemed like legends. Sheykh Haroun, in combat with Richard at Jaffa, had the king at his mercy, until the Lion-heart's bull-like rage and rush, and a little luck with an overarm swing with the mace—a farmer's blow!—had dropped the Bedouin chief with a broken shoulder bone.

"You are no longer now a prisoner, but the guest of the Arab."

"A poor guest for a prince like you, Sheykh Haroun."

"What are riches but the length of God's tether? And are we not all guests? The guests of God!"

He noticed, from the breaking of the chain, a new feeling in the great household toward him. They were not less kind, but they were more formal. It was as if his status were changed. There was more respect—not that there had ever been lack of respect—but less sense of being heart to heart with all of them. He was not the poor dependent prisoner, but the equal of the sheykh. They spoke rarely of Islam before him any more, as though it would be bad manners to bring up religion before a Christian knight. The wound in his head had healed, and the hurts in his side and chest from where his horse had rolled over him. But there was difficulty with the broken arm. That was progressing very well, all things considered, and he felt equal to the journey to Jerusalem.

"Sheykh Haroun," he told his host one evening, "in three days, or four days or five, I had better be going toward my commander's place."

"War is the Only Chance for the Poor Man." He Laughed. "I Am a Bit of a Philosopher, Uncle Hugues"

She Stopped. Her Lips Closed to the Tightness of Her Purse's Mouth

There were present the sheykh and the physician, two of the younger chiefs, Mohammed and Abdallah, and Haroun's young daughter, Kothra, the "sister of Ali," as she was called after Haroun's beloved eldest son, who was dead. She had changed more than anyone since he was free. She was so formal, so cold, and she had been so friendly. She was spoiled by everyone, and yet unspoiled, the sister of Ali. She sat there, cross-legged, dressed like a young sheykh of the desert, her headdress drawn across the lower part of her lean pearl-white face. Her hands, white, thin, nervous, unstained by henna, played with a light bamboo riding stick. The old sheykh passed three more beads of his beautiful amber rosary through his fingers.

"Will you not stay with us, Sheykh Maelmorra?" he asked. "There is so little between you and us. I ask pardon for this, but the Arab, knowing it is good, wishes to share Islam."

"I cannot, Sheykh Haroun," O'Neill said. "I am sorry. It would not be to my honor. The Arab understands that."

The sister of Ali said nothing. She drew graceful Arab letters in the sanded space at her feet. The young chieftains, Mohammed and Abdallah, nodded gravely.

"Surely the Arab understands that," Abdallah murmured. "To live without honor is to walk bent in two."

"But why do you want to go so soon?" the sister of Ali asked. There was something keen and musical about her voice, like a high clear note on the viol, or the ring of a gold bezant on marble. "As yet you are not a healed man."

"Because I hunger for news of my friends and the taste of Frankish speech, sister of Ali, and for the wail of the Irish pipe as the galloglasses mourn for their distant land. And my dogs are pining for me, and they go around, I know, questioning everyone with their brown eyes, and they cannot understand. Though I know what science the hakim has"—he looked gratefully at the physician—"he understands that among my own folk my arm will heal."

"Sheykh O'Neill speaks truth," said the hakim. "Do I not remember when a student in Seville, that I used to walk by the green river and weep a little for deserted Arabia, the wastes of Kheybar, and the camel colts I was born among! All the Bedouin understand."

"You will need some gold pieces," said the old sheykh. "You will not refuse them from the Arab, your friends."

O'Neill flushed. He was not sure he wouldn't need them, but he was not going to be beholden any more. He was beholden for his life, for his liberty, to the chivalry of the Arab, and, by the very cross of God, though he starved, he would take no more!

"I shall be well provided, Sheykh Haroun, once I cross the Jordan. Excuse me for refusing, but I shall be well when there. There is only one thing—if I might borrow a horse ——"

"You cannot borrow," said the sister of Ali; "I give you mine."

"I cannot accept it, sister of Ali."

"Then walk!" Her voice had the clear ring of a sword.

There was a pause of embarrassment. The young chiefs looked at each other with a surprise in their eyes. The hakim was bothered. The old sheykh sat up, rigid with anger.

"Oh, sister of Ali," he thundered, "have you no shame in your father's house? Are these Arab manners, an Arab heart? Sheykh O'Neill, pardon this mad Bedouin girl. Whatever horse you wish you will take and send it back when you will."

From behind the sister of Ali's headdress, clear over the splash of the fountain and the song of an early nightingale, O'Neill caught a muffled sob.

"If I may, Sheykh Haroun, I shall accept the horse of the sister of Ali."

The old hakim laid his hand on O'Neill's shoulder. Mohammed turned to Abdallah. "This is courtesy!" he said.

The old man turned to his daughter. "Hearest thou, girl, what honor our guest does thee?"

"I ask his pardon," she said nervously, "and yours, father of Ali."

"And God's!" insisted the old man.

"The Compassionate, the Compassionating," the sister of Ali murmured.

Through the soft Damascene dusk—the dusk of chiming river and nightingales and the scent of pear and almond blossom—came the call of the muezzin from the minaret of the Bride: "*Allahu akbar.*" Something in the faint throbbing tones had the call of distant, imperious drums. "God is great!" "God is great!" The Bedouin chieftains rose.

"We shall leave you to rest yourself, Sheykh O'Neill." O'Neill knew they were off to evening prayer. "I assert there is no God but God! I assert that Mohammed is the Messenger of God!" went the blind watchman. O'Neill touched forehead and heart in response to their farewell. Only the sister of Ali lingered.

"I am very sorry, O'Neill, for behaving like a child." O'Neill saw tears around the fringes of her eyes.

"It is not that I didn't wish to accept a gift from you, sister of Ali, but I have had so much, and I am ashamed."

"From us you have had no more than a rose from a garden where by the thousand roses grow. I understand, O'Neill." She was bothered under the call of the importunate, imperious muezzin. "I am pardoned, O'Neill?"

"You embarrass me, sister of Ali," he said uncomfortably.

"Then I am pardoned," she smiled with her eyes, and putting fingers to forehead, disappeared after her father and cousins.

Though only four days ago since he had left, it seemed an age, so different was the atmosphere of Jerusalem from that grave courtesy and kindly wisdom. Once he had crossed the Jordan from the Saracen country he had not found the hospitality and help he had boasted of to Sheykh Haroun. In the Hospitalers' station at Nazareth, he had been herded with cripples and beggars and flung a crust of bread, a handful of olives, and given tepid water in a jug with the handle broken. There was no use in insisting he was a knight. Of poor knights the roads were full. On the road to Tiberias he had had a bit of luck. He had overtaken a fat, greasy-bearded merchant on a mule, who spoke the Mediterranean Frankish dialect. He was a Hungarian, he said, and had come to visit the holy places. "And what was your highness?" he asked, looking suspiciously at O'Neill's Arab silks.

"An English, or rather an Irish knight; until yesterday a prisoner of the Saracen."

"Then you have an oath to protect pilgrims, yes?"

"Yes," O'Neill said carelessly.

The man breathed a sigh of relief and settled down on his mule. He was fat as a fat woman. O'Neill noticed that his hands were black with grime, except for broad lines of comparative whiteness on the fingers. The man had been

(Continued on Page 114)

"What Have You Done to My House, Fitzpaul?" He Asked, Shaking With Anger

THE NAVY AND ECONOMY

By T. P. Magruder
Rear Admiral, United States Navy

IN DECEMBER, 1907, President Roosevelt, as commander in chief of the Navy, reviewed from the decks of the Mayflower the United States Fleet as it steamed through Hampton Roads to begin its celebrated cruise around the world. Twenty years later, in June, 1927, President Coolidge, as commander in chief, reviewed from the same vessel and in the same waters, the United States Fleet of today. In several ways those two fleets differed.

The four-mile line of fighting vessels that President Roosevelt saw sweep through the widespread capes of Virginia included sixteen battleships, six destroyers, three auxiliaries and a tender. The fleet that boomed its salute to President Coolidge off Cape Henry was composed of twelve battleships, four cruisers, fifty destroyers and eighteen auxiliaries and tugs. In one important respect—battleships, the backbone of a combatant force afloat—it was inferior to the 1907 force. In several respects, notably light craft and personnel, it was superior. It had 26,500 officers and men, as compared to 13,000 in 1907. But in cost—taxpayers' dollars appropriated for upkeep—the difference was very marked. In 1908 the appropriation for the Navy, excluding money for new construction, was close to $82,000,000. In 1927 the appropriation, again excluding funds for new ships, was $300,000,000, an increase of $218,000,000.

Decommissioned Destroyers Lying in the Philadelphia Navy Yard

Our Overorganized Navy

FROM the foregoing, it is apparent that after allowing for the present high cost of labor and material, the Navy, relative to its strength, costs the taxpayers much more now than it did twenty years ago. Here is a table of certain naval costs and personnel for the fiscal years 1908—which includes the month of December, 1907, when Roosevelt reviewed the fleet—1916—approximately the halfway period—and 1926:

	1908	1916	1926
Cost of the Navy . .	$82,000,000	$111,000,000	$300,000,000
Number of officers . .	2,204	3,916	8,574
Number of men . . .	38,500	78,000	82,000
Pay of the Navy. . .	$24,000,000	$ 42,800,000	$124,500,000
Officers on duty in Washington	146	171	519

From the foregoing table it is instructive to note that the cost of the Navy and the number of officers in 1908 were nearly quadrupled in 1926—that is, the cost increases almost directly as the number of officers on the active list increases. The number of men in the Navy now is about twice that of 1908 and only a few more than in 1916.

From the table several interesting deductions may be made. One is—and this is of the greatest importance to the Navy—that there is a genuine need for more men. The expansion of aviation, increased use of the radio and a greater number of ships in commission are evidences of this need. The matter of prime significance is the enormous increase in the number of officers on duty at the Navy Department in Washington—over three times as many as in 1916.

For many years I have been convinced that our Navy is not so strong as it should be, taking into consideration very liberal appropriations made by the Congress for that purpose. I have endeavored from time to time to analyze the appropriations and disbursements to see why the appropriations fail to give a Navy as strong as one might expect therefrom.

I shall endeavor in this article to point out wherein the money for the Navy is not being expended in such a way as to give a greater return for the amounts appropriated.

To use a current industrial term, there is, I am convinced, a much greater overhead than formerly, diverting a large part of the appropriations of the Navy from the operation and maintenance of the fleet to administrative purposes and to the shore establishment. The causes of this greatly increased overhead are:

1. Overorganization, both afloat and ashore.
2. Failure completely to demobilize after the World War.
3. Continuance of uneconomical methods begun in wartime.
4. Expenditures to maintain in active status superfluous navy yards, stations and bases.
5. Keeping in commission ships useless for war service.

The present overorganization may be traced back to 1916, when President Wilson enunciated the policy and Congress appropriated the money therefor, "to build a Navy equal to that of any other nation." This policy was undertaken and a huge building program projected. The plan was disrupted by the World War, when it became essential to victory to stop building battleships and battle cruisers and to concentrate on building destroyers, antisubmarine craft and cargo ships. After the war the building program continued until 1922, when, as the result of the conference called for the limitation of naval armaments, the insensate competition in building war craft by the naval powers was stopped, or rather was supposed to have been stopped. Capital ships and aircraft carriers were limited in numbers, and other limitations imposed on the naval power of the five great maritime nations of the world. The details of this limitation of armaments are now well-known and need not be discussed further here.

Prior to the Limitation of Armaments Conference a naval policy was promulgated. This policy, the result of several years' study by the best minds of the Navy, was approved first by the Secretary of the Navy and then by the President. Its object was to develop and maintain just such a Navy as had been desired by President Wilson. In accordance with this policy, the United States Fleet was organized, to consist of a battle fleet composed of battleships, destroyers, submarines and aircraft carriers; a scouting fleet composed of battleships, light cruisers and destroyers, and various other forces comprising battleships, destroyers and submarines. All were to have the necessary auxiliaries. At the time of this organization there were built and building fifty battleships, six battle cruisers, ten light cruisers, three hundred and twenty destroyers, one hundred and twenty-six submarines, and other naval craft. To man such a fleet requires a large number of officers and men. To command it necessitates the detail of a large number of flag officers—admirals, vice admirals and rear admirals. So Congress authorized the appointment of three admirals and three vice admirals, to have that rank while holding appropriate commands in the fleet. This organization was placed in effect in 1920. Then in 1922 came the treaties for the limitation of naval armaments, and the capital ships of the United States Navy, built and building, were reduced from fifty-six to eighteen. The naval policy was modified somewhat to accord with the treaties, yet there was no change whatsoever in the organization afloat. And that is why the fleet is at present overorganized.

High Ranks and Small Commands

IT IS not in my province to discuss the reasons for this state of naval affairs. I can only state the facts as I see them. It may be that having fifty-five rear admirals on the active list requires that a large organization be maintained so that at least one-third of them may be at sea. That means, however, some have commands not commensurate with their rank. For instance, one vice admiral now commands a force consisting of one light cruiser and six destroyers; one rear admiral commands a force consisting of three tenders, twenty-eight submarines, and four small mining vessels; another commands four auxiliaries—fuel, supply and repair ships—and five tugs.

With each flag officer goes a staff of officers numbering from three to eighteen, depending upon the command, a band, barge's crew, servants, clerical force, extra radio and signal men, and orderlies. The staff requires servants, boat's crews and yeomen. Yeomen are the men who do the typing and paper work—that is, the red tape. The title is

quaintly ludicrous, but is indicative of the changes having taken place in the modern peacetime organization of a fleet.

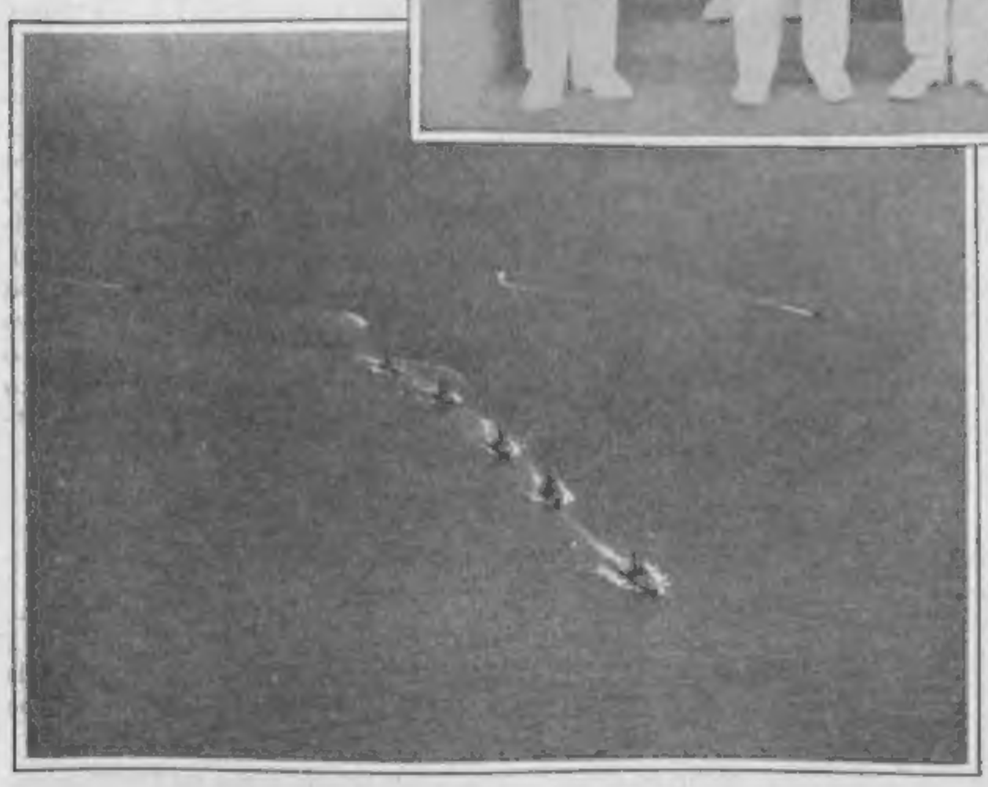
Briefly, overorganization deflects officers and men from manning ships that are out of commission and adds largely to the overhead. Naturally there is a great increase in the number of reports required. Instructions are emitted in minute detail. And, to paraphrase an old saying, "The typewriter is mightier than the sword."

Here is one example: The aircraft carrier Saratoga is nearing completion. In the allowance list for this ship occurs the item "sixty-two typewriters." It may readily be presumed that these machines will need yeomen to man them and that these men will be kept reasonably busy. Also, that this battery of typewriters and typists is needed to meet the requirements of red tape. Think of the output and the overhead!

The Evils of Overorganization

ANOTHER example: In the spring of 1926 the United States Fleet was mobilized in Panama Bay for maneuvers. After the maneuvers were completed there was a conference of the senior officers to discuss what had been accomplished and to criticize constructively the various problems that had been worked out. There were present at this conference from the fleet two admirals, two vice admirals, and eleven rear admirals! The forces taking part in the maneuvers did not, in my opinion, in any way justify this number of admirals to command them.

The fact that the Navy Department in Washington, its bureaus and offices, is quite highly organized, and that a very large number of officers are there on duty, adds to the complements of the ships at sea. Detailed and elaborate instructions as to communications; the rules for target practices and engineering competitions and the number and variety thereof; instructions given and reports required by the various bureaus; an intricate system of supply, disbursing and accounting—all these require personnel and occupy a large part of its time. And unquestionably, many of the reports are of little, if any, value. One evil of such a system is that complements of certain ships are so great that the crews cannot be berthed with comfort.

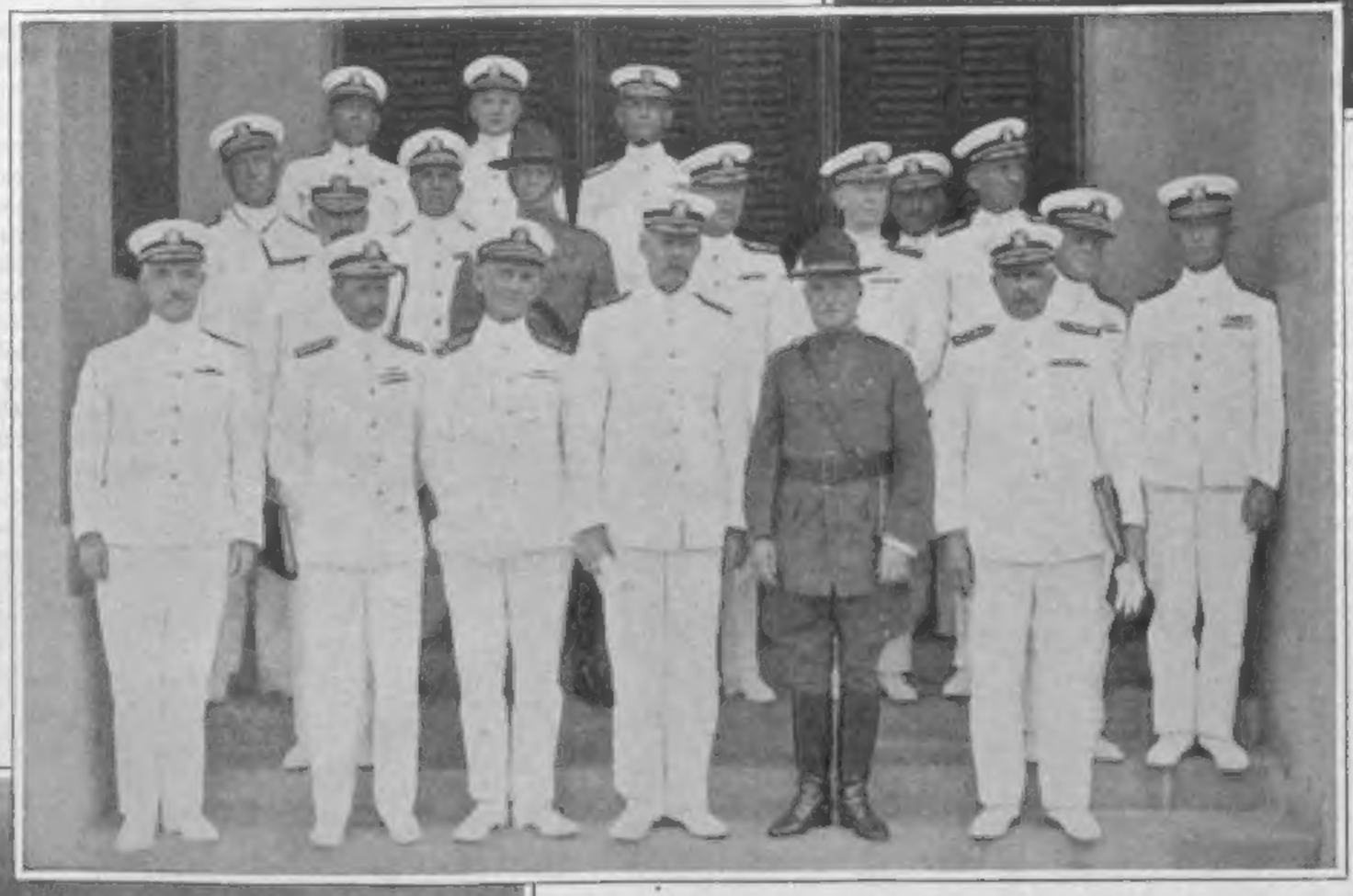


Battleships Steaming Full Speed in Column

It is, however, ashore that overorganization is at its worst. That the Navy is now being administered by a highly centralized and intricate organization as compared with that of 1908 may be surmised from the fact that in President Roosevelt's Administration there were 146 officers on duty in Washington at the Navy Department, in its bureaus and offices, while on July first of 1927 there were 508 such officers. Never lose sight of the fact that all officers must be supplied with clerical assistance. A reduction in the civil establishment cannot be made until there is a reduction in the number of officers on shore duty. Of course an increase was to be expected, due to the appointment of a Chief of Naval Operations and the establishment of an Office of Naval Operations; the progress and expansion of aviation; the establishment of a complete communication system including the radio, radio compass stations, and other activities due to progress. Even so, the present large number of officers on duty in Washington would not be required if the organization were simpler and authority were delegated to the commanders afloat to administer their commands without detailed instructions emanating from Washington covering nearly every activity.

In short, before there is real economy—and by economy I do not mean parsimony—for the Navy there must be a demobilization of officers on duty in Washington. This is inevitable.

In 1921 I was president of a board that was convened in Washington for the purpose of recommending the officer personnel for the various naval activities on shore. The then Chief of Naval Operations and the Chief of Bureau of Navigation—the bureau having charge of the Navy personnel—told me that there were too many officers on shore duty, and the precept for the board called for making reductions in the officers at Washington and all shore stations. Each bureau and large office in the department had a representative on the board and they constituted a majority. There was little or no result after a two months' investigation. Each bureau and office representative wished to retain the status quo, and I gained the impression that they were so instructed by their respective chiefs.



Two Admirals, Two Vice Admirals and Eleven Rear Admirals at a Conference at Balboa, C. Z., After the 1926 Maneuvers

My experience, however, on that board led me to certain conclusions, and these have been verified by observation and experience since that board was in session. I was convinced that many of the divisions and sections separately organized in war days could be combined. During the World War each bureau established personnel, planning and other divisions. The divisions were again divided into sections. This required an increase in the number of officers in Washington and a large clerical force—all overhead. The work of maintenance and repairs of the fleet is done in the greater part at the navy yards. There, repairs and alterations are made and supplies concentrated. The large number of divisions and offices in Washington having authority over navy yards has a tendency to develop differences of opinion, if not of policy. This division of authority often makes it difficult to find one responsible individual, excepting always the secretary, to make a decision. There is a Navy-Yard Division under an assistant secretary; there is a Material Division having to do with repairs to ships, in the Office of Naval Operations. There are the material bureaus—Engineering, Construction and Repair and Yards and Docks. There is a distribution of authority that tends to delay and to make red tape.

Battleships Steaming Full Speed on a Line of Bearing

Tied With Red Tape

A CONCRETE example may clarify the foregoing statement. In 1924 a light cruiser was convoying the Army world flyers from Scotland to Boston. The day before reaching Boston a copper injection pipe was found to be badly corroded. If this pipe carried away it would mean flooding an engine room. The ship arrived at the Boston Navy Yard and the commandant there made an estimate of repairs to cost about $6000 and to take eight days. This was reported to Washington and authority requested to have the repairs made. The reply was an order for the ship to proceed to the Navy Yard, New York—the ship's home port—to have another examination and estimate made.

This was done. The time and cost estimated was much greater than at Boston. At the same time it was stated that it would be dangerous for the ship to go to sea until repairs were made. I went to Washington and attempted to have the ship repaired. Some officials approved, but one bureau—having cognizance of the appropriation—said, "No. Not until November." The result was the ship was tied up at the navy yard for two and a half months. The vessel failed to take part in proposed drills and target practices and thereby the efficiency was lowered.

On the General Board at Washington are eight officers. Theirs is a very important board which makes recommendations to the secretary on questions of policy, passes on characteristics of proposed ships, makes plans as required and performs similar functions. There are eight officers in the Plans Division of the Office of Operations. The work of these is so interrelated and correlated that it would be possible to effect a combination that would result in a reduction in the number of officers now performing these duties.

Recently there was established in the Office of Operations a Division of Fleet Training, with a rear admiral as

(Continued on Page 148)

STORMY

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

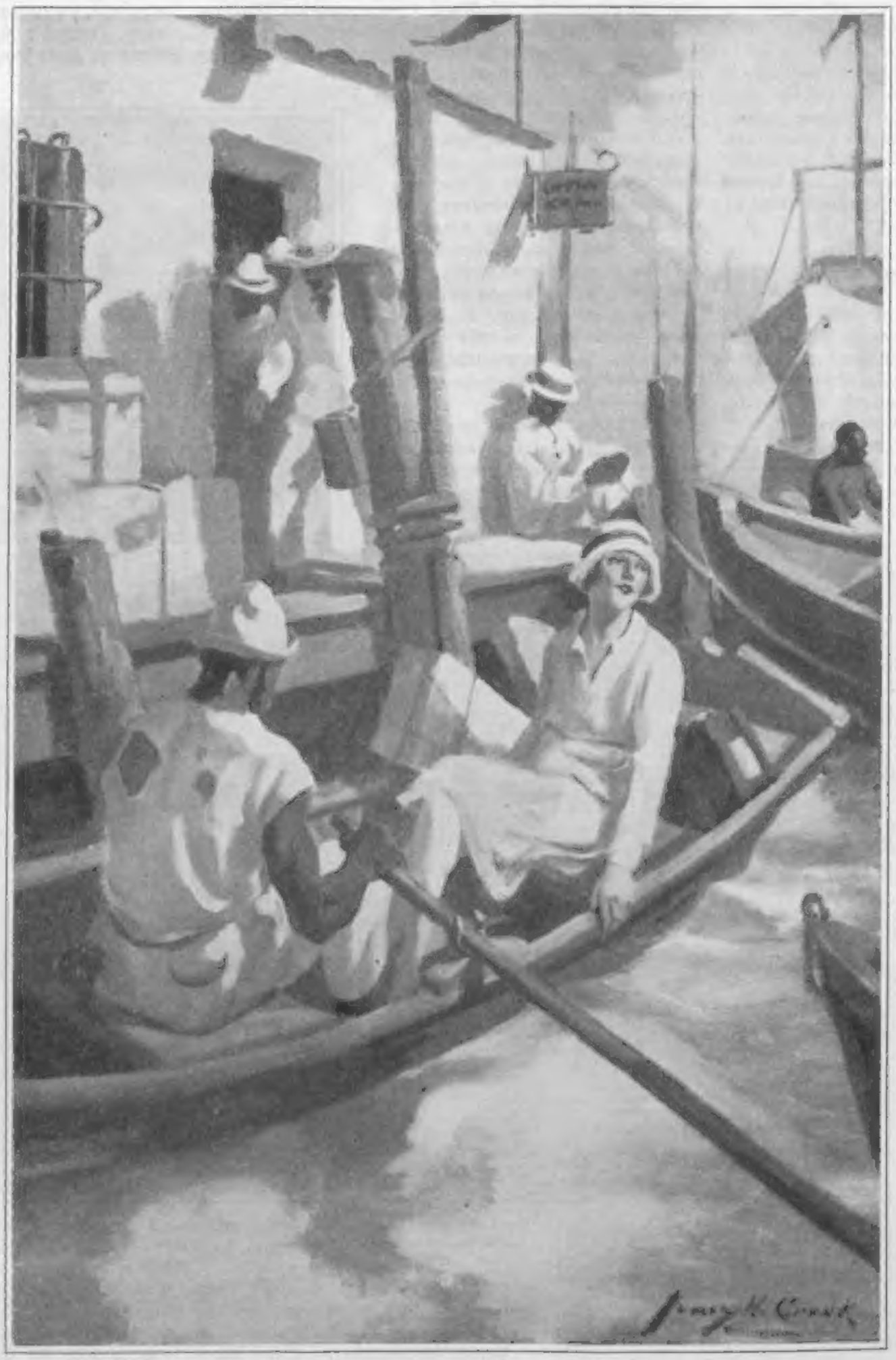
IT DOES beat all!" Elmer Brand remarked feelingly. He shifted his cud to the other cheek, sighed and laced his fingers over his ample paunch. "Yes, sir, it does beat all what a likely lookin' gal can do once she's made up her mind—or whatever a woman makes up when she comes to a conclusion."

He sighed again—on behalf, probably, of his fellow men—and stared somberly across the bay. We were sitting on the veranda of the Strangers Club, sprawled in wicker chairs, feet upon the railing. It was one of those purple-blue nights of the tropics; big stars dripping earthward like molten metal, and the sea, as inert through hours as set concrete, beginning to be agitated by a breeze.

Inside, in the billiard room, there was the low mumble and click of a poker game, seven handed and for real money; upstairs an orchestra twanged out the music for the weekly dance.

"Don't know much about 'em myself," he went on. "Never had much to do with women."

As a matter of fact, the old pirate was notorious from Mexico City to Bogotá. Perhaps he caught my smile of incredulity, for he added, by way of amendment: "At least, I never got hooked proper—not for keeps. Once, almost. That was to Martinez's daughter in Guatemala. Damn if I haven't gone and forgotten her name too. I was buildin' bridges there then. Then another girl, Angelita, got mad an' stuck a knife in me an' there was a big ruction because I was laid up. You see, I was admiral—or something like that, anyhow—of the Guatemalan navy and the navy couldn't run unless I was there, because I was the only one who knew how to work the dang boat's engine. By the time I could get out of bed I wasn't engaged to Martinez's daughter any more, because he had skipped the country, takin' her with him. That was my out, so I slipped across to Punta Gorda. I'll tell you about that sometime."



He Took Her and Her Luggage Down to the Landing an' Stormy Goes Out in a Rowboat to Get Aboard

Tobacco juice sizzled out across the railing, between his immaculate white shoes, and he clapped his hands. "Boy! Boy! Bring some drinkin' whisky for Mr. Parker an' me! It's getting cool. Right pleasant too."

Yes, sir, he continued, that was the closest escape I ever had from real matrimony. But—"God love us an' save us," said ol' lady Davis—lots of friends of mine got hooked an' liked it. Anyhow, they said they did. There was Mike Taintor, for example.

Mike an' I busted around these parts for years together. Come hell's fire, hailstones or high water, I could always count on Mike an' Mike could always count on me. Then Mike went to Tampico an' got mixing around with oil. He wanted me to come, but I had some business down Barranquilla way an' so I wasn't with him when he made the big killing. By the time he cleared out he was so filthy rich that it wasn't any fun for him to make money. Of course I expected he'd go busted pretty soon. Next thing I heard of him he was hitched. I got a wedding announcement—one of those kind you don't have to rub your finger over to see if it's engraved. The ink stood up so high you could knock it off with a stick. Pretty soon comes a letter asking me to visit him in New York, that he had a grand apartment on Riverside Drive and that we'd kick the town to pieces.

About three years later I bust into New York. There's Mike living in elegance and married to about as pretty a woman as I've ever seen. Pretty, but cold looking. At least she was when she looked at me. An' what did they have but a baby! A two-year-old hell-raisin' broth of a kid named June, because they'd been married in June and the kid had come in June. Her real name was June Stormfield Taintor, which was a mouthful.

Stormfield was his wife's name—Alice Stormfield. So when June bawled, which she was more than likely to do if everything didn't suit her, Mike'd always call her Stormy an' try to coax her out of it.

Stormy was a good name for her. Maybe she didn't cloud up an' rain all over when I tried to get back my repeater watch I'd let her play with! She was all smiles an' giggles so long as she could keep the watch hammering out the hours and minutes—real cute she was—but she yelled bloody murder when I wanted to take it.

"Aw, c'm on, Stormy," says Mike, "be a little lady an' give Uncle Elmer his watch."

Stormy let another howl out of her, an' then the missus came hot-footing in to see if, maybe, we were pinching her. She gave us a look that slid over us like one of those glaciers you read about.

"She might as well keep the watch," I said. "It's no dang good anyhow. I won it in a poker game from a Spig."

As a matter o' fact, I won it from a secretary of the treasury here in Central America. Any man who has sense enough to be secretary of the treasury has sense enough to keep himself supplied with good watches, even if he hasn't sense enough to keep out of an American poker game.

"Make a pretty noise, Stormy," I says.

"Mr. Brand," says the missus, "baby's name is not Stormy. It is June."

All I could say was "Yes'm," an' say it humbly. I knew she didn't like me. You can't blame her much, lookin' at it from her point of view. She had some pretty tony friends and she had worked mighty hard making a city gentleman of Mike. That was no easy job for any lady. I mean his nails were polished, he had a layout of clothes enough for fifteen men, he didn't chew tobacco any more an' he got drug to the opera once a week. An' what's more, he liked it—all except the opera.

Say, did you ever hear about the time Sarah Bernhardt was playing in the opera house in Panama City an' a Chink got so all-fired worked up by her performance that he lit a package of firecrackers? No? Well, I'll tell you about it sometime.

Anyhow, you can't blame Mrs. Taintor for not being tickled to death to see a wild-lookin' bozo from Central America blow into her house. I was wearing the best suit of clothes ever knocked together in Tegucigalpa, and a big diamond stickpin I'd won. In those days we didn't play any bumble-puppy poker—not like they're playing inside there. No, sir-ree!

I thought I looked pretty swell. But she didn't. Not on your grandma's tintype, she didn't. Personally, while she certainly was pretty, I couldn't see that she had much above or behind the ears, but she had enough to pick Mike off while he had lots of pelf. And she had enough to show him how to spend it so that he bought things he wanted instead of headaches.

Elmer interrupted himself with a violent clapping of his hands. "Hey, boy! Boy! Where is that Senegambian blankety-blank with that whisky? 'God love us an' save us,' said ol' lady Davis! I can't talk unless I have something to drink." The negro waiter came on the run—as much of a run as a Jamaican negro can get out of himself without a ghost chasing him. "Do you want to hear the rest o' this yarn about Stormy?" he asked.

"Let it roll," I answered.

Well, he resumed, the less said about that week in New York the better. It cost Mike a pearl necklace to get square with his missus. If I hadn't of had sense enough to buy a return ticket before I left Colon, I would of had to hock my diamond pin. As it was, I showed up in Managua, which was due for a revolution, with about ten cents Mex in my pocket. But then the shot an' shell, not

to speak of machetes and plain rocks, start flying an' I know I'm home again. There was always a lot of poker in those revolutions.

It must have been a year later when I got a letter from Mike. He said he was still trying to live down that week in New York an' that it cost him something every time the missus laid her mind to it. "*También*," he says, "we've got to put on another pretty soon, but let's make it New Orleans." We just never got around to it. An' so the years roll by with never a word from Mike. He was just about as much of a hand at writing letters as I was.

When I had a chance to snap up this Cucuta Basin concession I began to wonder what he was doing, because it was going to take considerably more money than I could get my hands on. I had some lawyers look up Mike's address. He was living on an island near New York—Long Island—and he comes back at my letter with a whoopee. He said his wife had died about five years ago and that he was as free as ashes to go into something—itching for it in fact.

He popped a boat south an' we started out to look the thing over, with an eye to getting whatever we could out of the land—rubber, coconuts, gold, platinum. It was a five-hundred-thousand-dollar job even to open the country and get a real look-see; a million-dollar job to begin to do anything with it. But Mike was game.

I asked him about Stormy, still thinking of her as a youngster.

"Stormy's a problem, Elmer," says Mike. "You may think we used to have a tough time trying to handle an army of renegade Spigs, but just try to manage a growing girl that's becoming a young lady!"

From what he told me I gathered that this Cucuta Basin project was nothing but a vacation from his real troubles.

II

THE first I heard about using aeroplanes for exploring the basin was when Mike, who had gone to New York to handle that end of it, sent me down copies of the contracts he'd signed. I thought he was crazy. I was busy pushing surveyors out—we were running hundred-foot levels—an' so I had to let them go ahead by themselves while I got busy damming the Cucuta River to make a pond three hundred yards long. That was for the aeroplane to land on. It was one of those seaplanes.

About a month later there was a roaring in the sky, an' danged if there wasn't the aeroplane over our heads, circling around. Down comes Mr. Aviator an' settles his plane on the pond as pretty as anything. The natives pretty near went crazy. A couple o' roars of his motor and he swings into the runway I've laid down for him. He pops out, as unconcerned as can be, takes off his goggles and introduces himself—Freddy Lane.

He was a nice-looking young fellow, about twenty-eight—tall, curly-headed. He had a smile that made you like him right away. When he cut loose with a smile he smiled all over his face.

We started to unload the plane, which was full of baggage and equipment.

"I'll hop back to San Fernando," he said, "and bring down my photographer and mechanic. Anything you want?"

Our camp was one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Fernando—three days on that filthy tub, the Santa Anna, and then two days in Indian dugouts, poling up the river. That was the way everything had to come to us.

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," says Freddy.

That was what got me. There an' back in a couple of hours—instead of ten days! Ten days at the best, mebbe twenty. He opened the throttle and off he hops. Four hours later he's back with his two men, all the stuff I'd asked him to get, including the mail and some liniment for my leg, and—would you believe it?—a cake of ice all done up in paper so it wouldn't melt too fast.

His mechanic's name was Ryan. A hard-boiled, wiry little fellow, as strong as a horse. The photographer's name was Culbertson. He was a silent, thoughtful man who used to get terrible fits of the blues. Freddy Lane told me all about him. Culbertson was doing photographic work during the war an' got badly smashed up. He had a bunch of operations on his hip and they shot him so full of morphine that he finally got the habit. He was trying to cure himself and that was why—aside from needing a job—he came with Freddy.

After the plane was hauled out and stowed in the hangar we all went to my quarters and had a cold drink.

I got my eyes opened the next day when I went out with Freddy in the plane. I'd never been in one of the dang things before, but I wasn't going to let that bluff me out. Pretty soon we were sailing over Cucuta Basin as pretty as could be, with the whole works stretched under us like a map. I was hanging over the edge all the time, getting an eyeful, and Freddy was working his camera, taking a few trial shots. Way down below us those poor surveyors were fighting bugs an' cutting their way through the jungle at the rate of one mile a day. Pretty soft for us.

After that first trip Freddy began making his map—he called it a mosaic—from ten thousand feet. Culbertson would develop the film just as soon as Freddy landed, and the next day it would be all pasted together. The first mosaic was a sort of check map for the mosaics we were to make later at lower altitudes. Also, Freddy could watch the surveying parties, so we always knew just where they were and what they were doing. If anything showed up on the mosaic that we wanted to give a special look, he'd go right down over it and shoot a dozen pictures from every angle.

It was a new way of fighting jungle and I was for it. Of course it cost us a pretty piece of money. Mike joined us a month later. "Stormy's going to Europe," he said. "Three other girls and a chaperon. She was all for coming down here, but I wouldn't let her." From the way he talked about the chaperon, it seemed she was a combination society lady and Oklahoma sheriff.

"Most likely," I told him, "you'll wake up to find you're the papa-in-law of some busted Dago count."

"Not a chance," says Mike. "Stormy and I have an agreement that I don't become papa-in-law to anything I don't look over first."

We used to have a lot of trouble getting our supplies up to headquarters, especially anything that was bulky. For one thing, that rotten old scow, the Santa Anna—I'll tell you more about her later—was mighty irregular and we couldn't count on her trips. Then, after she'd dumped our supplies off at the stinking little village of Barrio, at the foot of Cucuta River, they had to be brought up to us in dugouts. Any machinery had to come in parts small enough and light enough to be transported that way. There were some rapids where the Indians had to get out and fight the boats upstream.

Finally, about a month after Mike joined us, we ran short of gasoline; but that didn't worry us, because Freddy reported sixteen drums coming up in the dugouts, so we went right on using it until the last drop was gone. That afternoon Freddy landed with about a pint in his reserve tank. We couldn't even run the electric generator for the little ice-making machine we'd installed.

Just about dusk the Indians came along poling their dugouts, with the drums aboard, one to each boat. They make a great sight, those Indians. Handsome devils.

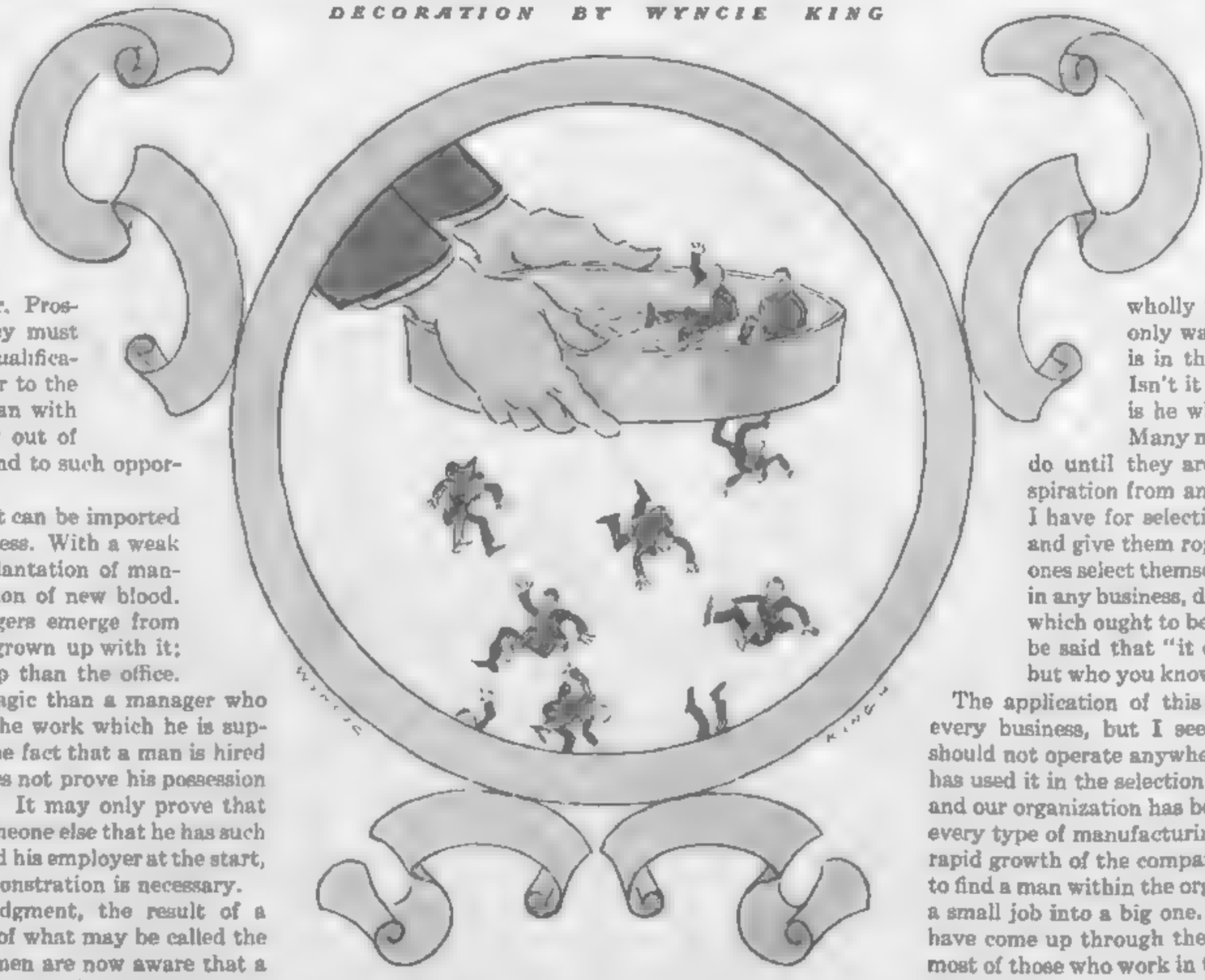
(Continued on Page 95)

Twenty-One Strokes a Minute, Hour After Hour, While You Lie There in the Sun, Broiling and Watching the Jungle Go By

THE SELECTION OF MEN

By Henry Ford, in an Interview With Wm. A. McGarry

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING



THE chief difficulty of business is in finding men who are fit for management. A misfit manager is more costly to industry and more dangerous to good relations than all the deliberate trouble makers. Nearly every newspaper nowadays carries at least one display-advertising appeal for a manager. Prospective applicants are told they must possess certain very definite qualifications. It does not seem to occur to the advertising employer that a man with the abilities described is rarely out of work, and is not likely to respond to such opportunities.

It is seldom that management can be imported into a strong and healthy business. With a weak and failing business the transplantation of managers may revive like the infusion of new blood. But as a rule the best managers emerge from the business itself; they have grown up with it; they know more about the shop than the office. Nothing in business is more tragic than a manager who does not know every detail of the work which he is supposed to oversee and direct. The fact that a man is hired for the work of management does not prove his possession of the necessary qualifications. It may only prove that he has been able to convince someone else that he has such qualifications. Having convinced his employer at the start, he may feel that no further demonstration is necessary.

This difficulty is, in my judgment, the result of a fundamental misunderstanding of what may be called the life process of business. Most men are now aware that a business is never static. It goes forward or backward. To be more accurate, it expands or contracts. Expansion reveals itself in the hiring of more men, contraction in the reduction of the working forces. We are likely to seek causes for contraction, but there is a disposition to take growth for granted. Sometimes it is even assumed that the effect is the cause, and an effort is made to force expansion by creating more jobs and then trying to fit men to them. Naturally this develops trouble. It gives rise to the belief among employers that there is a shortage of good men, and among employes that there is a shortage of opportunity. But experience shows that both are wrong.

Give a Man Work and Plenty of Rope

THE life process of business is like any other natural growth—*from within*. It begins in the development of vision and understanding by the men who run the business. If you put a good man on a small job he enlarges it, but a big job will shrink if a little man be put in charge of it. Business expansion is therefore the growth of managers in their jobs, and the multiplication of employes' jobs is merely what follows. If these men had been fitted to their jobs, there could have been no progress. A fit is made to stay, not to be unfitted again. A man who succeeds at his work inevitably makes way for others, and they in turn expand or contract their work according to their ability to learn and grow. You may draw up plans and specifications for a machine, but there is no such thing as a specification for men. Yet that is what employers try to do when they describe in detail the man they want for a certain job. And employes attempt the same impossible thing when they try to lay down specifications for a job.

Each of these efforts, according to my experience and observation, is a direct interference with the normal life process of business. The fact that we have made so much industrial progress in this country is the more remarkable in that it has been made against a certain amount of the resistance in ourselves. In principle we still resemble the Chinese coolies who were supplied with American wheelbarrows on an excavation project. They had always carried direct, when dirt was to be carried, in baskets placed on their heads. The wheelbarrows puzzled them for a time, but they solved the problem when one man seized the shafts and another lifted the wheel, and thus between them they carried the dirt to the dump and probably felt quite proud of their ingenuity. If the wheelbarrow held three baskets of dirt, this was progress. But it was a poor makeshift for what could have been accomplished by intelligent use of the equipment.

The steam shovel, or the tractor and scoop, represented an even greater advance than the step between the basket and the wheelbarrow. If contractors had been able to fit men to their jobs, first to the shovel and basket, and then to barrows, this advance could not have been made. We should have had experts in the management of baskets or of wheelbarrows, instead of steam engineers and tractor operators. The only reason this did not happen is that men cannot be induced or compelled to limit their abilities. These abilities are life and their expression is as irrepressible as the growth of a tree.

The selection of men reduces itself to a very simple operation. It is merely a problem of finding the nature of their abilities and estimating their capacity for application and growth. The interesting point about this is that the problem is fundamentally the same problem whether a man is hunting for a job or hiring help. Choosing an employer is as important a job as choosing an employe. The first step in either case is for the man to determine what he wants to do. Many employers really have very little information on this point. If an employer will solve this problem in his own mind he will generally find selection an automatic process. Men capable of filling expanding jobs will seek them. An employer who is going somewhere nearly always attracts the right kind of employe.

In the case of a man hunting for work it is equally important for him to determine what he wants to do. The employer who hires many men may and generally does make some mistakes in his selections, but the ill effect of poor selections is more than balanced in a successful business by his good selections. The young man starting his career has no such surplus. If he selects a poor boss, there is no compensating balance. The transaction is bad all the way through, except as it may yield a valuable experience. Therefore, he should spend a great deal of time in selecting his employer. The size of the business makes little difference. What counts is whether it is growing. No growing business remains small; no stagnant business remains large. The young man who has a definite idea of what he wants to do will certainly find his job. You cannot stop a man who knows where he is going.

It will be seen from this that I do not lay down programs and systems for the training of men in industry. Such programs, even when based on some kind of educational test, assume a standardization of capacity in men which simply does not exist. Every man is different, and nearly every man has some latent capacity which cannot be brought out by formal tests. Often this talent is wholly unsuspected by its owner. The only way to bring it out—to find what is in the man—is to put him to work. Isn't it Emerson who says, "My friend is he who makes me do what I can." Many men do not know what they can do until they are sparked by some flash of inspiration from another person. So, the only rule I have for selecting men is to put them to work and give them rope enough. After that the good ones select themselves. It is a dangerous situation in any business, destructive of the sense of justice which ought to be strong throughout, when it can be said that "it doesn't matter what you know, but who you know" if you are to get ahead.

The application of this rule may vary in detail with every business, but I see no reason why the principle should not operate anywhere. The Ford Motor Company has used it in the selection of men throughout its history, and our organization has been compelled to meet virtually every type of manufacturing problem. Yet in spite of the rapid growth of the company we have never been at a loss to find a man within the organization capable of expanding a small job into a big one. All our production executives have come up through the shops, and that is true also of most of those who work in the offices. This, of course, is as it should be. Any healthy business will produce its own executives as expansion calls for them. The business that continually goes outside its own organization for its leaders is soon disrupted.

Doing One Thing at a Time

THE man within an organization may be presumed to have caught the feel of its materials and the pace of its growth. Both are important. It has been my observation in the study of men that most of them are impulsive and emotional. More time and energy are wasted by the quick minds of today going off at a tangent than was wasted by the slow and more cautious minds of the past. All our progress, in a sense, is measured by the expansion and increased rapidity of our mental reactions, but the danger today is from too much speed.

Some years ago I was discussing this speeding up of minds with some friends, and we determined on an experiment. We filled a suit of clothes with straw, took it into a farming district that had not been touched by progress, and laid it by the side of the road. Then we waited. After a time a farmer came along driving a rickety wagon. We saw by his start of surprise that he had seen the dummy. But after seeing it he drove eighty feet and took twelve minutes by the watch before he could make up his mind to get down and investigate.

Most men of today—and this includes farmers—make such decisions instantaneously. Consequently the hardest thing for the average man of this generation to learn about his job is that he must not attempt to solve every problem in the same manner. To do so is a waste of time and energy and leads to costly mistakes. If most men are not checked they will start rushing and trying to do more than one thing at a time, with the result that nothing is done as it should be done. To do one thing at a time and to do it thoroughly was the most difficult lesson I have ever had to learn. Everyone has the same experience—we still want to rush and run. But the only time I run now is when I want exercise.

One of the most placid and efficient of our executives came to me as a young man many years ago. He was all enthusiasm and excitement. There was no use in trying to tell him this was wrong. He had to learn it for himself. When he found himself checked at every turn when he rushed, he soon stopped rushing.

(Continued on Page 112)

NOT IN THE GAME

By Fred H. Turner

Assistant Dean of Men, University of Illinois

IT IS a crisp November day, with the sun shining brightly and the grass frost-nipped but still green. You are sitting in your seat in the huge stadium, with your overcoat up around your ears and your feet snugly tucked into a robe. You are alert and probably more or less thrilled at what has happened and what is about to happen. The stands are filled; they present a bright and gay appearance. The flag has been raised, the bands have paraded, the cheer leaders have gone into ecstasies, and the crowds have roared back and forth at each other the cheers of their colleges. Scattered over the field are ten players of each football team, and in the center are the two opposing captains and the four officials, bending over a coin which has just been flipped. Within a few seconds the eleven men who are representing your old school will either receive the kick-off or will be kicking the ball into the arms of one of the opponents, who just then are very much your opponents.

There is always a hushed moment just before the kick off in a football game. The stands are quiet, tense; then the ball is kicked and the 70,000 or 80,000 people in the stands are suddenly a frantic, howling horde, and the game is on.

Baseball has its thrills. Basket ball carries with it a world of excitement. The finish of a record-breaking dash on the track cannot but attract your attention. All sports have their moments of suspense and their periods of exciting happenings. But there is nothing like the kick-off at the start of a football game to give one queer little shivers of combined pleasure, excitement, pride and fight.

Grooming the Green Gridiron

IT IS natural that at the moment you should think of little else except your team. The great stadium, marvelous as it may be, is far from the focus of your attention. You do not think of the weeks of hard drill and practice and the months of physical conditioning that the players have undergone. And least of all do you think of the many factors which have been involved in preparing for the two-hour spectacle that is being staged for you. Yet these factors are very vital to the game and have a direct bearing on its success. These things have been worked out with great care for your entertainment, your comfort, your safety and your convenience.

The field spread out before you is apparently as smooth and green as a newly covered billiard table. The turf resembles a private lawn that has had the best of care. For all of that, no lawn has ever had the care that has been placed on the field. In the first place, the field is not flat. It is rounded, with the crest in the center to give the maximum amount of drainage for surface water. Beneath the grass is a network of tile drains that will carry away the water to the main drains which parallel the field, and below the surface at one end is a great concrete catch basin which will care for floods of water in an emergency. All through the year this field receives the most careful attention. When it was first laid the best sod that could be obtained was placed on a carefully prepared base, and after the grass was once rooted it was nursed along and is now as you see it.

Through the summer months this turf must be carefully watered, mowed and rolled, in order that it may be in the best of condition in the fall. To assure the correct amount of moisture, moderate and uniform, an overhead irrigation system is installed during the hot dry months. Long perforated pipes are placed on rollers across the field and these pipes are rotated by water motors, distributing water on the field, gently but very effectively. The grass is mowed frequently, and is rolled immediately after mowing. The mowers used are motor driven and combine the uniform mowing qualities of the machine with rollers of sufficient weight to pack the sod without injuring it.

Such care requires the services of a number of men and is an expensive procedure, necessitating expensive equipment; but the proper conditioning of the field in summer assures a field as nearly perfect as possible during the playing season.

As the season begins, the field receives even more attention. If the natural rainfall is insufficient the artificial watering is continued. If the season is rainy, even more care must be used. Last year marked the appearance of the first field raincoats on several gridirons. These raincoats are simply rubber sheets or rubberized material of sufficient size so that four will cover the playing field. The cover is laid on the ground and weighted down with cement blocks to keep it in place. The curved surface of the field takes care of drainage, the water draining to the sides and then into the storm drainage sewers. Twenty-five or thirty men are necessary to handle these heavy covers, which are rolled onto large steel cylinders just before the game.

Before the raincoat was designed fields were protected from rain and snow with straw and sawdust, which helped, but were ineffective when compared to the raincoats.

The playing field is not used for practice, several practice fields being utilized for this purpose. Their constant use requires rotation; otherwise the grass would soon be completely destroyed. Last year also marked the first use of practice fields made of cottonseed hulls. This material has been used for some time for putting greens, but it seems to show considerable promise as a material for football-practice fields. It is waterproof, resilient, and offers a satisfactory footing.

Another bit of equipment which is often used is a set of flood lights. Before the season is over the days shorten and dusk falls before practice time is over. Eight huge flood lights will sufficiently light a field to permit playing, and most of the larger stadiums are so equipped.

In order that the field may look its best, the policing of the field—removing all scraps and the like—is no small problem. It involves the cleaning of the stands, for the paper and débris blow down out of the stands onto the playing field. When one stops to consider that there are seven to twelve miles of seats to be cleaned in the average stadium, the magnitude of the task will be apparent. The modern stadium is equipped with hose connections so that a fire hose may be attached at almost any point in the stands. The paper pickers go over the stands and pick up the larger pieces of paper, for a great many people insulate their seats against cold with newspapers. Then the hose is attached and the whole stand given a bath, and a good stiff shower bath it is, with sufficient water to wash all the dust and small pieces of débris into the sewers.

Getting the Crowds There and Back

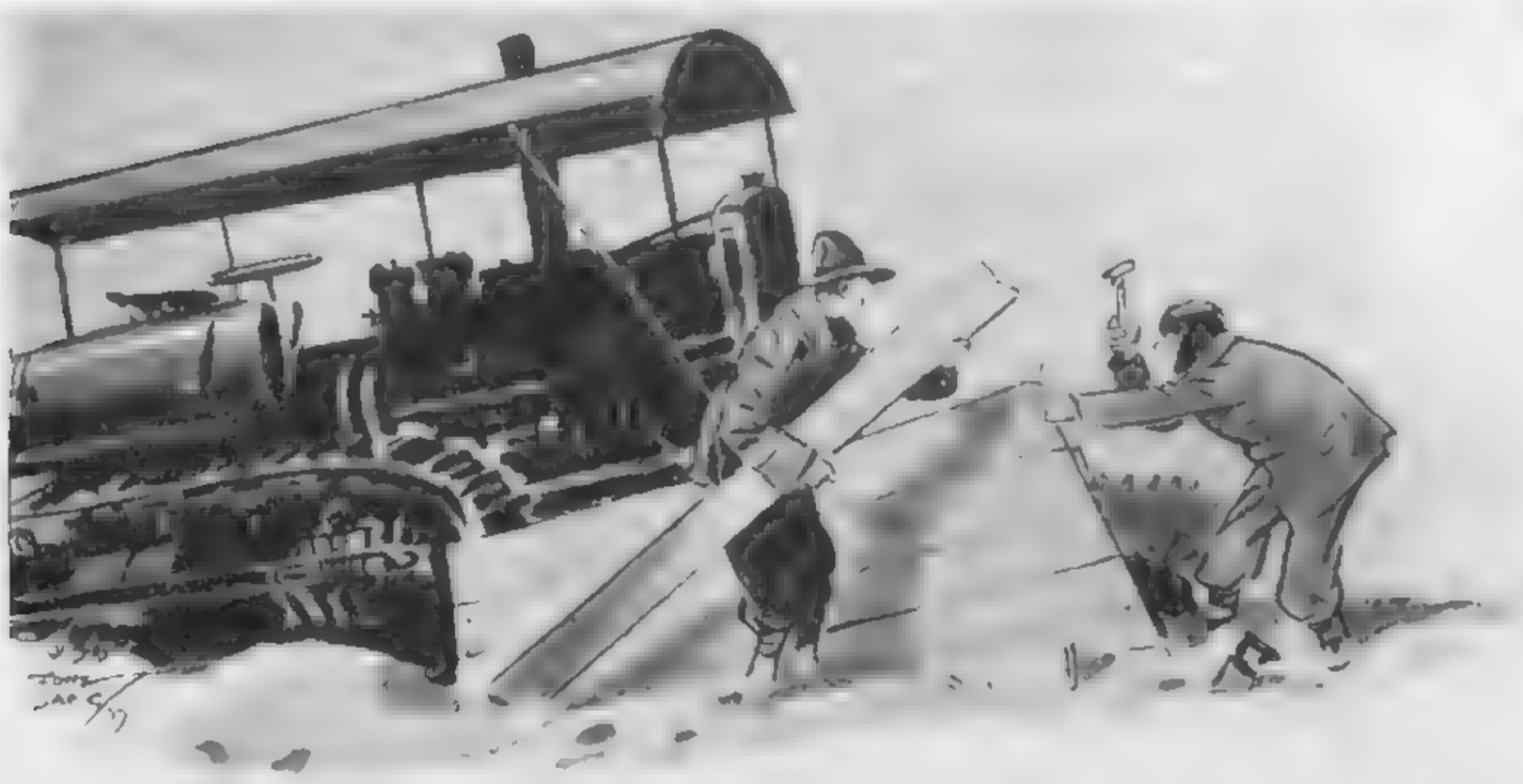
PREPARATIONS are made from the first to assure the utmost comfort and safety for the spectators. The tickets, which for some games are so coveted, tell a story of their own. The ticket that you buy will take you directly to your seat and to no other place, provided you follow the directions that are given to you. The ticket lists your seat row and number and it also gives the number of your entrance. These entrances are clearly marked, and regardless of the number of your gate, whether it is 1 or 50, once you are in the stadium and have entered at the proper gate and, incidentally, you will be admitted only at the proper gate—all you need to do is to follow your nasal protuberance. The only destination that you can reach is an usher who will show you from the final door to your seat, a distance not to exceed fifteen or twenty feet.

In the old days the railways had to bear the whole burden of the great crowds which assemble to see the important football games. Today they still bear the brunt, but the automobile and the paved highway have shared it to a great extent. The railroads have met their problem in a businesslike and satisfactory way. On the day of the game there are special trains every few minutes from the metropolitan centers to the city where the game is to be played. These trains will depart every ten minutes until as many as twenty to thirty have gone. After the game they leave as rapidly as their tracks will allow them to depart. These trains are well equipped. There are coach trains and there are chair-car trains. All carry diners and have a special box-lunch service in connection with the diners. In addition, there are trains of chair cars made up for special parties, and these are designated in some special way, as with colors. The blue train will leave at a certain time with one party, while the

The Day of a Big Game at the University of Illinois. At the Right—One of the Three Parking Spaces is Well Occupied

(Continued on Page 44)

I'M A HARD-BOILED BOZO



By Noon We Had a Rough, But Large and Imposing Locomotive-Type Snowplow Rigged Up on the Front of Old Betsey

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
JANUARY 3, 1921.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
WHITESTONE HOTEL,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: At your earliest convenience we would like you to go to Centerville, Wisconsin, and call on Mr. Edward Beekman, a farmer, who lives near that place. Last spring Mr. Beekman bought one of our ten-ton Earthworm tractors at six thousand dollars, paying three thousand cash and giving us his notes for three thousand balance, secured by a chattel mortgage on the tractor.

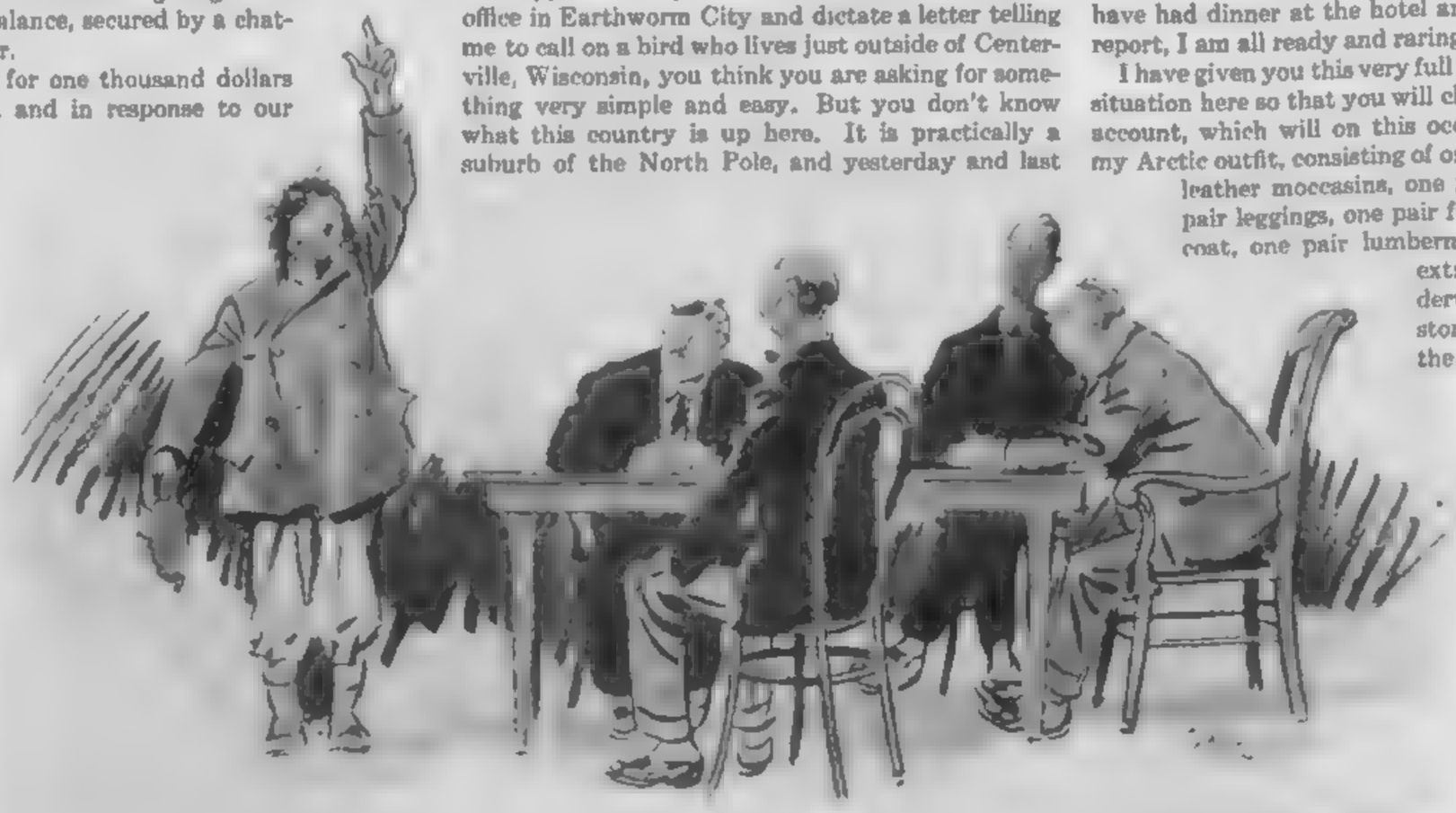
The first of these notes for one thousand dollars came due last September, and in response to our letters requesting payment we have received evasive replies, but no cash.

You will call on Mr. Beekman and demand immediate payment, failing which you are hereby authorized to take possession of the tractor, which you will have shipped back to the factory for overhauling and resale, as per our agreement.

Although we do not usually ask our salesmen to undertake collections, we are asking you to do it in this case because we have no one else available at the moment, and we feel sure you will be willing to undertake this job and will carry it through with your usual energy.

We inclose Mr. Beekman's note and the mortgage. Be sure to give us full daily reports of what you do.

Very truly,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.



"But if the Roads Had Been Plowed," I Said, "the Father Could Have Telephoned, the Doctor Could Have Sped Out in His High-Powered Car, and Two Precious Lives Would Have Been Saved"

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 5, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: CENTERVILLE, WISCONSIN.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

I received your letter in Chicago yesterday. I have come right up here to Centerville, and I wish to state that I am perfectly willing to tackle this little job of collecting. What it takes to get money out of these low-down dead beats, I've got. In general I try to cultivate a polite and ingratiating manner, but on a job such as this I'm a hard-boiled bozo.

I will go after this Beekman guy like a mad bull, and before I leave I will either have the money or take the tractor away from him.

And it certainly is lucky you sent a guy like me who is not afraid of difficulties, because when I explain the situation up here, you will see that any ordinary man would have quit cold.

I suppose when you sit in your swell steam-heated office in Earthworm City and dictate a letter telling me to call on a bird who lives just outside of Centerville, Wisconsin, you think you are asking for something very simple and easy. But you don't know what this country is up here. It is practically a suburb of the North Pole, and yesterday and last night they got one of the biggest blizzards in the memory of man.

When I got off the train this morning—four hours late—I found the town practically covered up, except for one little path that had been shoveled from the station across the street to the hotel. The snow seemed to be about up to my neck on the level, and where it was drifted it looked like the pictures of the Himalaya Mountains. It is so cold I don't dare look at a thermometer to find out what it really is.

I followed the little path across to the hotel and asked the clerk if he knew where Mr. Edward Beekman lived. He replied that Mr. Beekman lived about ten miles south of town on the main road leading to a place called White Creek. But when I asked how I could get there, he said he didn't have the faintest idea.

"When the roads are open," he said, "there is a bus line that runs all the way down to Milwaukee; you can hop a bus at the hotel here and get off right in front of his house. But the busses have been tied up since November, and now you can't even telephone, as the blizzard has broken down the lines."

"Can't I hire a car," I asked, "or a horse and wagon?"

At this the clerk let out a loud laugh. "Nobody ever tries to run a car around here in the wintertime," he said. "We all put our machines in storage in the fall and don't take them out till spring. Usually the farmers break out the roads with horses after every storm. But there is so much snow this time that it will be several days before you can get out into the country."

"Several days, my eye!" I exclaimed. "I can't wait. I am going to find some way to get out there today."

And it gives me great pleasure to report that this remark was no idle boast. I have bought myself—in a store next the hotel—a pair of high-grade snowshoes, together with all necessary accessories. Although I had never used these contrivances before, I have—in ten minutes practicing behind the hotel—discovered that I am a natural-born snowshoe artist. I have been told that Mr. Beekman's house is straight south on a direct road, and I figure that if the road is concealed by drifts, I can follow the telephone poles, which ought to be high enough to stick up through the snow. You see I think of everything. And now that I have had dinner at the hotel and practically finished this report, I am all ready and raring to go.

I have given you this very full account of the snow-bound situation here so that you will cheerfully O. K. my expense account, which will on this occasion contain charges for my Arctic outfit, consisting of one pair snowshoes, one pair leather moccasins, one fur cap with earlaps, one pair leggings, one pair fur mittens, one Mackinaw coat, one pair lumberman's socks, and one suit extra-heavy, red-flannel underwear. By beating down the storekeeper, I was able to get the whole business for the very moderate price of $93.49.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 5, 1921, 9 P.M.
WRITTEN FROM: THE BEEKMAN FARM, OUTSIDE CENTERVILLE, WISCONSIN.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS.

Well, I followed the telephone poles and I got here. I will not describe my trip in any way except to state that my splendid new clothes kept me comfortably warm, and that the snowshoes are not so good after all. Even for a born expert like myself, it is impossible to walk in anything like a natural manner with a couple of tennis rackets strapped to the feet. The only thing a guy can do is to waddle along like a duck, and a pretty fat old duck at that. A very fatiguing procedure.

After I had waddled the first mile I was very tired. After I had waddled the first five miles, I will admit that I was practically all in. But I never thought of turning back. Calling upon every ounce of my will power, I kept bravely on, and just at evening I had covered the entire

The Only Thing a Guy Can Do is to Waddle Along Like a Duck

ten miles and found myself in front of a very pretty little white farmhouse, set in among the snow-covered hills. Behind the house was a large red barn, and in front, sticking up through the snow, was the top of a red gasoline-filling-station pump.

I tottered up to the door of the house, knocked somewhat feebly, and was admitted by a young lady. Even in my exhausted condition, I could not help noticing that she was what I would call very good-looking. She was of medium size and slender, but with a gracefully athletic build. She had blue eyes and beautiful golden hair of about the same color as the very highest grade of light cylinder oil.

As I am a hard-boiled bozo, however, I scarcely noticed these points, but came directly to the business in hand.

"I wish to see Mr. Edward Beekman," I said.

"Come right in," she replied, smiling very cordially, "and sit down by the fire. You must be terribly cold. How far have you come?"

"I have come from Centerville," I said.

"You poor thing!" she went on. "What a frightfully long trip. You must be pretty strong and husky, or you never would have made it."

"Yes," I admitted, "that is true." But as flattery such as this has no effect on me, I at once brought the conversation back to the matter in hand. "I wish to see Mr. Edward Beekman," I repeated.

The young lady called upstairs to someone whom she addressed as "Ted," and there shortly appeared a man who was large and powerful, but very young looking—nothing but a kid.

"I want to see the man who owns the Earthworm tractor," I said.

"I guess I'm the one," he replied.

"All right," I said. "My name is Alexander Botts."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Botts," he remarked. "My name is Edward Beekman, and this is my wife."

I then shook hands with both of them, and I will admit that it is not as easy as you might think to get hard-boiled with mere children such as these people seemed to be, especially when they were such nice-looking children. However, with me business is always first.

"I represent the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company," I said—"the people who sold you your Earthworm tractor—and I have come to collect the thousand dollars which was due on this machine last September, and which has not yet been paid."

At this the two children looked very much embarrassed, and Mr. Beekman said, "I am sorry, but I just haven't got that much money."

"How much have you got?" I asked, in my practical way.

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Isn't there some way you can raise the other two hundred?"

"I'm afraid not," he replied. "I really need this eight hundred for a lot of overdue local bills; but I would be willing to let you have it, if you would trust me till next fall for the rest."

"By next fall there will be two thousand dollars more due," I reminded him.

"If you would only let me off now, I might be able to pay the whole business by that time."

"I am sorry," I said, talking as hard-boiled as I could, "but I have no authority to grant you any such extension. I have the mortgage and your note here in my pocket, and if you cannot pay I will have to take the tractor."

"What are you going to do," he asked—"drive it back to town tonight?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I haven't figured out yet just what I'll do."

"Better spend the night with us," said Mr. Beekman, "and in the morning you can see how the weather looks and decide what to do. I hate like the devil to lose the tractor, but I can't blame you for taking it, so I might as well be a good sport. You can have it any time you want."

After rapidly considering the situation I came to the conclusion that I did not like the idea of starting out again in all the snow, so I decided to spend the night. Mrs. Beekman soon set out a most excellent supper, that proved she was a swell cook, as well as an ornament to the household. And my long waddle through the snow had given me an appetite that permitted me to absorb a really surprising amount of food.

After supper we sat around a large open fire. As the hard-boiled business part of my visit had already been completed and as these people were treating me so much better than I could have expected, I decided to be as agreeable as possible. I entertained them with some of my very best Swedish jokes.

And afterward we talked of one thing and another and became very good friends indeed, considering the nature of my visit. By the end of the evening they were calling me "Alex," and I was calling them "Ted" and "Anne," and I had found out how it happened that they were stuck way up here in Wisconsin with a tractor they couldn't pay for.

It seems both of them are just twenty-two years old, and they were born and brought up in Chicago. Ted had been in the Army in France, and when he came back he had worked in some office where he had met Anne, who was a stenographer in the same place.

Like lots of other city people, they hated city life and wanted to live in the country and run a farm. They decided to try it.

Ted had inherited five thousand dollars from his father, and they spent practically the whole thing in making down payments on the farm and on various pieces of equipment, including the big ten-ton Earthworm. And early last spring they threw up their jobs, got married, and came up to their farm.

"How big is your place?" I asked.

"Fifty acres of cultivated fields," said Ted, "and a hundred acres of woods."

"Holy Moses!" I said. "You bought a great big ten-ton tractor to cultivate fifty acres! You are a bigger sap than I took you for, Ted. You could plow your whole farm in two days easy, and then you would have that great big expensive machine sitting around idle the rest of the year."

"I know," said Ted. "I hoped I could get work plowing for other farmers or grading the roads. But all the farmers around here do their own plowing, and the road commissioners are so old-fashioned they won't use anything but horses."

"Too bad I wasn't here; I could have talked them into giving you a job," I said. "But probably you are not much of a salesman. Did you know anything about running a tractor when you first bought your machine?"

"I sure did. I ran an artillery-model Earthworm when I was in the Army. I decided then that an Earthworm was the finest tractor in the world. And maybe that is the real reason I bought one—just for the pleasure of having such a swell piece of machinery around."

"I know just how you feel," I said. "The Earthworm is indeed a wonderful machine. But your admiration isn't going to help you pay for it. Haven't you made any money out of your farming?"

"Not much. We've made enough to keep ourselves alive, but we haven't saved a cent. That eight hundred dollars I spoke of is what is left of the five thousand we started with. And we have lots of debts. Besides what we owe on the tractor, we have a five-hundred-dollar payment on the farm mortgage that is past due. Then there are a good many little bills, and we owe the oil company two hundred dollars."

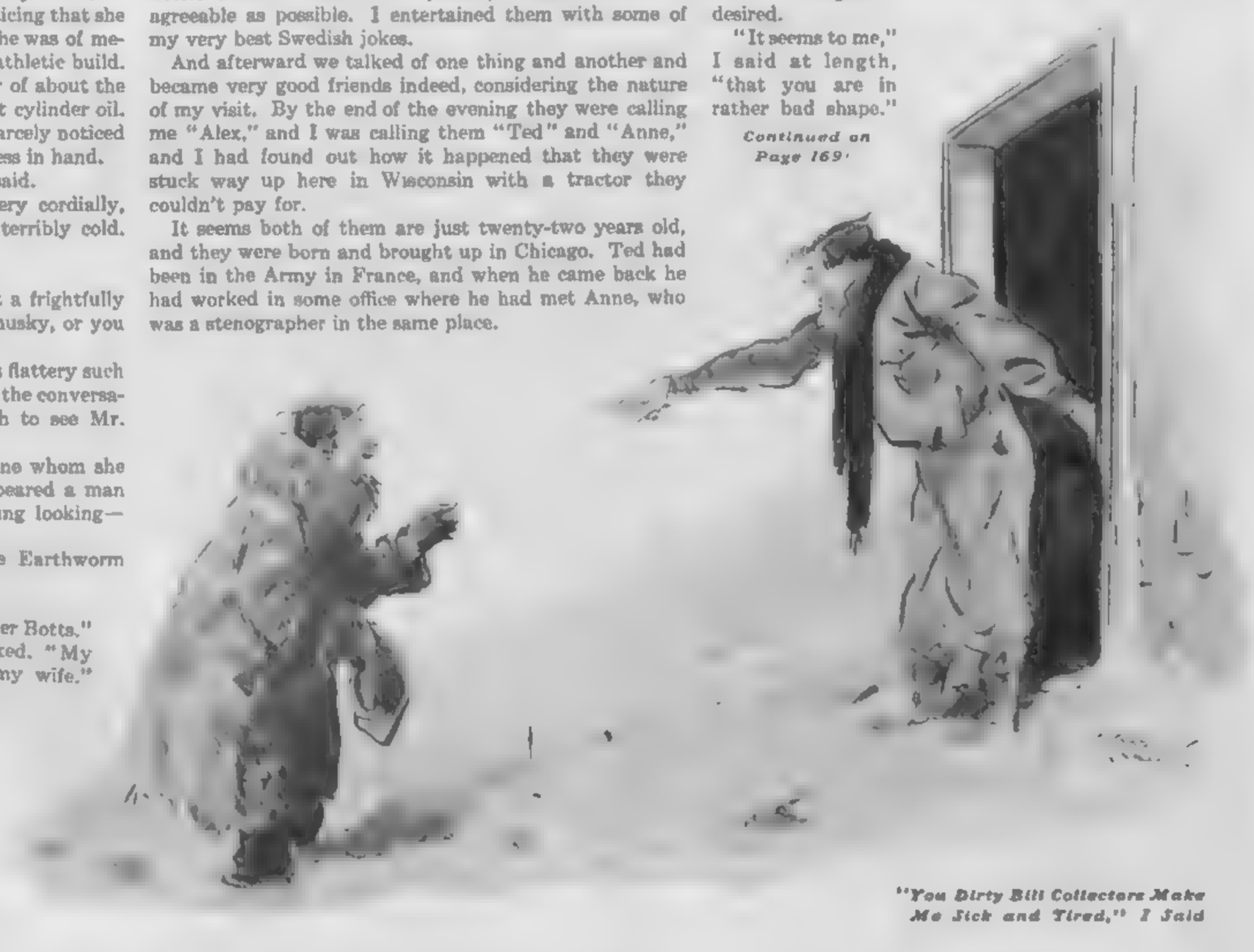
"What's that for?"

"That was another good idea gone wrong. We thought we could make a lot of money out of all the automobile traffic that goes along this road. But we didn't get our filling station installed until late in the fall, just before the snow came and blocked the road, so we have over five hundred gallons of gasoline and a whole lot of oil on hand, with no chance of selling it until spring."

As I am rather quick on business matters, I was beginning to suspect that Ted's financial situation was not as sound as might be desired.

"It seems to me," I said at length, "that you are in rather bad shape."

Continued on Page 169



"You Dirty Bill Collectors Make Me Sick and Tired," I Said

EPILOGUE TO CINDERELLA

By Alexander Betts

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"What Struck Me, and Has Worried Me Ever Since, is the Question of What Will Become of Agnes Eventually"

I SUPPOSE that ever since coming to Carleton—we moved there in 1907—I had known of Agnes Fisher's existence. Mrs. Fisher's sick daughter was one of the dim permanencies in its changing winter-resort program. Sometimes she would sell flowers at a bazaar, and once she was to be something in a tableau and wasn't able to at the last moment.

It was only when Mrs. Fisher finally yielded to forces stronger than her own will and died that Agnes assumed a sort of offstage prominence. Mrs. Fisher's demise was between seasons, and despairful considerations of what would become of Agnes were a real blessing to Carleton conversation. Most people didn't think she'd survive her mother by two years, and the more rhetorically minded set it at a single month.

Agnes was thirty-nine at the very least the fact was established from the memories of early residents—and she wouldn't have more than an uncertain two thousand a year at the outside. That came from the bank. Of course there was the cottage, but taxes in Carleton are abominable. Mrs. Fisher would never have been able to keep it up and clothe herself and Agnes if it hadn't been for a tiny annuity which had died with her, in the inconsiderate way of annuities.

Wherever one saw women, they were saying that it was too awful. If Agnes were a strong girl—I suppose she was a girl still, because time for illness was counted out—and could have taken a position, that would have been one thing; but her asthma had been so bad for years that she'd been practically shut off from the world. The situation was so awful, indeed, that its very awfulness bred a respite.

It happened to be the time of year for Ada Genevieve Lefferts to make her semiannual trip to New York. Ada Genevieve is incapable of being alone, and as accompanying her is not the sort of thing anyone does for pleasure, it is her custom to take on such pilgrimages someone who can pay a fraction of her own expenses and is glad to earn the rest. In this instance, however, twisted from her habitual, if unnecessary, thrift by the cyclonic force of pity linked with exhibitionism, she took Agnes Fisher along on a 100 per cent basis.

Ada Genevieve is one of those monstrosities who are somehow permitted to flourish in resorts, a rich, stingy, domineering braggart of sixty-five or so, in a blond wig and dirty diamonds, with a disarming streak of kindliness about her, and a voice like the Bull of Bashan.

"Of course it's going to be an expense," Ada Genevieve bellowed to everyone. "I stop at the Ritz, you know, and I'm going to take her right there and give her the very best of food and service, and those wonderful box-spring beds. I suppose she's just as apt as not to die on one. Oh, well, best thing that could happen to her probably. At least she'd have somebody with her and not be stark, staring alone, as she is in that house."

Everyone marveled at Ada Genevieve's action—though it did leak out, through the telegraph office, that she'd wired five different cheap hotels before she'd been able to secure at the Cabiria two single rooms and one bath for the five dollars a day she was willing to pay—and waited for tragic news from the travelers. Then the winter people began to arrive, and by the time Ada Genevieve and Agnes Fisher returned, Agnes Fisher had lost her opportunity for a real, slap-bang exit from this vale of tears.

People who had construed Ada Genevieve's action as out-and-out theatricalism were a little confounded by the fact that she didn't entirely neglect Agnes Fisher even with the season in full swing. It was to her credit, for Ada Genevieve doesn't like to be bored and the season always finds her busy tying her days into hard little knots of frugality and diversion. She was reported as having Agnes Fisher to luncheon on dull days, and as dropping in at her cottage occasionally.

"I try to cheer her up," Ada Genevieve boomed, when she was praised for it. "I tell her what the smart people are doing and give her lots of good, rich things to eat."

To ladies who had employed former cooks of Ada Genevieve's, or heard her in the market, the latter part of that remark had a value all its own.

Of course there must have been other bright spots in Agnes Fisher's life. I only remember hearing about one. Mrs. Herbert Twombly had a cousin come to Carleton for a month—a cousin without money enough to go to a hotel or even one of the big boarding houses. As it made Mrs. Twombly nervous to have guests, it occurred to her that Agnes Fisher might be glad to accommodate the cousin.

Agnes Fisher was indeed very glad to make enough money for her coal in that way. The cousin, who was the widow of an army officer, took Agnes on a little excursion. Army posts fit a woman for emergencies and hardships. People imagined that she was able to take care of Agnes in an attack better than just an ordinary person. Ada Genevieve snatched that false glory from Mrs. Twombly's cousin.

"Agnes' asthma has been lots better this winter," she announced. "Something about the weather, I guess. I offered to take her to a big specialist in New York, but she said she didn't think it was necessary. I will, of course, if it gets bad again."

Leila, my wife, through whom I learned most of these matters, had something to say on the subject.

"Yes," she commented, in a magnificent aside to me, "if Agnes begins to suffocate from overeating second-quality codfish in Ada Genevieve's own dining room, I suppose she may call over to Doc Sprague to run in with some liniment. She certainly won't pay for a telephone message."

The remark is better if one knows Doc Sprague, who is Carleton's peculiarly inefficient veterinary.

The next thing I heard about Agnes Fisher concerned her only incidentally. Mrs. Herbert Twombly took some clothes to her cousin one day when she'd been sorting over her old things. The cousin had her pride as an officer's widow, and she had already been offended by Mrs. Twombly. She gave the clothes to Agnes Fisher. The incident became the ladylike equivalent of a *cause célèbre* for Carleton. Whether it had been insulting of Mrs. Twombly to make such a proffer, whether the cousin—I never did learn her name—had been more successfully insulting in passing them on, was argued tirelessly. Naturally the quality of the garments in question became material. Agnes Fisher had had them dyed black, but it was generally admitted that they contained no inherent affront, because Agnes looked quite well in them. She'd never had such decent clothes in her life before, poor little thing. Her mother used to dress her like a freak.

Then came Ada Genevieve's dinner party. Although, in her references to herself, Ada Genevieve appears as a social leader constantly giving the most dazzling functions, as a matter of fact, only a great press of obligations can generate in her the spending power to grind out a dinner. And such dinners! Why anyone submits to choking down their painfully extracted unpalatableness is an eternal mystery.

Leila and I have a habit of arriving at parties on the exact hour for which we were asked. In our whole married life it has never caused us anything but boredom, but we are unable to break it. When we appeared at Ada Genevieve's—the first, as usual—Ada Genevieve, who, it must be admitted, while in the throes of giving a dinner always seems conscious of what a wretched thing she is producing, was even more apologetic than usual.

The first thing she said to us was that the cakes she'd ordered from out of town hadn't arrived. This we interpreted to mean that she realized she should have ordered some cakes from out of town.

She then announced that Maisie Dunbar, whom she was counting upon as her star guest, had telephoned that she'd sprained her ankle and been put to bed.

"It's just like Maisie. She always fakes up an illness when she doesn't want to do something. I certainly am not going to send her any flowers."

I could see Leila suppressing the thought of the dozen bargain-basement carnations with which Ada Genevieve rewards her friends for major operations and profound bereavements.

"Does it throw your table out?" I made conversation. "I can go home if it does."

"Then I'd just have to have you another time," Ada Genevieve said, with beautiful simplicity, and she went on with her account. "Well, I got panicky because it left thirteen at table. Mrs. Parmenter has guests. I wouldn't have asked her if I'd had any idea of it, but she sprang them on me over the telephone, and I had to include them."

"Thirteen at table doesn't disturb me," I volunteered.

"Well, it might have somebody," Ada Genevieve boomed—she herself, I know, would rather chew a dry crust on a street corner than sit down at a table with twelve others—"and my guests' comfort comes first with me. That's the way I was brought up. Well, the first two people I called up couldn't come. Of course an invitation, even if refused, cancels a social obligation, and I was able to scratch both of them off my list till they've asked me again; but, as I say, I was panicky and I suppose I did a silly thing. I asked poor little Agnes Fisher. I'm going to put her next to you, John, because I know you the best of

any of the men. Between you and old Mr. Ellis. He's deaf and it won't matter about him."

"I wish Ada Genevieve wouldn't make it so perfectly clear in advance that one is going to have a rotten time," Leila remarked when Ada Genevieve had left us to welcome more wisely timed arrivals. "Even tedium isn't so bad if it comes as a faint surprise."

"This Fisher girl won't have a fit on me or anything?" I asked nervously.

"Nothing so exciting," Leila assured me. "Her affliction is much better. But with such an excuse to step outside our little circle, why in the world couldn't Ada Genevieve ask someone really entertaining?"

"Who would you have got?" I inquired.

"There's that divine old hack driver who can't open his mouth without emitting streams of profanity," Leila dubitated, "and there's a glorious new postman with a mole on his cheek. It makes him look like the lover stealing a kiss in an eighteenth-century print."

"As the person is to sit next to me ——" I began.

"Oh, Ada Genevieve could have squeezed in a chair by me."

I think I had never seen Agnes Fisher without her hat before. Knowing that there was a long dinner stretch of conversation to be made between us, I avoided her in the drawing-room, but I noticed that her hair grew nicely and that she was a not discreditable figure in the Twombly hand-me-downs. I also saw that she hesitated when cocktails were passed, then took one with a sudden, Rubicon gesture of decision.

When I drew out her chair and had a chance to observe her more closely, I was surprised at the soft, pansy prettiness of her funny little face—a prettiness for which none of her irregular features offered any explanation.

"We don't have to introduce ourselves, do we, Judge Barker?" she asked. "We bow sometimes, I think."

"Wouldn't it be a little like pointing out the town hall to the public library?" I said.

It was certainly a mild effort, but she laughed delightedly. "No, not quite that," she said. "Wait. I'm certainly not the public library. It would be like pointing out the town hall to Miss Dora Dunn's Millinery Parlors."

Miss Dora Dunn's is the drollest, most pinched little shop in Carleton.

"Is refined mourning your specialty?" I asked, quoting Miss Dora Dunn's sign.

Before I had time to realize that it wasn't a particularly tasteful remark to make to a woman who had been kept in black for years for a long-deceased papa, and was now in black again, she had answered, "Exactly," with one of the most infectious giggles I ever heard.

"I understand it's a good line," I said.

"I thought I'd give it up for tonight, though," she told me. "Tonight I am showing new spring models in the shades of scarlet."

"It is dawning on me," I stated, "that you are a delightful person."

"That's because I've had a cocktail," she said; "or perhaps you've had lots of them. That would explain it better."

"Was it your first?" I asked. "I saw you hesitate over it."

"For Ada Genevieve's sake, not my soul's. I was sure one of the men would get orange juice if I took it, then I decided it was probably my one dinner party, and I would anyway."

Perhaps surprise had something to do with the strength of the impression she made on me, but I have never spent a more pleasant dinner. Agnes Fisher wasn't brilliant certainly, but she had a little, self-mocking gayety which was enchanting, and she honestly overestimated every remark I made, so that I felt I was turning conversational handsprings and cart wheels with no effort whatever.

"Is it just my ignorance of social usage," she asked when the entrée appeared, "or shouldn't you be saying something to Mrs. Silverthorn?"

Mrs. Silverthorn was on my left.

"It wouldn't be polite," I assured Miss Fisher. "Old Tom Ellis, on your other side, is as deaf as a post."

"Still, I could draw pictures on the tablecloth with my knife," she suggested.

"Are you clever with your fingers?"

"People expect me to make a career for myself in Carleton doing place cards. I can do daisies one can recognize as daisies."

Then she turned to old Tom Ellis and she actually managed to communicate with him in some way. He can of course read lips if the light is good and one is careful. I was curious to catch the drift of their conversation, but I did owe a certain duty to Ellen Silverthorn.

"Well, it wasn't as bad as you expected, was it?" Leila said to me afterward.

"Bad!" I replied. "That girl is one of the most amusing people I've ever met in Carleton."

"Agnes Fisher?"

"Yes, Agnes Fisher. Why haven't I seen her before? Why haven't you made a friend of her?"

"Don't be silly, John," Leila said. "I haven't a doubt she's a nice little thing, but amusing! You've just got your tender heart and your funny bone mixed up. What is there in thirty-nine or forty years of poverty and asthma to make one amusing?"

"She found something," I claimed. "Now, don't be a fool. Look her up. You'll enjoy her."

"She seems to have made another conquest," Leila remarked, for old Tom Ellis was saying to Agnes Fisher, "I have to go home now—my wife worries, you know. Can I give you a lift?"

"I'd love it," Agnes Fisher shouted to him.

I stopped her on the way out. "Why do you go so early?" I asked.

"Ada Genevieve was going to send me," she laughed. "I'm trying to buy my pardon for alcohol in gasoline."

Leila becomes just as parched for conversation as do I in the Saharas of Carleton. She went to call on Agnes Fisher the next day, warning me that if she was as bored as she expected to be she would know that love had lifted its ugly head and that I could understand at once that she'd never give me my freedom. When I got home she'd brought Agnes back for dinner.

"Never say that you don't get service, John," Leila greeted me. "Here she is, and you were perfectly right about her. Did she tell you the details of her trip to New York with Ada Genevieve? It must have been the funniest thing on earth. And about the time Mrs. Twombly's cousin tried to tip Emily Davis for showing her over the old family mansion? Emily was as tight as usual, but she drew herself to her full height and said, "Take ye' Yankee money. A Davis never yet compromised with the enemy," and just then the rug slid out from under her feet, and she shot clear across the hall with Mrs. Twombly's cousin sitting on her stomach."

At the end of the afternoon Agnes Fisher said, "I didn't know two people could be as nice as you are. I've never had such a good time in my life. Will you ask me again?"

"Will we?" Leila answered. "Finding you has been the greatest gift heaven has granted me for months. I intend to give you a season. You're going to be my debutante."

"It will be nice to have a debut before I move to Locust Lodge." Agnes Fisher laughed. Leila couldn't keep a note of horror out of her: "Oh! Are you going to?"

Locust Lodge is the gruesome boarding house two slatternly sisters keep at the edge of Carleton.

"Everyone tells me I'm a fool to keep up my cottage," Agnes explained. "Of course I love it. It's my garret."

Leila gave quite a series of dinner parties with Agnes Fisher the unofficial guest of honor.

If I say it myself, Leila and I are, when our enthusiasms are roused, two of Nature's best press agents. Within a month people in Carleton had come to regard Agnes Fisher as a necessary balance to a number of dullish guests. When we went abroad for the summer, it was with the feeling that if Agnes moved to Locust Lodge she'd be able to escape the horrors of its cuisine every now and then by invitation.

We didn't come back in the autumn as we'd planned, for I got water on the knee in Switzerland, which is as good a place to have it as any, if one insists on water on the knee. When we did return, after more than a year, we were delighted to learn from Agnes, who was at the first dinner party given for us, that she hadn't felt it necessary to sell her cottage.

"You see I have to spend so little for food nowadays," was her laughing explanation.

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"There Must be Times When She Comes Home From a Party and Closes the Door of That Little House, and Shakes All Over With Fears All the Worse for Their Indefiniteness"

WHAT TO COLLECT—AND WHY

A. Edward Newton—the Hobby-Rider

By A. Edward Newton

I HOLD that book collecting is the best of indoor sports, and I think I can prove it; at any rate, I shall try. It may be admitted at the outset that we book collectors do not make the splash that the picture collector does; we don't spend so much money and we don't get stuck so often, and we like to think that we improve our minds more. But it is not my intention to run down the other man's hobby. I only hope he gets as much fun out of it as I do out of mine.

I wonder whether you, reader, remember a best seller of many years ago—David Harum? It was an excellent story. David was a sort of New York Yankee, full of wise sayings, one of which was: "A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog; they keep him from broodin' on bein' a dog." In the same way a hobby is a good thing for a man; it takes his mind off his business, and we hear somewhat too much of business, big and little, in this country today.

The fact is, we can do pretty much everything as well, or better, than the other fellow—except live, and if you'll stop to think for a moment you will see, I think, that life is most important. We are always going to live, but never do. Out of the window, across the lawn, I see a sundial, and the motto on it reads:

I'll live tomorrow,
You, delaying, cry.
In what far country
Does tomorrow lie?

Or, put it another way, as my friend Doctor Johnson did—and he was a very wise man, almost as wise as his great contemporary, Benjamin Franklin, was. Doctor Johnson used to say, "Sir"—he almost always began a remark that way—"to seize the good that is within our reach is the great art of life"; and we, in our terse way, say, Do it now—and then don't do it.

The Art of Living

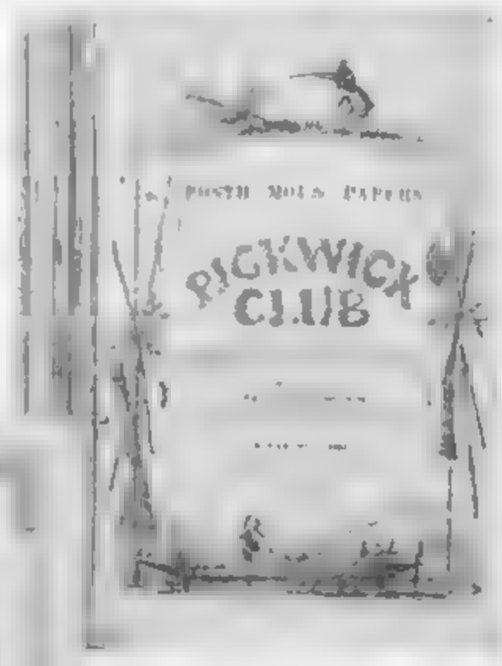
I WISH that someone would give a course in how to live. It can't be taught in colleges; that's perfectly obvious, for college professors don't know any more about it than the rest of us—sometimes I think they know less. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; very true, but I am not strong for games; they are all right for boys—a boy should be able to stand any sort of a racket—but after a man has turned forty and settled down nicely to his job of making a living and raising a family, games become pretty strenuous. And when we play them, we play them to excess, as we are prone to do everything.

The other day, going up in an elevator in one of our large office buildings, I heard one man say to another: "What did you do yesterday, Charlie? Played golf, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Charlie, "thirty-six holes, and when I got through I was all in, believe me." Instantly I thought of a friend of whose death I had read in the paper not long before. My friend was a captain of industry; big, rich, powerful, and busy—very busy. A few months before he had, in England, played thirty-six holes; then he had an attack of something, and Lord Dawson, the King's physician, was sent for and looked him over carefully, and inquired:

"What have you been doing? Playing golf? It's too strenuous for a man of your age and habit." My friend admitted that he had. "Well, don't do any more of it. I fear you have permanently weakened your heart." A few months later my friend was dead "from indigestion"—this is a word physicians have agreed shall cover up a certain proportion of our many deaths from heart disease.

Now, I maintain that a man who lives on a battlefield—and to a certain extent a man's office is a battlefield—I maintain, I say, that a certain amount of quiet relaxation is what he needs of an evening. Some get it with a pack of cards; they mess up the cards and fix them this way and that, and call it solitaire, and if anyone calls and wants to talk they resent it. We book collectors, on the other hand, mess around with our books; we fix them this way and that, we catalogue them and compare prices and what we call "condition," and if anyone calls and wants to talk about them, we are delighted. Sometimes I think that the best part of book collecting is the delightful friends one makes, and when visits and letters and experiences are exchanged, one feels the joy of life. And more: If we play the book collecting game with any skill, we come to know a good deal about some one thing and something about a good many things, and this goes to make what is usually called an educated man—and we have none too many of them. Anything which enlarges one's horizon is good, and reading does—there is good authority for it. And at last the game is called, the curtain falls upon the play, and our toys—our books—are put away or sent to the auctioneer to be sold, and our friends will say, "I had no idea Blank's library was so valuable. I remember when he paid seventy dollars for that copy of Keats' Poems, I thought him a fool. Did you see what it brought at the auction? Thirty-three hundred dollars! Think of it!" And a certain, if limited, immortality is conferred upon the book collector in that, years after his death, if a book that has once been his and has his bookplate in it, comes upon the market or is otherwise discovered, he is remembered as having been, in his time, a man of some importance. And, of course, if one plays the game with the skill of a Huntington or a Morgan, one's name will be remembered as long as our civilization holds.



Mr. Newton's Library at Daylesford, Pennsylvania

An All-Weather Hobby

HAVE I made good my claim that book collecting is the best of indoor sports? Have I told you why? No.

Let me try again; let me mount my hobby and put my animal through its paces. It can be ridden in all weathers, indoors and out, fast and furious, disregarding all obstacles, or sedately, as befits one no longer in the first flush of youth. You can stop

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A WOMAN IN LAW

By Avery Strakosch

THERE is only one thing against you—your youth" The voice was a kind one, the speaker the late President Harding. It was the summer of 1921 and Mabel Walker Willebrandt had been summoned from Los Angeles to the White House as the most likely candidate among the women attorneys in this country for the office of Assistant Attorney General of the United States. "Thirty-two years," President Harding continued ruminatively, "is not very old." Mrs. Willebrandt's large eyes opened wide as she considered the charge against her. Then she laughingly gave her word to outgrow that tarnished spot on an otherwise shining career.

When Mabel Walker Willebrandt was finally appointed to the office of Assistant Attorney General she turned eastward from Los Angeles with a slight sense of foreboding. It had always been her impression that government positions, no matter how well named, were dull and colorless; safe vocations which some people sought that very often proved political pitfalls. She fairly shuddered at the thought of being relegated to an inconsequential groove in Washington as some forty-leventh assistant in a division of the Department of Justice. There was just one promising ray of hope—a sort of legal light which beckoned her to forsake an already large law practice in the West. As Assistant Attorney General, she knew it would be her prerogative to argue cases before the greatest of all tribunals the Supreme Court of the United States.

Six years ago then, in August, Mrs. Willebrandt, a distinctly feminine but equally distinguished figure, clad in a silk sweater coat and white suit skirt, took her oath of office as head of a division in the Department of Justice. Had you seen her at the time, her slender, youthful figure and quick, unsophisticated smile, you would have easily understood why President Harding at first glance hesitated to appoint her.

The Inconsequential Groove

AFTER Mrs. Willebrandt's appointment the Attorney General made an official announcement of her duties. "All questions of policy," he stated, "appeals and direction to the United States Attorneys, pass through her hands, and general administrative supervision, and charge of all litigation arising in the eighty-eight Federal districts of the United States and island possessions under the following laws and subjects:

1. Taxation, other than customs, such as:
   (a) Income tax.
   (b) Estate tax.
   (c) Tax on admissions and dues.
   (d) Excise taxes.
2. All matters arising under the National Prohibition Act.
3. Indian liquor laws.
4. All matters pertaining to the importations, exportations, transportation, manufacture and traffic of liquor.
5. Customs and admiralty statutes as applied to liquor.
6. Prisons.
7. Requests from the President or members of the cabinet for opinions on interpretation of the law on all matters relating to the foregoing subjects."

Mrs. Willebrandt, settled now in Washington, considered the work ahead and began to ponder the situation. Where was the stupid government groove she had so anxiously anticipated, at which she had been alarmed? For the first time in her life she grew suspicious of that supposedly infallible feminine sense—intuition. There had been another shock too. In her comfortable law offices in Los Angeles she had drawn a mental picture of what her physical surroundings in Washington might be. Inwardly she rebelled at the thought of some cubby-hole of an office at the end of a dark hall. Imagine her surprise when she was shown into a spacious, many-windowed room at the very top of the Department of Justice. Through the windows she can see in the summertime the lovely vista of flowering squares and circles for which Washington is noted, and look down upon the elms and oaks that so gracefully deck the streets. One window frames the Washington Monument, below which Lincoln often sat and rested as he watched the builders at their work; in still another direction in winter she may observe the snow-capped Capitol as it reflects the afternoon sun.

Mrs. Willebrandt on the Maine Coast

Mrs. Willebrandt's Adopted Daughter, Dorothy. At Left—Cherry-Blossom Time, Washington

A Corner of Mrs. Willebrandt's Living Room in Washington, D. C.

During the six years Mrs. Willebrandt has been in Washington she has often viewed these symbols for inspiration and as often turned away with a deep nostalgia in her heart for the snow-covered mountain peaks of California. At such moments she reverts to type, becomes completely feminine and determines to send an official resignation to the Attorney General at once—that is, as soon as the present cases in which she is immersed are finished. She satisfies herself for the moment, looking at the several framed photographs on the wall, great mountains with verdant valleys between—samples of her own photography—gazes at them longingly. Yes, she will resign soon and return quickly to California.

But it always happens that out of the cases pending there is one which looms up suddenly with special and interesting possibilities. Each possibility dangles itself before her legal eyes, and gone is her nostalgia, and with it has dissolved any thought of resignation. She is no longer a very human, homesick woman. She is the lawyer with a web to weave or unravel—a web in which she herself is caught first of all. Thus the legal mind prevails.

A Letter Blown by the Wind

IT HAPPENED to be one of these stifling days for which Washington is noted, a hot Indian summer afternoon several weeks after Mrs. Willebrandt's arrival. She had spent hour after hour in an effort to learn the detailed histories of certain cases on record in the Department of Justice, many of which had established precedents in her division years before. Several of the government files were spread out upon the desk before her. In her dark, neatly tailored suit, a style she always affects for office and court wear at all seasons of the year, she seemed strangely out of place. Everything in the room appeared wilted except Mrs. Willebrandt. This outward look of freshness—even after hours of hard work—is, by the way, one of her greatest assets in public life.

She had ordered brought up from the morgue of old government files in "Virginia Street Storage" one bearing on the trial of some murderers in Kansas before that territory had ceased to be "bleeding Kansas." The Supreme Court of the United States had ordered a new trial, but law volumes seemed to yield no record of this mandate being obeyed. Department documents had been spread out on her huge desk in the search for the cause of this stoppage of justice.

Suddenly the humid air was shaken by a hot gust of wind. Several sheets of record blew across the desk to scatter on the floor. Mrs. Willebrandt leaned forward, picked them up and was about to replace them in the files, when she stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. The writing on one paper—a cramped slanting hand—she knew as well as her own. From that government file a letter had blown, slightly faded, the paper brittle from

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DUMB ANIMALS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

His Voice Quickened a Little. "Hear About the Bank Rob'ry Down to Canastego?"

THERE was a certain humor to Mr. Alfred Bloom in the process of describing, for the distant appreciation of his august correspondent, the two old people who shared with him the drowsy warmth of the low-ceiled farmhouse kitchen. Merely to think of Jeffrey Gruhn, in this setting, was comic; to write to him while Pa Pibdy nodded in the rocker beside the stove and Ma shuffled rheumatic feet over the bare floor in her endless housework, held for Mr. Alfred Bloom a sort of Russian jest.

He chose his words nicely; Jeffrey Gruhn would quite possibly print the letter in his column—quaintly referred to by the enlightened as The Colyum—and Mr. Bloom had already established a certain reputation for smartly turned phrases which it behooved him now to consider. On the other hand, he mustn't waste anything very good in the line of epigram or Jeff Gruhn would assuredly expropriate it. More than once he had served Mr. Bloom rather scurvily in such matters.

Cannily, therefore, Mr. Bloom chose a safely middle course in his description. He drew his picture vividly, but without borrowable brilliancies: The shabby little house that clung to the hillside like a bird's nest under an eave—one real room in it and two little cubbyhole bedrooms partitioned off at an end of this; he detailed its furnishing and ornament—the rocking-chairs, the strip of rag carpet, the red-clothed table, the cheap lithographed calendar and the ugly clock.

He was at more pains over the people—Pa, lean and bald and incredibly wrinkled, his hands gnarled and warped by work so that they lay on his shrunken thighs with their fingers curved as if about the helve of some invisible ax; Ma, somehow, was harder to get down on paper. There was her limp, to be sure, and the thinning gray hair pulled back tightly into the ugly little knob at the back of her head, but Mr. Bloom frowned at these details when he had set them down and moved on abruptly to other matters.

"Types, you see—nothing whatever to distinguish them from thousands and thousands of their fellow peasants. That's why I've spent ten days or so in their society as a self-invited guest. They rather shied at taking in boarders, until it was suggested that I sought the high, pure airs of their hills as medicine after the poisonous atmosphere of your great wicked city. That—and six dollars a week—decided them. I've had them under the microscope ever since. I'll tell you most of it when I see you; there's a whale of a book in it—a regular American La Terre, that'll fairly kick the guts out of the sop-and-slush school of fiction that tries to set these human cattle up as demigods. Take just one thing: We're invited to admire them because they're silent. If you listen you'll hear me laughing! I know why they're silent. They've just about lost the faculty of speech; generations of disuse have rusted it almost out of them. These people I've been living with may understand a thousand English words, but neither of them can use over five or six hundred, and neither of them has any need for half that many!

"They've nothing to say because there's nothing in their lives worth the effort of utterance and nobody to whom to say anything. This house is over two miles from the nearest neighbor; it's on a branch road, half a mile from the highway, and since I've been here there's been just one passer-by—a big car that must have got off the turnpike by mistake. Pa and Ma don't go anywhere; nobody comes here; they've practically no need to speak to each other. Maybe a dozen times a day one of them will creak out a word or two and the other will answer with a grunt or a clicked tongue or a nod. When I talk to them it's like talking to horses or dogs; they try to listen, at first, and then give it up as a bad job.

"You can't imagine the mental suffocation of it—you have to learn it by experience. If I had to spend a month here I'd go mad. Luckily I needn't; I've found out all there was to find out. Tomorrow or next day I'll be moving on for a week or so in the county seat. There's some village stuff I want to get, as I've got this, at absolute first-hand. I'll see you pretty soon."

Mr. Bloom sealed and stamped the envelope. He rose and took down his cap and overcoat from the peg beside the door. Pa Pibdy's bleached blue eye pursued him negligently.

"Snow comin'," he announced. His voice, Mr. Bloom told himself, did creak, exactly like a rusty wheel. And all he ever talked about was weather—it came home to him that there wasn't anything in Pa Pibdy's life, after all, as important as snow and rain and sun and wind. Probably the old man was right about the snow; even cattle learned to be weatherwise, and the gray sky, the push of sullen wind against the loosened window sashes, were fairly significant to Alfred Bloom's inattention. He went out, grinning

The wind cut like a blade; he bent his head to it, turned up his collar and thrust his gloved hands into his pockets. Underfoot the frozen crust broke at every step; little swirls and eddies of loose crystals danced toward him; the naked boughs of the scrub overgrowth whined and chattered. It was a long half mile down to the corners where the mail box was nailed to the fence post. He reached the place just in time to hand his letter to the mail carrier, driving a vehicle altogether strange in Mr. Bloom's experience.

He studied it with amused interest. Long, broad sled runners had been substituted for the front wheels of the battered little tin-pot car with which he had become familiar; an extra pair of wheels had been added, somehow, in the rear, and two endless belts of wide canvas, slatted on their outer surfaces, traveled over and under each tandem of tires, portable tracks on which the car, Mr. Bloom decided, might have floated on fairly thick milk.

The crude ingenuity of the device stirred his approval; he had been just even to Pa Pibdy in the matter of certain homemade shifts about house and barns, and he admitted now that the mail carrier possessed, like the rest of these hill peasants, a sort of animal cunning. He made a mental note of the mechanism for use in the American La Terre, grinning a little at the needlessness, however, of the precaution. The car, he thought, could easily travel the plowed turnpike on its naked tires.

"Got your boat on snowshoes, eh?"

The carrier nodded, squinting up at the lowering clouds above the wooded summits.

"Need 'em good and plenty 'fore I git home," he said. "Blizzard back of them clouds." His voice quickened a little. "Hear about the bank rob'ry down to Canastego?"

Mr. Bloom shook his head. "We don't get much news up at the Pibdy place," he said. "What about it?"

"Couple men held up the bank and got off with five-six thousand dollars." The sum seemed to touch the carrier's voice with wistful reverence. "Shot the cashier so he's liable to die."

"When did all this happen?" Mr. Bloom was only mildly interested. Bank robbery here in the hinterland was evidently as pathetically picayune as more lawful enterprise. He was startled, however, by the carrier's answer to his inquiry.

"'Round three o'clock, they tell me. Bank was jest closin' up."

"Three? But it's hardly four now!" Mr. Bloom opened his eyes. "You mean yesterday?"

"No. Jest now. Re-ward's a thousand dolla's." The carrier's wistfulness was now unmistakable. "Gorry! Sight of money, ain't it?—to make honest!"

"But how did you hear it so soon?" Mr. Bloom's curiosity was challenged. "Canastego's twenty miles away, isn't it?"

The carrier nodded. "News travels quick these days. Jud Pender's got a telephone. Hears 'most everything 'bout 's soon's it happens, he does. Hollered across the gully to Lon Garvey just 'fore I come by Lon's place. A thousand dolla's! Good gorry!"

He let in his clutch and the car shuffled onward over the crusted snow. Mr. Bloom turned homeward, his thought centered on the system of communication rather than the intelligence it had conveyed. So, he reflected, Italian peasants must have cried the tale of Hannibal's invasion from one hill holding to another. The telephone and the car hadn't greatly changed things; this news would have traveled up from Canastego, "hollered" across gullies,

almost as quickly without any more modern medium than the human voice. By nightfall the mail carrier would have spread it all through these empty hills.

It occurred to him that at home he would have waited for his morning newspaper to learn of events far more important than a petty theft from a one-horse bank. He turned the matter over in his mind as he toiled back up the hill into the teeth of a rising wind; only inattentively was he aware of the snowflakes it drove almost horizontally against his face. His feet slipped in the loose ridges that deepened above the frozen crust; by the time he reached the weather-beaten house in the lee of the hillside the pathway from the gate to the door was ankle-deep and air was shadowed to precocious night by the low clouds and level drive of great, scudding flakes.

He relished the telling of his news: Pa and Ma Pibdy would measure the tidings, he thought, by the same standard as the carrier; it would be to them an affair of huge importance. It occurred to him, as a philosophical reflection to be used in the book, that the news-bringer's pleasure in his task is determined inevitably not by the intrinsic value of his message but by the degree of its interest to his hearer.

"Big bank robbery down at Canastego!" he began, headline fashion, on the threshold. "Cashier shot! Six thousand dollars stolen!"

"Might shut that door," creaked Pa Pibdy from his rocker. "Knowed it d set in to snow 'fore sundown."

A little displeased, Mr. Bloom complied. Turning and resuming, he was again interrupted, this time by Ma, with a condensed suggestion that he'd better go outside and shake off the snow before it spoiled her clean floor. Mr. Bloom's annoyance yielded, as he obeyed, to a gratified realization that all this merely corroborated his original estimate of peasant intelligence. Pa and Ma had lost the faculty of visualizing, he told himself, from the spoken word. News—even such news as this—made no impression on their minds in competition with more immediately personal trivialities. They could see snowflakes clinging to his coat and melting on the scrubbed pine floor; Canastego and the broken bank, the cashier lying dead or wounded in his dinky cage, the robbers escaping in a flying motor—these were too remote, too imaginary to interest people whose lives had shut them in upon themselves like caged, contented beasts.

Deliberately, reentering the warm closeness of the kitchen, he tried to stir their rusted tongues; enjoying, now, the complete futility of the endeavor. From the bare essentials of the mail driver's story he built up the tale, striving to choose the elementary words that would carry meaning to his hearers. He had some skill in this; under a safe pseudonym he had written fiction for a fat, prosperous magazine called, artlessly, Thrilling Stories. He drew easily on this experience; the two villains in their high-powered car; flat, vicious guns ready to their willing hands; the empty bank, the cashier busy at his humdrum, peaceful task of closing for the night ——

"That'd be Jim Dobie's boy," said Pa. "Heard he'd got to be cashier down to the Canastego bank." His faded eye moved toward Ma. She nodded.

"Wesley," she said. "One 't married that Hillaway girl, over to Union."

Pa nodded. He rose, unfolding stiffly, joint by joint, till his head bent a little to avoid the sag in the middle of the ceiling. "Better tend to my chores before it drifts up deeper. Knowed we was in f'r it."

Seemingly the confirmation of his forecast, providing him with a vague, dismal satisfaction, obscured the tidings of disaster even to an acquaintance. Mr. Bloom's tongue was silenced; he watched the old man's deliberate preparations with a returning contempt. With a milk pail swung in the bend of his elbow Pa sidled nimbly past the edge of the door; a jet of snow spirited spitefully through the thrifty crevice and a gust of bitter wind sliced at Mr. Bloom's face.

Alone with Ma he made a valiant effort to wake her interest. Sometimes, when Pa was not present, she would exhibit symptoms of intelligent attention to the boarder's fluency, but now, he saw, she paid no heed to him. She moved about the room in a groove, he thought, following a routine that must have become wholly an affair of subconscious habit; now and then, when her glance moved to the rising mask of snow against the windowpanes, Mr. Bloom guessed that something like thought occurred in what was left of her mind. She could understand snow; it meant something in her life—more trouble getting water from the well, for instance, a little narrowing of the prison walls that shut her in.

It alarmed him to discover that he himself was, for the moment, almost resigned to silence. Even the little time he had spent here was, he decided, beginning to affect him as a lifetime of it had affected these others. Drawing a chair beside the glass lamp which Ma had lighted against the early dusk, and opening his notebook to record this observation, he found that the infection had extended to the written word. His fingers moved the fountain pen stiffly; his mind groped and fumbled for adjectives among which, normally, it was joyously at home.

High time, he decided, to be moving on. Another month here and he'd be scarcely more vocal than the natives themselves. At supper he compelled himself, against a rising disinclination, to carry on a monologue to which the Pibdys listened without response. Even the thousand-dollar reward which had quickened the less atrophied imagination of the mail carrier seemed to have no effect upon them, although Pa, pressed for opinion, admitted in his rusted voice that it was a sight of money. His mild, bleached eye, as he spoke, moved from Mr. Bloom to Ma, and it seemed to the observer that there was in the glance a hint of significance.

"Might be snowbound quite a spell, if this keeps up."

The old man's voice, Mr. Bloom thought, held now a flavor of regret. He made a mental note of this. They didn't like to be shut in, then; contented enough in their voluntary imprisonment, they were still human in disliking it when it became compulsory. Ma's answer corroborated his guess; she spoke with a suggestion of patient endurance.

"Guess we can make out to put up with it," she said.

Mr. Pibdy withdrew almost sullenly to the rocking-chair beside the stove, his bootless feet elevated to the open oven. He subsided now into a silence which Mr. Bloom felt to be positive rather than merely passive, as if the snow that swirled and hissed against the panes depressed and angered him. A dim compassion for the old man moved him; conscious of an unfamiliar effort, he compelled himself to talk on against the stiffening wall of unresponse on the part of his audience. Once or twice, intercepting Ma's glance as it moved toward Pa, he thought he read in it a dull anxiety.

He confined himself to the robbery as the most serviceable topic. He had a road map of the district, and unfolding it under the lamp, traced out the possible routes by which the robbers might escape. There seemed to be only one paved turnpike leading from the town; he followed the heavy black line north and south; fainter lines intersected it here and there, wandering away from it into the hills. One of these he observed, led eventually out to the main-traveled turnpike where, this afternoon, he had met the mail carrier. He straightened abruptly as the thought flashed up in his mind. That mud-splashed blue car that had gone by three days ago! Suppose ——

"Look here," he began excitedly. "Suppose those birds came north along the highway, they'd stand a first-rate chance of being stopped, wouldn't they, at Wellington? Well —— "

Heavy footsteps sounded on the porch. Mr. Bloom felt his pulses stutter crazily as the old man shambled across to the door. He sat still, staring, wholly certain who the two men were who stumbled in before the gust that whisked a spatter of snowflakes almost across the room.

His eye marked them instantly as of the city. Their overcoats, coated deep with snow, had been tailored for looks more than for protection; they wore shoes, he noticed, instead of boots;

(Continued on Page 162)

The Plump Man Moved Quickly to the Door and a Thrust of Wind Swept In as He Flung It Open—a Wind That Carried a Swift, Freezing Premonition of Disaster

BRITAIN CLEARS THE DECKS

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE by one the major obstacles to European economic stabilization—and each country has had its own particular brand—are going by the board. France is purging her public finance of politics. Italy has put a definite crimp into the communism which threatened at one time to sovietize the country. Germany is rationalizing her industry, thereby coordinating her production on a nation-wide scale. Poland is sterilizing acute nationalism. Even Russia reaches after near-capitalism to stave off political disaster.

No area perhaps has undergone such significant change, however, as Britain, where a curb has been placed at last on the tyranny of trade-unionism, the root of most of her undoing these many decades. The Trade Disputes Act, which became a law in July, proclaims a new industrial freedom and means that henceforth the nation can resolutely gird itself up for something like permanent recovery.

This is the outstanding fact in any fresh appraisal of what is going on in John Bull's domain. Labor upheavals have been responsible for most of the postwar troubles. They combined to make any enduring estimate of recuperation futile. The moment you believed that the country was set for a new deal a devastating strike broke and upset every calculation. In the autumn of 1925, for example, I made a survey of conditions and wrote in these columns that England was seeing daylight.

J. H. Thomas

The Trade Disputes Act

ALL signs pointed to it. Trade had revived; production was on the increase; the bogy of coal confusion appeared to be laid as a result of the subsidy of £24,000,000 granted by the government to the industry. But the inevitable happened. On the day the indemnity ceased the miners went out. Not only did they instigate the first general strike in English history but started a coal stoppage which lasted twenty-nine weeks.

All factors considered, this act of the miners cost the kingdom the colossal sum of £300,000,000. Coal and chaos became synonymous terms.

This abuse of unionism, especially the general strike, proved to be its undoing. Although the coal miners were beaten, first by an outraged public opinion and second by drastic economic necessity, the powers that be in Britain—and by that I mean the Conservative Party—determined to end this chronic evil so far as it lay within the power of legislation to do so. The Trade Disputes Act to which I have alluded is the result. It makes general strikes and intimidation of workers illegal, forbids compulsory political levies in trade-unions and prohibits civil servants from belonging to outside unions.

Never before, perhaps, has the vitality of British labor as an effective force been so impaired as at the moment I write. Except in the railway unions, every treasury is depleted. It is significant of the change of heart that up to July first only 30 per cent of the coal miners had paid their federation dues. A rival, reasonable and therefore constructive league of miner unions is in the making. Moreover, with a chastened spirit has come more vigor in the elbow. The personnel in the coal mines is reduced 10 per cent, yet the output is 10 per cent higher than in the peak years. That miracle of British miracles—the ability to get a full day's work out of the worker—seems to have been wrought. The Trade Disputes Act represented only one phase of the British offensive against the agencies that have persistently operated against rehabilitation. The second was the now historic break with Moscow, precipitated by gross abuse of diplomatic hospitality. The Bolsheviks were steadily boring into British labor on the one hand and carrying on a flagrant propaganda to infect both young and old on the other. Schools were a particular stamping ground for the red agitators. The disease needed a desperate remedy and it was forthcoming. The rupture was just another step in the bigger job of housecleaning devised to make Britain safe for British business.

The labor law and the repudiation of Moscow do not indicate that the economic millennium has dawned. Britain still has a long way to go before she will be back to anything like normalcy. Not since the Napoleonic Wars has she faced so stupendous a task of restoration. Her commerce is in the dumps. With the exception of iron, steel and shipbuilding, industry, particularly textiles, is considerably below par. The adverse trade balances this year—for the first quarter of 1927 the deficit was £119,063,803—have reached record heights. Unemployment is still over the million mark and the dole takes a costly toll of public funds. The whole nation staggers under the burden of an almost overwhelming taxation from which even the free lunches served by employers to their staffs cannot escape. The new budget devised by Winston Churchill totals £814,830,800, or more than $4,000,000,000. But all these handicaps become minor ills by comparison, now that some degree of immunity from labor dislocation is achieved.

Lord Ashfield

No matter how lowering the skies, the British, like their well-known kinsman, Mr. Britling, always see it through. They like to grouse about their troubles, but somehow they manage to overcome them eventually. Pluck and integrity of purpose and dealing make an irresistible combination, and the British have it.

Moreover, various cheering factors have developed. For one thing, the cost of living is lower than it has been in ten years. With political support, the automobile industry has made an astonishing advance. The new 33⅓ per cent tariff on foreign tires has given the home industry a big boost. Big industrial consolidation is the new order. The Bank of England rate has been reduced from 5 to 4.25 per cent and this will be a stimulus to enterprise. Instead of the loose federations that followed the war, close-knit commercial coordination is the rule. The new chemicals combine is only one illustration of the growing solidarity.

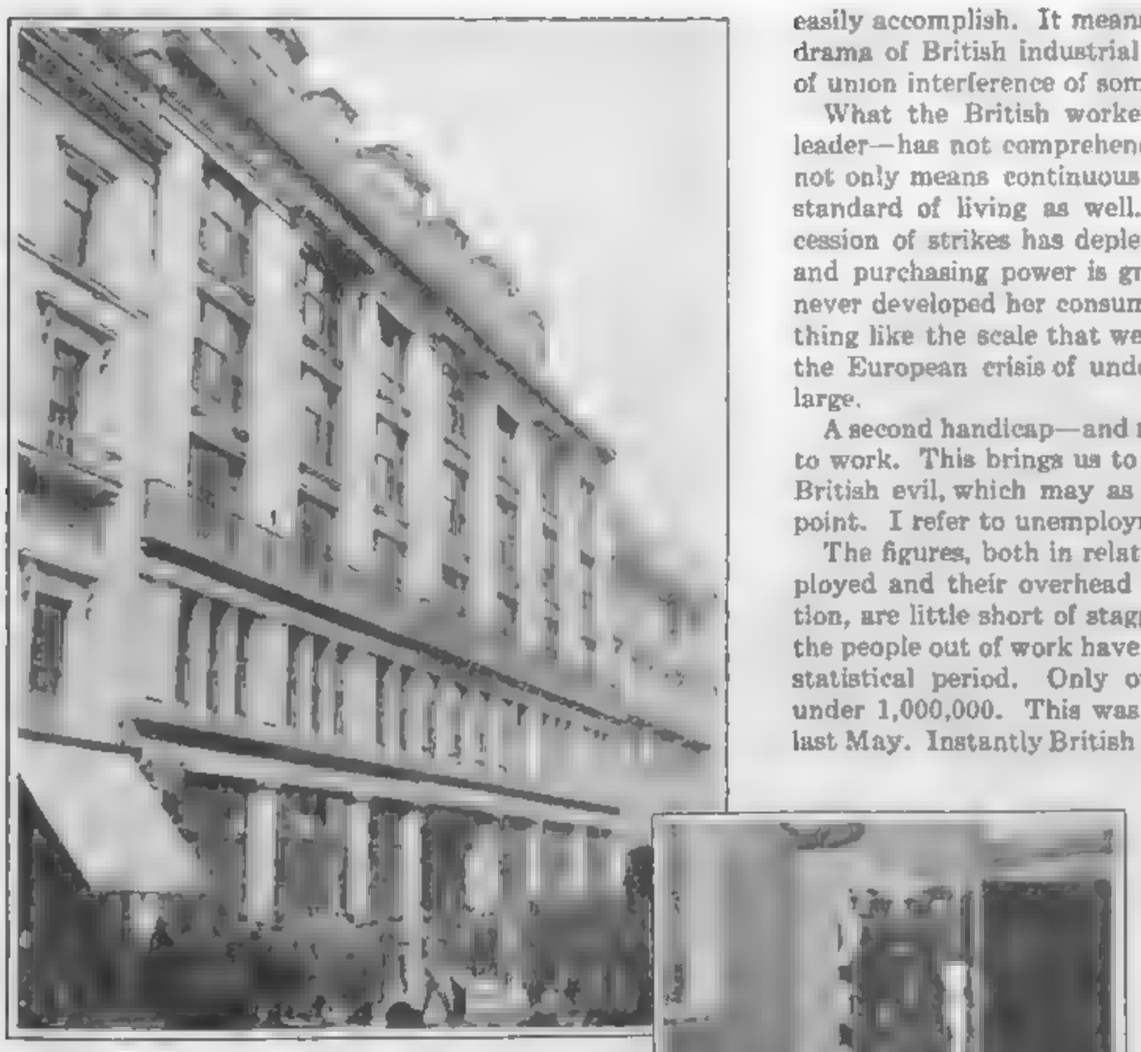
The Prince and the Premier

IN THE business vernacular, the British are beginning to sell Britain on a world-wide scale. The Prince of Wales, formerly the super salesman of empire, now has a rival in Premier Baldwin, whose recent mission to Canada was mainly to boost the mother country. Once more daylight gleams amid the encircling economic night.

Before we go into the specific state of British trade and industry which is a necessary prelude to the story of the fresh grapple with the conditions that have so long oppressed the economic structure, it may be well to have a look at the handicaps that tenaciously beset production.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade

As many observers have pointed out, the close of the World War left Britain with a clear comprehension of her problems, but no definite policy either in financial or industrial organization that would capitalize the experiences gained during the feverish years of conflict, when output was sped up. It was the exact reverse of Germany. Under the brilliant leadership of the late Walter Rathenau, the republic, born of so much travail, turned to frenzied output along highly organized lines. The Stinnes empire, reared out of monster inflation, was the postwar exception, whereas such an enormous aggregation of capital and production as the chemical trust is the rule. The fact that the German



Soviet House and the Safe in the Private Office of M. Kinchuk, the Head of the Russian Trade Delegation, After the Raid

cartels have increased in number from 600 to 3000 shows that the war lessons went home.

In the first gasp of relief that came with peace Britain expended a vast amount of energy on committee surveys that merely piled up mountains of reports, with endless recommendations that were never carried out. The British realized that their main hope lay in intensive production linked with scientific distribution, but well-nigh insurmountable obstacles lay in the way of consummation.

America became the industrial ideal. Every commission that visited the United States returned with enthusiastic accounts of the high wage and high production with which we had marched to a new supremacy. Here was the antidote for the British industrial ills.

Handicaps

IT COULD only remain a dream so long as the limitations imposed by British trade-unionism operated. Here you have the first and fundamental obstacle to British expansion. Although British trade-unionism is the father of collective bargaining, it is also immovably mossback in the matter of innovations. Labor-saving devices are often viewed with scorn and suspicion. One reason why the British coal industry has lagged lies in the fact that the miners, as a rule, reject the machine cutting that has sped up output in the Ruhr by more than 50 per cent. They cling to ponies for transport instead of turning to trolleys. The same attitude applies to most of the factories. The unionist prefers to have four men do the work that one could easily accomplish. It means that throughout the entire drama of British industrial production runs the strain of union interference of some kind

What the British worker—and more especially his leader—has not comprehended is that high production not only means continuous employment but a higher standard of living as well. Instead, the endless succession of strikes has depleted the family pocketbook, and purchasing power is greatly reduced. Britain has never developed her consuming power at home on anything like the scale that we have. Her contribution to the European crisis of under consumption therefore is large.

A second handicap—and it persists—is the lack of will to work. This brings us to what has become a chronic British evil, which may as well be disposed of at this point. I refer to unemployment and the dole.

The figures, both in relation to the number of unemployed and their overhead financial burden to the nation, are little short of staggering. Since the Armistice the people out of work have averaged 1,250,000 for each statistical period. Only once has the total dropped under 1,000,000. This was during the second week of last May. Instantly British hopes rose, only to be dashed by the next report, which showed the seven figures again. They are still in the ascendancy. The decline was due to renewed activity in the factories following the end of the coal stoppage. With the wiping out of arrears in orders and failure to get new ones, the old conditions returned.

Now for the cost of this idleness. The total amount paid for unemployment benefits from the signing of the Armistice up to January first of this year was £280,000,000, or roughly, $1,400,000,000. It has been placed as high as £400,000,000, or $2,000,000,000. The cost of administration alone was £27,000,000. Of this huge sum the employers contributed about £105,000,000 and the employed approximately £95,000,000. The government provided the rest. In addition to this immense fixed charge, more than £54,000,000 has been expended on so-called outdoor relief, which takes care of the needy poor out of industry

To these amounts must be added £50,000,000 spent in grants to ex-service men for resettlement in civil life and on various special training schemes for demobilized officers and men. If the sum I have indicated had been contributed to the stimulation of industry, there would be a different story to tell.

All this expenditure is bad enough, but there is even a more destructive feature. For hundreds of thousands of men in England the dole has become a habit. In other words, the unemployment money has subsidized idleness and produced a new generation of nonworkers. They feel that the government owes them a living. Endless people have become unemployable because they have forgotten how to labor with their hands. Many of the boys who left school in 1918 have never had a job and would not know what work was like if they met it in the road.

How Subsidized Idleness Works Out

THE dole system, and it remains the curse of Britain, has lent itself to astonishing abuse. While I was in England in May a man was arrested for falsely representing that he had no other income except the twenty-five shillings weekly unemployment benefit. Investigation showed that he had £6,000 invested in gilt-edge securities and enjoyed a private income of nearly £300 a year.

At Willesden an individual was arrested for beating his wife. It developed that he used his dole for bets on horse races. His wife testified that he never left his bed before ten o'clock in the morning. She also said that he cashed the grocery tickets that were given by the poor guardians for distressed families and used the proceeds for joy riding.

These two incidents—and I could cite many more—show how a piece of temporary philanthropy, through perversion, has degenerated into a permanent vice. Now you can understand what was meant when the British wit, referring to what I have just described, called it "a feast of treason and a flow of dole."

In this connection let me reproduce part of a statement made to me by J. H. Thomas, the one-time engine wiper who was Colonial Secretary in the Labor government and who may some day be Prime Minister of England. Commenting on unemployment and the dole, he said:

"The astonishing feature of the situation is that with casualties of 1,000,000 in the World War and an average of 1,250,000 unemployed, there are 200,000 more people employed in industry than in 1913. This is partly due to the fact that last year British births exceeded deaths by 207,000.

"What is the remedy? Birth control is unthinkable. As I see it, the only solution lies in emigration. If Britain had put the £400,000,000, the figure I have placed on the cost of all this unemployment, into practical colonization schemes in the British white men's colonies, there would be no industrial dislocation. It is only through intelligent family emigration that England can emerge and become a first-class industrial power again. In this scheme I would except Canada, because we do not want our people to regard Canada as a halfway house on the road to citizenship in the United States."

A third handicap has been on the financial side. Though England remains the most solvent of all European countries, with immense overseas investments, the fact remains that many people have

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A Labor-Day Demonstration Near Hyde Park

BE YOUR AGE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Stover and Who Else?" Interrupts Bull. "Don't Tell Me That's All One Guy!"

GROUCHING," I remarks shrewdly to Bull Grogan, "won't get you any new ball tossers."

"It'll get me as many," he snarls, "as the scouts on the Blue Sox pay roll—and it won't turn in any overstuffed swindle sheets either."

"Maybe not," I shrugs; "but, after all, it's nothing against the honest prospector if the nuggets he digs up fail to get a rise out of a blind Digger Indian."

"Nuggets, eh?" growls the manager. "If the hay wire you've sprung on me are nuggets, they must be using matched pearls to pave back alleys with. I wouldn't give even bench room to the has-beens and not-evers you've suggested."

"They're not so steaming hot," I admits, "but where do you expect to get first-class journeymen at this stage of the season? If they're good, they're parked permanent under the big tent; if they're flops, they've already been shunted back to the Silo and Sorghum League. Grayson," I adds, "certainly picked a sweet spot for pulling the stern-parent gag."

"What else," barks Grogan, "could he have done? Did you expect him to tie a pink ribbon in Gilvray's hair and kiss him on both cheeks for jumping into the stands and bashing a couple of cash customers in the beezer? Did you ——"

"Not quite," I cuts in; "but five hundred and a lay off is pretty high for smacking a pair of roughriders."

"As a matter of fact," says Bull, "Grayson got the office from the commissioner to make the plaster big enough to hurt. It was a little strong."

"You O. K.'d Grayson's act, didn't you?" I demands.

"I did," comes back Grogan; "but how was I to know that most of the gang'd walk out with Gilvray, especially with the series swag all ripe to fall into their laps?"

"That," I returns, "is just why they did strut their stuff. The boys figured, I guess, that the boss'd do anything rather than pass up his first chance at the pennant. Besides," I goes on, "there isn't a man on the team that hasn't been itching to take a crack at those boo boys in the bleachers. Gilvray was merely acting as a committee of one when he left his calling cards on the jaws of the goat getters, and the Sox are just backing up their committee."

"I don't mind telling you," says Bull, "that Gil didn't hurt himself any with me socially by what he done, but the gang better get together on another think if they have an idea that Grayson's going to throw himself into reverse. He's just stupid enough to be stubborn and new enough with his franchise to be scared stiff of the commissioner."

"How long," I asks, "does he expect that six-game lead will last with the high-school kids and sand lotters he's shoved into the line-up?"

"I don't know what he expects," replies Grogan; "but he probably hopes by leaving 'em alone the regulars'll come home dragging their bats behind 'em."

"And in the meantime," says I, "we'll put up the shutters on our residence in first place and go visiting with relatives in second division."

"If I only had a pitcher or two," mutters the manager, "we could ——"

"Then why not," I interrupts, "take a chance with Joe Dixon?"

"Joe hasn't been worth a hoarse hoot since he was hit by a spent ball at the Battle of Lexington," says Bull. "Don't you know any twirlers on this side of sciatica?"

"Dixon's no first voter," says I, "and he probably hasn't speed enough left in the old soup bone to crack an eggshell, but he's got enough gray in the bean to outsmart the best of 'em. They'll hit Joe, but they'll hit 'em when and where he wants 'em to hit. Besides, he ——"

"Why," demands Grogan, "did the tail-end Lizards gate him?"

"They didn't gate him," I retorts. "He gated himself. He had an offer to coach at Hatton College, where his son is. It was a soft berth and a chance to be with his kid, and he grabbed it."

"Such being the case," inquires Bull, "how you going to pry him loose?"

"Baseball's spring stuff with the rah rahs," says I, "and I'm thick enough with Joe to know he'd jump at a month in the big time. A piece of change wouldn't be without its Sox appeal either. Listen," I continues, seeing that I got Grogan interested, "there's a bunch of other old-timers I could pick up pronto ——"

"Forget it!" yelps Bull. "What do you think I want to do—finish up the schedule on wheel chairs?"

"What do you prefer?" I asks, sarcastic. "Baby buggies? Personally I haven't noticed any trained nurses pushing Cobb or Speaker or Alexander or Johnson around the field."

"Maybe not," grunts Grogan; "but have you any vets like those stached away in your hope chest?"

"No, I haven't," says I; "but in twenty-four hours I could put my hands on eight or ten lads who forget more baseball every day while they're shaving than that flock of fumblers you've got'll ever know."

"Yeh," comes back Bull; "but there's a lot of difference between knowing and doing. An eight-year-old hen might be a great coach in an egg-laying contest, but how many could she lay herself?"

"I'm not privy to the private life of aged hens," I returns, "but the fellows I'm talking about are not drawing Mexican War pensions. They're birds who were stars when I was in the game, and I'm not so octogenarian. They've slowed up—yes, but they're crafty enough to stall the Sox through the rest of the season and keep 'em on top or thereabouts."

"Craft," says Grogan, "might put you on first base, but it takes legs to get around. A flathead who can do it in ten flat is worth ten brainys with flat feet."

"Slip me your serious ear," I urges, "and let your mind paw over this. The catch-as-catch-cans you've got piddling around out there won't win one game for you. If that 18-to-2 walloping we got yesterday and the stuff you're seeing pulled now don't convince you of that, you ought to consult an alien."

"They are pretty bad," sighs Bull, as one of his quick pick-ups swings at a third one he couldn't have reached with a night letter. "I admit I got a lot of frying pans, but where's the percentage in trading 'em in for fires?"

"Let me finish," says I. "I know most of the good ones that worked in my time and I can get 'em to give us a hand for four or five weeks. The fans'll get a kick out of seeing the stars of yesteryear perform, and you've got a darn sight better chance of busting up the strike with names than you have with the hopeless bunch of hooeys you've hooked up with. I'll bet you the raise I'm going to get for this idea that the Sox ——"

"How," cuts in Grogan, "do you expect to get any team play out of a bevy of bozos you yank all of a sudden out of G. A. R. parades and old men's homes?"

"How much team play you getting now?" I snaps. "There isn't a guy on the team that knows what anybody else is doing, including himself and his glove. My babies, anyway," I goes on, "have been taught that it's a fairish idea to throw the ball to first after the runner has left it on a fly-ball out."

"If they can throw it that far," says Bull. "Who you got in mind for old home week?"

"Well," I returns, "there's Tom Sampson, for example. Remember him?"

"My grandfather," comes back Grogan, "used to speak well of his youngest son. Why, he hasn't played ball for ten years!"

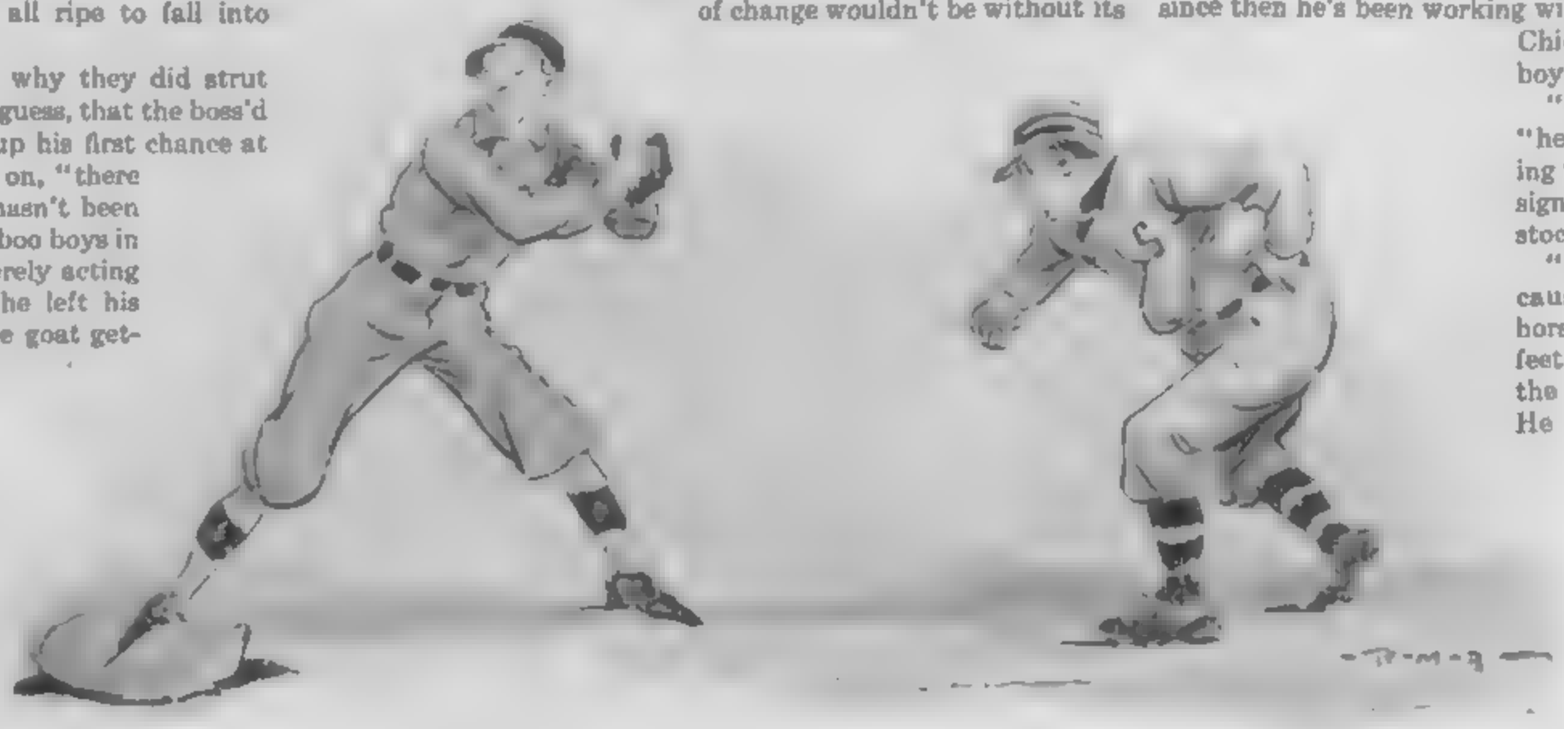
"He left the Big League five seasons ago," says I, "but since then he's been working with semipro layouts around Chicago, and believe me, the boy still knows his utensils."

"I suppose," sneers Bull, "he quit on account of wanting to be near his son who's designing sausage casings at the stockyards."

"He quit," I returns, "because a couple of Charley horses got in the way of his feet; but they didn't get in the way of his batting eye. He can still assort the good ones and lay 'em up against the fence."

"Yeh," says Grogan, "and probably get put out at first after a couple of outfield errors and a relayed throw in."

"Which'd you rather have," I asks, "a bird that can hit 'em and



He's Out Trying to Drive His Charley Horses to Third on the Hit

maybe bring somebody else across the pan or a speedheimer with rabbit legs who never gets a chance to use 'em except between the home plate and the water bucket?"

Bull doesn't answer. He's watching a critical situation on the field. Three of the visiting girls are on bases and two are out—Lord knows how they got that way. The batter up dumps one right in front of the plate. Soft for us. All the catcher need do is pick up the ball for a cinch force-out at home.

But the kid, whom we'd signed on from some sand lot a few days before, has a different idea. He leaps at the pill and heaves it to first, yards over the baseman's head. Then the big parade. "Go ahead," yelps Grogan at me, his face thick with purple.

"Huh?" I exclaims.

"Get your old-timers," he barks, "and get enough of 'em. I'm going to wash up this layout from bat boy to battery."

"Joe Dixon," I inquires, "and Tom Sampson and ——"

"Joe Dixon's grandmother if you want," cuts in Bull, "and Tom Sampson's invalid niece. Nothing can possibly be as bad as what we've got. Have your boy friends shave off their gray beards, crate their crutches and report as soon as possible."

He Walks Out of the Box and Off the Diamond

"No limit?" I asks.

"None this side of the grave," he comes back. "You can even send for yourself and go into the line-up."

"At that," says I, huffy, "you could go further and do worse."

"Perhaps," grunts Grogan; "but I got no time for world tours."

II

I SEES Bull that evening when he's had a chance to cool off some, and finding him of the same mind, I starts wiring my vets together. On account of my scouting taking me to all parts of the country, I've kept in pretty close touch with the old guard. Art Grant, Joe Dixon and Lem Haner are coaching at colleges; several others are playing semipro ball. Those are the lads I want; not the stars who've quit cold and let their muscles flab on 'em. As for the tossers who've gone to the minors, it's much too late in the season to hope for any deliveries before next year.

I picks my men more for their baseball brains than for what the old box scores showed. It's always been an idea of mine that waiving out smart players just as soon as they got a crick in their arms or legs was closing the barn door long before anybody even thought of stealing the horse. There's a great deal to baseball besides heaving and hoofing, and more wins are to be got out of a quick wit who does his century in fourteen flat than out of a ten-two swifty whose brains have gone to his dogs. Now that I've got a chance of proving it, you can just bet your cerise spats I send out my subpœnas with care.

Within twenty-four hours I get ten yes telegrams, but it's three days before the boys begin showing. In that time we manage to dumb off four games—two singles and a double-header—by scores that look more like football results, and we're just one lap to the good when the first of my hand-picked vets blows in.

Did I say blows in? Scratch it. It would have taken a full-grown hurricane, backed up by a couple of milk-fed cyclones and a Class A typhoon to blow Hap Stover anywhere. The old Coyote catcher always had been a broad-beamed husky, built from the ground up like an oil tank, but walking across the Blue Sox field he stacks up to me like he'd doubled in depth and halved in height in the six months since I'd seen him.

"How do you shape, Hap?" I inquires.

"Well," rumbles Stover, "I'm not much at stealing home these days, or stretching bunts into two-base hits, but I can still make my bat behave. Why the hurry call?"

I explains the situation to him. "You fellers have got to make good for me," says I. "I'm out to prove to Grogan that old heads have it all over young legs when it comes to a pinch, and "

"Who," cuts in Hap, "have you got tossing 'em up to me?"

"Joe Dixon," I tells him, "and Harry Swane, mostly."

"Leave it to me and Joe," says Stover. Did I ever

"Yes," I assures him, "you did; but they got a new rule in the league now."

"What's that?" asks Hap.

"In a game played this season," says I, "you can no longer put in the box score the home runs you hit five summers back. What you and Dixon did when you were twenty-one leaves me cold and haughty. It's what you'll do at forty-two that engages my attention at the moment. Anything else finds me in conference."

I've no sooner sent Stover on his way than Bull arrives at the pen. It's an off day in the schedule, and I'm having Grayson's youngsters practice catching balls thrown at 'em underhand.

"Your new team?" asked Grogan, politely thumbing at Hap's departing back.

"That's Stover," I returns, "the greatest ——"

"Stover and who else?" interrupts Bull. "Don't tell me that's all one guy!"

"Yeh," says I, "and what a one! The only backstop who ever went through a whole season without having a base stolen on him."

Simmons Slashes at the Ball With Everything's He's Got or Can Borrow

"So I was told as a mere infant," comes back the manager; "but that tub of tallow has as much chance now of snapping one down to second as I have of marrying my widow. He's so hog-tied and muscle-bound I'll bet he has to get a bellhop to push flies off his nose."

"Maybe," says I; "but he can catch thrown balls, can't he?"

"It'd take an awful wide and wild one to get by him," admits Grogan; "but ——"

"Butt out with your buts," I suggests. "If he can do nothing but mitt pitches, he's already better than anything you have behind the plate. If there's anything your bankrupt layout needs, it's a good receiver, and Hap can receive even if he can't disburse."

"It's a joke," scowls Bull, "to play a bale of blubber like that. We'll be the laugh of the league."

"What do you think you are now?" I snaps. "An earnest group of serious thinkers? Yesterday," I goes on, "that kid Grace let three pitch outs get away from him, scoring four runs. When you get through with your fit of merriment and gurgles of delight over that, I'll go into the matter of Stover with you further."

Things break nicely for me in the next two days. To begin with, it rains, leaving me to start my experiment with a one-game lead instead of a two-game handicap. Then the rest of the boys arrive, the brainiest set of ball tossers ever assembled under one tent. There's a splotch of gray around some temples, a shamble in some feet, a bit of heft around some belts, but the vets are as enthusiastic as kids over their return to the big time, and I'm satisfied. I know they'll give me everything they got left, even if they have to crack a hardened artery or splinter a glass arm to deliver. "How do you like 'em?" I asks Bull while we're watching the old-timers get the kinks out in morning practice.

"They make me feel positively unborn," returns Grogan. "There isn't one of 'em that looks like he could get to first without a strychnine injection."

"Perhaps," says I; "but they know where first base is. They've reached it on several occasions."

As a matter of fact, they don't look so bad at all. Of course they haven't the zip and dash of youngsters, but very little gets away from them. What speed does for the kids, brains and experience do for the vets. Take fly balls, for example. A dumb rookie will run a hundred yards backward and forward and sideward before he gets under 'em. A smart old-timer'll gauge the flight of the pill with a trained lamp and walk in a straight line to the landing spot for a simple put-out. He knows his parabolas. As a matter of fact, 90 per cent of the so-called brilliant catches made by fielders are easy chances made hard by stupidity.

(Continued on Page 54)

He Leaps at the Pill and Heaves it to First, Yards Over the Baseman's Head

PEOPLE VERSUS DEVINE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

HIS right name was probably Benjamin Finkel; he said it was, and that is some evidence. It is true that he had done business in his time under the name and style of Harry Green; he probably assumed the alias with the best intentions, knowing it deceived only Justice—whose eyes are bandaged so as to make all men equal before her, with advantage to none but those who know the ropes.

He was known as the Minute Man to people of the eccentric sort that gets into jams at three o'clock in the morning. The name was used quite a bit as an alternate, being apt and quaint; a pickpocket named St. Aubrey, or St. Auby, gave it vogue, being himself a man of mark and renown. He could not enough admire the way his Minute Man twitched him out of police stations when he seemed in for the night. He was a good thief and had a tenor voice that deserved cultivation; he made up some deplorable doggerel about Finkel and sang it at one of Ma Bonn's thieves' suppers and was roundly applauded, particularly by those who wanted to stand in well with the subject. A tipsy guest shouted "He's a crook!" and narrowly escaped a beating when it was finally discovered whom he was talking about.

Still, if you had a sudden need of bail, in a police station or police court anywhere between the two rivers that make little old New York a land by itself, you wouldn't be misunderstood if you asked for Fat Ben. He was fat; they said, down his way, that it was easier to jump over Fat Ben than to go around him, but it wasn't so. He weighed two hundred and seventy pounds in a polished blue-serge suit, but he stood five feet and eight inches in his shoes, and that's a good height.

He was a professional bondsman. He had a tenement house on Grand Street and a few thousand dollars, and, in his own phrase, he exercised his money. He lived like a fireman, ready day and night; Fat Ben said that when he had one leg out of his trousers, he never knew whether he was pulling them off or putting them on. Professional bondsmen, it is stated pretty freely, are enemies of society and should be hurriedly done away with. Perhaps; but they come in handy when a citizen is locked up out of banking hours, and such things happen to the best of men. Fat Ben's steady customers, naturally, were lawbreakers, professionals.

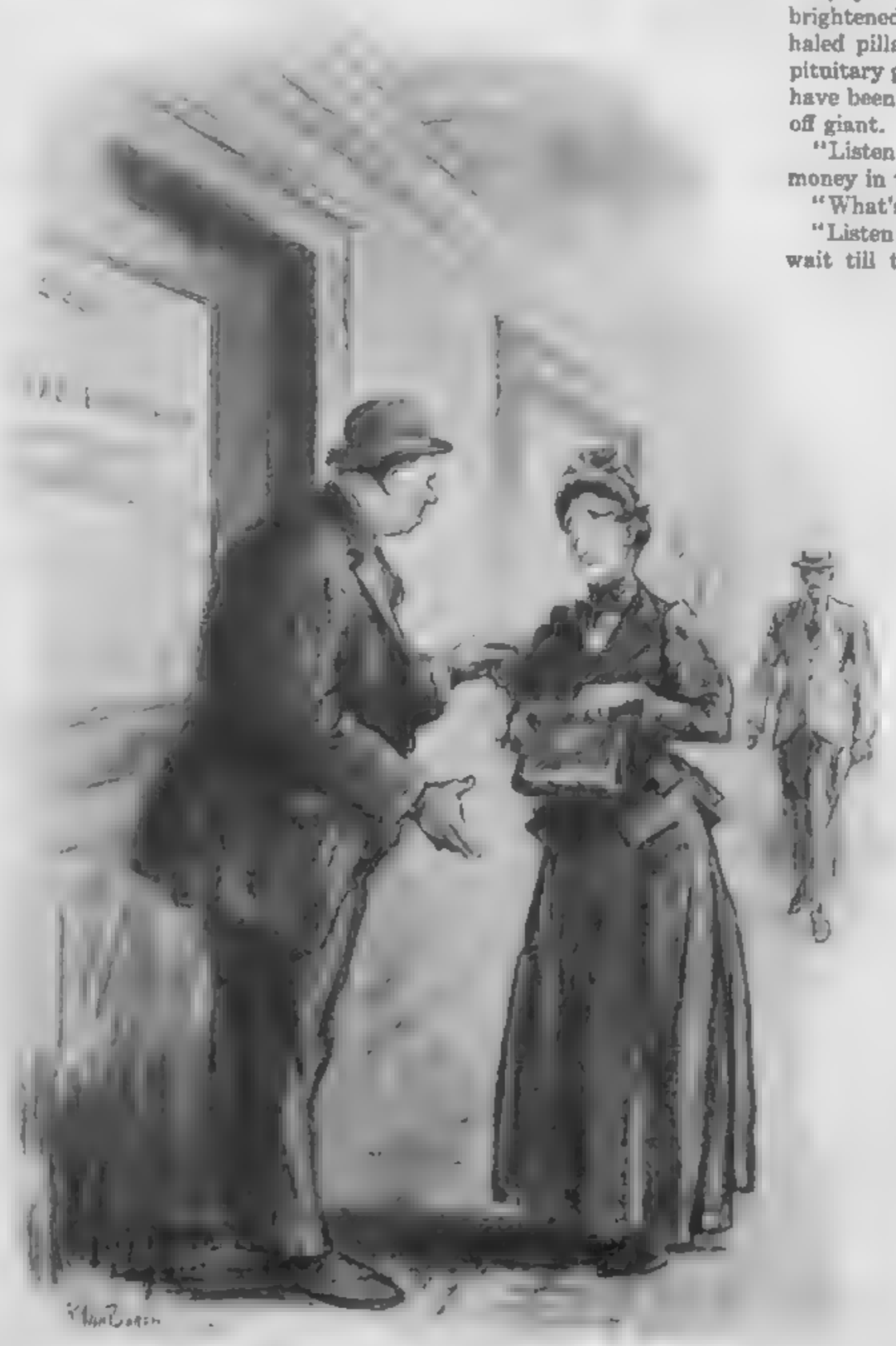
Fat Ben hung up records. Here's one: He bailed out the musical dip mentioned above nine times hand running before the first charge went to trial. Nine blessed times did the unwearying police lay hold of that slippery leather-puller and hurl him into jail, and eight times he popped out again on bail. Then he went to trial on the first of the nine charges and he was given ten years up the river, although the judge could have convicted him of mere jostling had he really wanted to be nice. Some people think criminals have no fine feelings. Well, even after his conviction, this St. Aubrey, or Auby, gave Fat Ben an elegant gold watch with Swiss movement, in grateful appreciation of services rendered.

Fat Ben was proud of that watch and wore it for years and liked to be asked where he got it, and to show it. This was engraved on the back lid:

To Celia, from her loving grandfather on her Eighteenth birthday, Dec. 21, 1909.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Fat Ben's office was across the way from Jefferson Market. In the triangle made by Greenwich Avenue, West Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue there is a district court for civil cases, a police court and a jail; whole cheeses and assorted *wursts* are exhibited in a Sixth Avenue window of the building on the triangle. As near as might be to this hive were Fat Ben's quarters—in the second-floor front of a four-story rooming house, over a plumbing shop. Under Fat Ben's windows was a sign as wide as the house, saying International Surety Company; on each window it said Bail Bonds. Fat Ben was agent for the great and wealthy surety company, holding a power of attorney from it. On his walls were his licenses from the state Insurance Department—one to act as a broker, and the other to do business as an individual bondsman. Those licenses were virtually certificates of good character.



"You Want a Tip, Ma'am?" He Growled Amicably. "Take Your Bonds and Lam!"

Like any other business, Fat Ben's business was done partly on trust, on the passed word. There's such a thing as honor among rascals; it may be a chancy security and rest on nothing but mutually demonstrable complicity, but a working arrangement they must have or the jig is up. Fat Ben kept his word, as a rule, and unless given a real inducement, and he expected others to do the same or better, and that's why he was so incensed at the men calling themselves Frank Campola and Tony Valent. They jumped their bail after being let out on the cuff.

"A thief is a gentleman, compared with a bail jumper," said Fat Ben. "You know just where a thief is; when you go out he comes in, and when you come in he goes out. But a low-lifed bail jumper, where is he?"

To add insult to their injury, these men got him out of bed, and Fat Ben liked his bed. He had just switched off his light after reading himself into drowsiness with the morning paper when the telephone rang on the table by his head. The light went on again; Fat Ben sat up, lit a cigarette, blew smoke into the mouthpiece, and said, "Hello," in a growling bass.

"Fat Ben? . . . Listen; two of the boys been grabbed. They're up in the station house. Get up there right away and take 'em out, will you?"

"Sure. For what? Who are you?"

"Listen; I'm talking for Stitch Cilian."

"Is Stitch going to take care of me?"

"Sure. It's the same thing. You take 'em out, and they'll be there or dead."

"Put Stitch on," said Fat Ben. His big blue eyes winked sleepily. He inhaled steadily through the cigarette, which brightened and faded in his wide, heavy mouth, and exhaled pillars of smoke through his big nose. Fat Ben's pituitary gland may have been out of whack, but he would have been a big man anyway; he was naturally a sawed-off giant.

"Listen; Stitch can't talk. Will you go? There's big money in this—you know what I mean? Will you go?"

"What's the matter with tomorrow morning?"

"Listen; you're a wise guy, ain't you? Well, they can't wait till tomorrow morning—you know what I mean? There's heavy money in this. Will you go?"

"I'll go and talk to them," grunted Fat Ben.

He threw his columnar legs out of bed and proceeded to dress, quickly and sketchily. His movements were surprisingly light and quick. There are fat men who toil over the ground like recruits under field packs, obviously carrying about all they can lift, and there are fat men who are spry and can toss themselves about as if they were inflated with air. He trotted downstairs, called a taxi driver out of a lunch room, thrust his bulk into the cab, and with a fresh cigarette making an orange spot in the darkness, went shooting up deserted Sixth Avenue.

He was contented to be out. He would charge double for his time, one for him and one for the International. The collateral he would take for the bond he was about to write would hardly appeal to the board of the International, but he didn't have to submit it, holding a power of attorney; he was about to obligate the International and to take as security the simple word of a gang leader that the bailed men would be in court on demand or would be dead. He had taken that collateral of Stitch Cilian many times. Once his bond had been forfeited. Two weeks later Fat Ben, sitting in a chair on Sixth Avenue, with his stomach in his lap, read about an unidentified cadaver that had been found in Brooklyn and that had evidently been thrown from a motor car. He lit a fresh cigarette and turned to his favorite comic strip. It was good advertising. He would gamble on Stitch's word.

"Send up those two wops," called the sergeant on the desk as Fat Ben entered and came up to him. "Hello, Ben."

"Greetings, Eddie, my old tomato," said Fat Ben. "What are you got them for?"

"The Sullivan Law."

"Get out. Where's the man made the collar?"

"In back. Want to see him?"

"Talk to him yourself. What do I want with him?"

Frank Campola and Tony Valent, two gayly dressed, perfumed and dirty young men, were brought up from the depths. The swarthy and blue-jowled faces were expressionless; they looked at Fat Ben like two cows. He did not know them, and was surprised.

"I hear that you boys want to beat the line-up," he said, leading them aside.

"Yeah."

Fat Ben put his arms around their shoulders, when he looked not unlike an old-man gorilla held up by savage hunters for exhibition as a trophy. "It's going to take a lot of doing, boys, because they got you for a Sullivan. That's state's prison—carrying concealed weapons is—and the sergeant can't spring you."

"They ain't got us for no Sullivan. Listen. We was going hunting, see? Tony here knows a guy whose brother got a

Suddenly Valent Sprang Away With a Choking Cry of Fear

farm in Jersey where there is deers—regular deers—and Tony says to me, he says, 'Well, Frank, how about you and me going over there and see if we couldn't knock off one of these here deers?' So that was all right, and we get a couple of gats ——"

"Stop, stop," said Fat Ben, rejecting contemptuously a story that was probably the fruit of much thought. "They got you right. It'll cost you a hundred apiece. Come across."

"See Stitch," they said, and stood on that. Fat Ben went over and whispered with the sergeant. "But it'll cost you a hundred and a half," said the sergeant finally. Fat Ben had done business with him before.

"Leave it to me, Eddie," grumbled Fat Ben. "I don't know what this thing is, but there's heavy money in it, and I'll get you all I can. You'll get yours when I get mine. I'm taking these boys out on the cuff, being that they're well connected. Book them for a misdemeanor. Give me the pen."

"A hundred dollars bail?" suggested the sergeant.

"Five hundred apiece," amended Fat Ben. "Let me make an honest dollar." He called over his shoulder as he filled out the undertakings: "Where do you boys live, if you know? Come here and sign up."

"The next time you don't want to drive so fast, and you won't get picked up for endangering people's lives," said the sergeant sternly. "The taxpayers of this city are paying for protection, and the police are going to see they get it."

Fat Ben took his men out to the waiting taxi, pushed them in and crowded in after them. The cab raced in the direction of Fiftieth Street; Stitch Cilian's hangout was a cigar store that had a reading room in the rear used for playing stuss. Fat Ben maneuvered to get out of the cab without taking the shell of it on his back, saw Stitch Cilian stepping from a telephone booth in the still brightly lighted cigar store.

"You're looking good," said Fat Ben commendingly, referring, as Stitch knew, to the gang leader's clothes. Stitch knew clothes; he had started in life as a tailor—hence the nickname. He dressed fashionably, valuing appearances greatly, like all of the underworld. Stitch showed good clothes off; he was a well-made man, slim and strong. His prominent and uneasy gray eyes were bright and his complexion was ruddy, despite his gray temples. He was no plug-ugly, although he had been arrested fifteen times in the two years then last past. He had a business office on Park Row whence he furnished so-called private detectives and guards to striking unions and warlike employers. He was supposed to be pretty well to do. "Here's the boys," said Fat Ben.

"What boys?" asked Stitch. He looked into the cab carefully, and said, "I never seen them before."

"Didn't you give me a ring?" growled Fat Ben.

"Not me. What are you trying to run on me, Ben? I been in back there playing stuss all night. Go in and ask."

"Back in the coop," said Fat Ben, starting for the cab. As he opened the near door, Valent and Campola went out the other. They bolted across Broadway and then ran in opposite directions.

One source of income for the boys around Jefferson Market was betting on Fat Ben in a footrace. He looked like a man who could roll faster than he could run, but he was really capable of an incredible burst of speed. He sprinted across the street now, chose Valent as his quarry and ran him down in Fiftieth Street beside the blank wall of a wholesale grocer's warehouse. With a swing of an arm that was like a leg of mutton, he slapped the young man up against the brick wall. Valent said afterward, "It felt like both barrels!"

The street was fitfully lighted and was deserted; the hour was propitious. Fat Ben pinned the scrawny youth against the wall with one hand and went through him dexterously with the other.

In a trousers pocket he found eleven dollars and eight cents, and that he took. A bottle of perfume came from a vest pocket; Fat Ben threw it into the gutter. The youth hung in Fat Ben's grasp as he might have hung from a hook. From an inside pocket Fat Ben drew a small object wrapped in a silk handkerchief. He thought it was a policeman's shield until he unwrapped it.

"Oh, listen, not that," whined Valent. "Hey, listen; I'll get you your dough. Oh, please, don't take that."

The bracelet flamed and twinkled in Fat Ben's hand; his mouth opened and trembled. Dragging his captive after him, he walked to the nearest light and had a good look at the ornament. It was certainly a beauty. Set in it were at least thirty stones, alternating green and white, and ranging from about two carats downward.

"Listen ——" began Valent. And then he made a frantic attempt to win free, snatching at the same time at the bracelet.

"Think it's worth half a grand, do you?" interpreted Fat Ben. He cuffed Valent twice, dropped him in a limp heap and walked away. The bracelet was in his pocket. He whistled cheerfully, lit a cigarette and stepped into his cab. "Jefferson Market, George," he said, eating smoke avidly. His heart bothered him after such an effort.

Ma Bonn

He was glad to get home again. He sighed wearily but cheerily still, as he looked at the clock, which registered twenty minutes to three. He got off his collar and tie, sat on his bed, and reached his right hand around his midriff to unlace his left shoe. Then the telephone rang

Fat Ben lit a cigarette. He puffed it, yawned, puffed it again, and took the instrument

"Hello"

"Listen, Ben," said the instrument. "This is Connors. I'm at Two Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and White Plains Avenue. In the station house up here ——"

"Wrong number!" said Fat Ben decidedly. "Ring off."

"Listen, will you? I been trying to get you. There's a young fellow named Devine—Joseph Devine—that's been grabbed for felonious assault and robbery. He's no stickup man with a gat for collateral, but a very nice and gentlemanly fellow with big dough. It seems he bent a stove lifter over his aunt's dome in the course of a family argument and copped a bundle of bonds. He near croaked her."

"Has he got the bonds?"

"Well, that's not his story. But he's got dough."

"What's the matter with tomorrow?" pleaded Fat Ben against his own good sense. He was already feeling for his collar.

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"You See, the Money Really Belongs to Me. My Aunt Is the Trustee of My Mother's Estate—She's My Mother's Sister—and She Is Supposed to Take Care of the Money Until I'm Thirty"

THE YOUNG MEN'S CITY

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THERE came to Detroit not long ago a young business man from an Eastern city, and his wife. At first Mrs. John Smith, as we may as well call her, was reluctant to leave the metropolis where she had always lived. Then her husband explained to her the great advantages to be gained by this move.

"It's the coming city of America," he declared. He quoted facts and figures.

But she was less impressed by these arguments than by the pictures of a new social order which formed in her mind as he talked. As he described the wealth of the city and the short space of time in which much of this wealth had been made, she saw in imagination a scale of living which corresponded with all that she had read of the regal splendor of moving-picture stars in Hollywood.

Shortly after their arrival she received a telephone call from Mrs. Blank. Mr. Blank was one of the men with whom her husband was to be associated. She had happened to hear him say that his income averaged nearly a million dollars a year.

"We want you to dine with us," said the resident. "And we'd like to have you this evening. But as it's Thursday, we shall have to take you to our Cook's Night Out Club. Would you mind?"

Mary Smith accepted this invitation, and after hanging up the receiver, turned to her husband. "Are you sure those are the same Blanks you've been telling me about?"

"One and the same, my dear. Just wait! You won't ever meet more attractive people anywhere."

"I don't doubt it," she persisted. "But it seems queer that people who are so rich should bother about their cook's night out! It sounds more like struggling suburbanites."

"Well, it will be the only thing you'll hear here that does," he declared. And he was right.

Early in the evening, when the winter dusk had fallen and from the high windows of the hotel they could look across the myriad yellow lights which outlined the streets and the broad, busy river and marked the shores of Canada, she said, "I'll admit the view is wonderful! It reminds me of Paris at night."

A Club That Looks Like a Home

ON THE way downstairs to the closed motor car which their host had sent for them, she decided to remember this complimentary comparison.

But later on she quite forgot the idea of manufacturing artificial conversation. In less than half an hour after they had left the city they found themselves in the country, driving along Lake St. Clair, with one estate after another visible on the opposite side. At one of the big gates the chauffeur turned in.

They dismounted under the lighted porte-cochère of a long, low English-looking house. In the hallway their hosts welcomed them. Mary's first reaction was to be glad she'd worn her newest evening gown. Mrs. Blank was handsome and very chic. As they were taken into the beautiful drawing-room and introduced to a number of young men and women, she tried to analyze just what it was that made the manner of these strangers different from the manner of people she had met in other places.

He Sees His Friends Frequently, But He Prefers to Do So With a Minimum of Formality

They were friendly. Or perhaps it was more accurate to say they were not unfriendly. They said they were glad to see her, but they were certainly not effusive. She did not like effusiveness and yet she suddenly realized that she was surprised at their lack of enthusiasm about her. In a flash of honesty she realized that she had had the feeling that they would be delighted to welcome two Easterners into their Middle-Western circle. But they seemed entirely oblivious of any such honor. She thought they were truly self-sufficient, not in the conscious way of many New Englanders or Southerners, for instance, who might resent an outsider's presence, but with the self-sufficiency of people who are young, successful and happy.

Presently they all prepared to move on to the Grosse Pointe Club where they were to dine. They reached this small building on the lake front after a few minutes' ride, and Mary exclaimed, when she went inside, about its extraordinarily charming decoration

"But it's like a beautiful private house," she said in amazement.

One of the men laughed. "I'm glad you appreciate it. We think it's bully. It was done by one of our members who is certainly talented. But there was an older member, once—a very rich self-made man—who complained bitterly about our spending so much money on it. 'Why, it looks like a home,' he said. 'I want a club to look like a club.'"

They dined at small tables in a room painted in soft blue. The food was excellent. Some of them danced between courses. Afterward they had coffee in front of a blazing wood fire. They danced again. Some of them went into other rooms and played bridge. There were perhaps eighty people altogether, but each one seemed to be doing whatever he or she wanted to do.

On the way home Mary said, "I never had a better time. I don't feel at all as if I'd spent the evening with strangers. At first I was terrified. Then as I began to talk to them I realized that they have a wonderful quality. They're the most natural people I ever saw."

In her enthusiasm she wrote to her sister the next morning. A few days later she received an answer postmarked Long Island.

"Your rhapsody about Detroit astonishes me," it said in substance. "I've never been there and I don't know much about it, but I don't see how a new, crude place like that that's just grown up overnight can have the charm you ascribe to it. I had an idea that no one out there talked about anything except money and business."

Like all converts, the recipient of the letter became heated in the defense of her newly acquired cause. In a desire to back up her belief by facts, she learned a great deal of interest about her adopted residence. She knew from observation that it was not crude. This charge she dismissed. In answer to the allegation that it was new, she stated that it was two hundred and twenty-six years old.

Civilized

"IT'S the oldest city in the United States between the Alleghany Mountains and the New Mexican plains," she wrote.

Then she glanced at the next paragraph in the journal from which she had gleaned this information. It said, "Detroit is, with the exception of Washington, D. C., the most beautiful city in the country. In the original plan, made in 1806, was a replica of Major L'Enfant's plan for the national capital. It is the fastest growing city of its class in the world."

"Well, I won't put that in," she said. "That will sound like propaganda."

She did say in her letter, however: "It is not only old in years but it has been civilized for a long time. It changed from being a mere French trading post to being a colony in 1703, when Madame de Mothe Cadillac came here with her husband, 'the gallant officer and Knight of St. Louis,' who was the governor. This young and lovely creature who, when she was married at the age of sixteen, was declared to be the prettiest girl in Quebec, was warned by all her friends not to go into Le Detroit. But she went just the same, and she said to them as she embarked on the long and dangerous voyage: 'Do not waste your pity on me, dear friends! I know the hardships . . . the isolation of the life to which I am going; yet I am eager to go. For a woman who truly loves her husband . . . everything else is by comparison a matter of indifference.'

"Now that was more than two centuries ago, but no community that had as its first leader a woman of her courage and charm can be said to have grown up overnight. And as for your idea that business and money are talked about, I'll wager you'll hear less of it here than in New York. You see, where everyone's so rich, money becomes even less important than in a place where everyone is poor. They've got to find some other standard of values."

(Continued on Page 186)

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

ANY person taking an ocean voyage should be careful of his or her diet. I have arrived at this conclusion after taking all kinds of advice from all kinds of people. Some warned me to lay off fatty foods, some admonished me to eschew starchy provender, and still others waved the red flag of danger against salads, caviar and pickled sweetbreads. After weighing the evidence and subtracting the things I couldn't eat from the list of edible goodies on the menu, I realized there was but one food left to me on the voyage. I would have to turn cannibal and eat another first-class passenger.

There are some kind friends—not always of the right kind—who make it their business to supply their acquaintances with nostrums guaranteed to prevent seasickness—either on land or ocean. They didn't overlook me, with the result that when I waddled up the gangplank in New York I was equipped with an armful of lemons to suck on in the vicinity of icebergs, a package of Sea Sick pills to take every time I saw a whale, and a miscellaneous collection of whatnots, dib-dabs and thingummy-jiggers, all guaranteed to make a chronic case out of anything trivial.

I have just finished the voyage, and have arrived at Cherbourg firmly convinced that there is only one standard diet for transatlantic travel, and that recipe is: Don't eat anything you can't lift.

Eating Like a Gentleman—or Three

IT HAS been exactly twenty-three years since I toured the one-way steamship lanes. I used to get sick in the old days, and when I hung on the rail it wasn't for the purpose of cheering my horse as he came tearing down the stretch. I used to prepare for a voyage by not eating anything for three days, which required considerable mental jurisdiction, as I am a heavy eater. After I was on board I didn't eat much because the motion of the boat furnished me with the necessary will power.

I determined that I would go through the same routine for this trip, and was doing fairly well until the night of departure, when I was forced to attend a farewell banquet instigated in my honor. Naturally I had to eat at my own banquet, and, for fear of offending my host, I ate three times as much as anybody else present. But I was determined to make amends by not eating anything the first day out. We went directly to the boat from the banquet, and while the farewells were being exchanged at a fair rate of interest in my cabin, who pops in but the steward of C Deck? He carried a platter stuffed with cakes, sandwiches and tea. What could I do? I was still the guest of honor. After the sandwiches we had more sandwiches, and washed them down with still more. It was a midnight sailing and we waved overfed farewells with saucers and napkins instead of hankies. We left in a blaze of glory and cake crumbs.

Three hours later I felt the first long rocking-chair roll of the Atlantic under me and figured it was time to get seasick. I am sorry to say that it couldn't be done, which confounds all scientific propaganda on the irresistible dominance of the will to lose. I was thinking sick, willing to be sick, but I couldn't get sick. So I rang for the steward, had some more sandwiches and went to sleep, with the express idea of pounding my ear until noon, thereby missing breakfast.

I had a very narrow escape, for I slept until ten and just managed to horn in on the last breakfast call. It was a good breakfast, too, in case anybody should drive up in a rowboat and ask you. There were good breakfasts all over that boat from the bilge keel to the captain's table on the boat deck. Nobody on the boat missed a meal for six days, and we went through some fairly rough weather, especially when a following sea whipped under the boat's quarter and she shook her hips like Gilda Gray.

The unique feature of deep-sea cuisine is the absolute fairness in the distribution of food. So far as I could note, there is no difference between first, second and third class eating. In fact, first and second class food is absolutely alike. The food for both premier classes is cooked in the same kitchen and the same menu is used for both series of diners. The only difference is that there is a Class A dining saloon separated from the B Class café by the kitchen which supplies them both. The two restaurants are both on D Deck. If you want something a little better you can go to the Ritz dining saloon on B Deck. The Ritz is strictly formal, and when you dine there you must glitter like the uppermost green-and-gold spot on a peacock's tail. Evening dress is compulsory in the Ritz, which makes for the snobbishness so cordially detested by the average American.

If you vote to eat in the Ritz restaurant for the duration of the voyage the ship's purser gives you a rebate of about thirty-six dollars when you reach Cherbourg. This is a reward for not dining in the ship's restaurant, for your ticket calls for both bed and board. The thirty-six dollars gives you a good line on the company's estimate of food cost, for, figuring eighteen meals on a six-day boat, the price of each meal is two dollars. The Ritz is operated absolutely independently of the ship's storage rooms, and the only time any contact is made is when the manager of the Ritz wants to borrow some butter, coffee or sugar from the ship's steward.

Fifty-One Chances

THE breakfast I almost missed on the first morning out consisted of a compote of prunes, oatmeal, Cambridge and tomato sausages, codfish, frizzled Dorset bacon, scrambled eggs, French rolls, Indian griddlecakes, marmalade and coffee. I made that selection from a choice of fifty-one distinct items on the morning menu. If I had been still hungry at the finish I could have had a second helping of stewed figs, rice, bloaters, grilled lamb kidneys, purée potatoes, broiled Berkshire ham, asparagus omelet, spring

(Continued on Page 139)

"Have a Little Broth, Sir?" He Said—"a Little Broth, Sir?"

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

"I Told Mimi That She Ought to be Carefuler How She Went Around With a Fellow Like Pat Ives"

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

OH, I KNEW I would be—I knew it!" moaned the red-headed girl, crawling abjectly over three irritated and unhelpful members of the Fourth Estate, dropping her pencil, dropping her notebook, dropping a pair of gray gloves and a squirrel scarf and lifting a stricken face to the menacing countenance of Ben Potts, king of court criers. "I've been late for every single thing that's happened since I got to this wretched town. It's like Alice in Wonderland—you have to run like mad to keep in the same place. Who's talking? What's happened?"

"Well, you seem to be doing most of the talking," replied the real reporter unkindly. "And about all that's happened has been fifteen minutes of as hot legal brimstone and sulphur as you'd want to hear in a thousand years, emitted by the Mephistophelean Farr, who thinks it would be nice to have a jackknife in evidence, and the inflammable Lambert, who thinks it would be horrid. Mr. Lambert was mistaken and the knife is in. Outside of that, everything's lovely. Not a soul's confessed, the day is young, and Mr. Douglas Thorne is just taking the stand. Carry on!"

The red-headed girl watched the lean, bronzed gentleman with sandy hair and a look of effortless distinction with approval. Nice eyes, nice hands.

"Mr. Thorne, what is your occupation?"

Nice voice: "I am a member of the New York Stock Exchange."

"Are you a relative of the defendant, Susan Ives?"

"Her elder brother, I'm proud to say."

His pleasant eyes smiled down at the slight figure in the familiar tweed suit, and for the first time since she had come to court Sue Ives smiled back freely and spontaneously—a friendly, joyous smile, brilliant as a banner.

The prosecutor lifted a warning hand. "Please stick to the issue, Mr. Thorne, and we'll take your affection for your sister for granted. Are you the proprietor of the old Thorne estate, the Orchards?"

"Yes."

"The sole proprietor?"

"The sole proprietor."

"Why did your sister not share in that estate?"

"My father no longer regarded my sister as his heir after she married Patrick Ives. He took a violent dislike to Mr. Ives from the first, and it was distinctly against his wishes that Sue married him."

"Did you share this dislike?"

"For Patrick? Oh, no. At the time I hardly knew him, and later I became extremely fond of him."

"You still are?"

The pleasant gray eyes, suddenly grave, looked back unswervingly into the hot blue fire of the prosecutor's. "That is a difficult question to answer categorically. Perhaps the most accurate reply that I can give is that at present I am reserving an opinion on my brother-in-law and his conduct."

"That's hardly a satisfactory reply, Mr. Thorne."

"I regret it; it is an honest one."

"Well, let's put it this way: You are devoted to your sister, aren't you, Mr. Thorne?"

"Very deeply devoted."

"You admit her happiness is dear to you?"

"I don't particularly care for the word 'admit'; I state willingly that her happiness is very dear to me."

"And you would do anything to secure it?"

"I would do a great deal."

"Anything?"

Douglas Thorne leaned forward over the witness box, his face suddenly stern. "If by 'anything,' Mr. Farr, you mean would I commit murder, my reply is no."

Judge Carver's gavel fell with a crash. "That is an entirely uncalled-for conclusion, Mr. Thorne. It may be stricken from the record."

"Kindly reply to my question, Mr. Thorne. Would you not do anything in order to secure your sister's happiness?"

"No."

Once more Sue Ives' smile flew like a banner.

"Mr. Thorne, did your sister ever speak to you about her first two or three years in New York?"

"I have a vague general impression that we discussed certain aspects of it, such as living conditions there at the time, and ——"

"Vague general impressions aren't what we want. You have no specific knowledge of where they were or what they were doing at the time?"

"I can recall nothing at the moment."

"Your sister, to whom you are so devoted, never once communicated with you during that time?"

"I received a letter from her about a week after she left Rosemont, stating that she thought that for the time being it would be better to sever all connections with Rosemont, but that her affection for all of us was unchanged."

"I haven't asked you for the contents of the letter. Is that the only communication that you received from her during those years in New York?"

"With the exception of Christmas cards, I heard nothing more for a little over two years. Then she began to write fairly regularly."

"Mr. Thorne, were you on the estate of the Orchards at any time on June 19, 1926?"

"I was."

There was a sudden stir and ripple throughout the court room. "Now!" said the ripple. "Now! At last!"

"At what time?"

"I couldn't state the exact time at which I arrived, but I believe that it must have been shortly after nine in the evening."

The ripples widened and deepened. Nine o'clock ——

"And at what time did you leave?"

"That I can tell you exactly. I left the main house at the Orchards at exactly ten minutes to ten."

The ripples broke into little waves. Ten o'clock ——

"Silence!" banged Judge Carver's gavel.

"Silence!" sang Ben Potts.

"Please tell us what you were doing at the Orchards during that hour."

"It was considerably less than an hour. Mr. Conroy had telephoned me shortly before dinner, asking me to leave the keys at the cottage, which I gladly agreed to do, as I had been intending for some time to get some old account books I had left in my desk at the main house. I didn't notice the exact time at which I left Lakedale, but it must have been about half-past eight, as we dine at half-past seven, and I smoked a cigar before I started. I drove over at a fair rate of speed—around thirty-five miles an hour, say—and went straight to the main house."

"You did not stop at the gardener's cottage?"

"No: I ——"

"Yet you pass it on your way from the lodge to the house, don't you?"

"Not coming from Lakedale. I use the River Road; the first entrance off the road leads straight from the back of the place to the main house; the lodge gates are at the opposite end of the place on the main road from Rosemont. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly."

"It was just beginning to get dark when I arrived, and the electricity was shut off, so I didn't linger in the house—just procured the papers and cleared out. When I got back to the car I decided to leave it there and walk over to the cottage and back. It was only a ten-minute walk each way and it was a fine evening. I started off ——"

"You say that it was dark at the time?"

"It was fairly dark when I started, and quite dark as I approached the cottage."

"Was there a moon?"

"I don't think so; I remember noticing the stars on the way home, but I am quite sure that there was no moon at that time."

"You met no one on your way to the cottage?"

"No one at all."

"You saw nothing to attract your attention?"

"No."

"And heard nothing?"

"Yes," said Douglas Thorne, as quietly and unemphatically as he had said no.

The prosecutor took a quick step forward. "You say you heard something? What did you hear?"

"I heard a woman scream."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes, a second or so after the scream I heard a man laugh."

"A man laugh?" The prosecutor's voice was rough with incredulity. "What kind of a laugh?"

"I don't know how to characterize it," said Mr. Thorne simply. "It was an ordinary enough laugh, in a rather deep masculine voice. It didn't strike me as in any way extraordinary."

"It didn't strike you as extraordinary to hear a woman scream and a man laugh in a deserted place at that hour of the night?"

"No, frankly, it didn't. My first reaction was that the caretaker and his wife had returned from their vacation earlier than we had expected them; or, if not, that possibly some of the young people from the village were indulging in some romantic trespassing—that's not unknown, I may state."

"You heard no words? No voices?"

"Oh, no; I was about three hundred feet from the cottage at the time that I heard the scream."

"You did not consider that that sound was the voice of a woman raised in mortal terror?"

"No," said Douglas Thorne. "Naturally, if I had, I should have done something to investigate. I was somewhat startled when I first heard it, but the laugh following so promptly completely reassured me. A scream of terror, a scream of pain, a scream of surprise, a scream of more or less perfunctory protest—I doubt whether anyone could distinguish between them at three hundred feet. I certainly couldn't."

The prosecutor shook his head irritably; he seemed hardly to be listening to this lucid exposition. "You're quite sure about the laugh -you heard it distinctly?"

"Oh, perfectly distinctly."

"Could you see the cottage from where you stood at the time?"

"No; the bend in the road and the high shrubbery hid it completely until you were almost on top of it."

"Then you don't know whether it was lighted when you heard the scream?"

"No; I only know that it was dark when I reached it a moment or so later."

"What did you do when you reached the cottage?"

"I noticed that it was dark as I ran up the steps, but on the off chance that it might have been the gardener that I

(Continued on Page 30)

"She Seemed in a Great Hurry and I Thought That She Had Probably Forgotten Something"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1927

Higher Cotton Prices

FOLLOWING the bumper cotton crop of last year the price of cotton fell to within speaking distance of ten cents a pound. Recently, as the result of an upswing in price covering several months, the price of cotton was more than double that figure. The situation is important as a fact; it is also significant for the lesson it imparts.

When the price of cotton collapsed under the bumper crop, plus a heavy carry-over from the previous year, a widespread demand arose for the formal withdrawal of a large quantity of cotton, to be impounded, if necessary, for several years. It was urged that only through the withdrawal from the market of millions of bales of cotton could any improvement in the price be sought. Twelve-cent cotton was far below the cost of production in Southeastern states. Cost of production of cotton in Southwestern states stands substantially lower than east of the Mississippi. There has been a large expansion of cotton growing with modern methods in Texas and Oklahoma, and the average cost of production on the large fields of the newer region is substantially below that on the small fields in the older region.

The low price of cotton hit the Southeastern states hardest, both economically and politically. For various reasons it proved impracticable to set up any formal scheme for the impounding of several million bales of cotton. If the dire effects prophesied as consequences of twelve-cent cotton had eventuated, public demand for the withdrawal of several million bales from the market might have become insistent; but to a surprising extent the business affairs of the South accommodated themselves to the low price of cotton, though doubtless with heavy losses to many producers.

In the meantime there has been an enormous consumption of American cotton at home and abroad. The flood of the Mississippi placed considerable cotton acreage out of operation. Furthermore, crop conditions have not developed favorably and a relatively short cotton crop is forecast.

There is now a fair prospect that increased consumption throughout the year and a short crop will wipe out the heavy carry-over. As the natural consequence of this expectation, the price of cotton has advanced steadily.

If three or four million bales of cotton had been withdrawn from the market and impounded last autumn, would the rise in price have occurred more rapidly? Would the price have gone higher? Would not consumption have been restrained and acreage stimulated? One man's guess is as good as that of another in such matters. But we make the inference that the outcome would not have been much different from the standpoint of growers' returns. Foreign demand might have been restrained and business practices of American traders and spinners disturbed. So long as everyone knew about how much cotton there was in the world the influence of new crop conditions would have had the same effect. As against a doubtful gain to growers, at the best, the country has been spared a gigantic experiment in government participation in business.

Protection That Protects

MOST men who bequeath an estate to widow and children or other dependents do so in the hope that the principal sum will be kept intact, that it will be so invested as to bring in the highest return compatible with safety, and that this income will be received regularly, without shrinkage, over a long term of years.

By the law of averages such hopes are commonly, if not usually, foredoomed to disappointment. Widows without business training more often than not dissipate their husbands' estates and find themselves thrown upon their own resources for the support of themselves and young children. Lifelong habits of thrift and self-sacrifice which have resulted in the accumulation of a comfortable competence go for nothing when it is scattered to the four winds by speculation, foolish investment or sheer extravagance. What is worse, dependents are deprived of that immunity from want and hardship which someone toiled so long and so painfully to confer upon them.

The inability of the average widow to conserve a small fortune or to invest wisely the proceeds of a substantial life-insurance policy is so notorious that new devices for her protection are continually being worked out and practically applied. The insurance companies have been leaders in this field. All insurance men of long experience have seen so many widows come to grief, have witnessed so much hardship borne by women and children whose husbands and fathers strained every nerve to assure them a financially comfortable future, that they feel strongly upon this matter; and common humanity, quite as much as business considerations, has moved them to work out several ingenious and highly flexible plans under which a policyholder may feel morally certain that his beneficiaries will actually receive over a predetermined span of years the protection that he is buying for them.

Such plans have made a strong appeal to farseeing business and professional men. They are being adopted with increasing frequency; but even now far too many policies are being paid in a lump sum to beneficiaries who will inevitably lose it or spend it or have it wheedled away from them in a very few years. All experience teaches that in the vast majority of cases life insurance taken for the benefit of women and children without highly specialized business training should be made payable in such a manner as to yield a foolproof income for a specified period, an income which will inevitably be received unless the underwriters go into insolvency or the courts go out of business.

The problems which arise from the disposition by will of cash, real estate and securities are of a similar nature. It might be presumed that highly intelligent women, of mature years, accustomed to handling money and possessed of business contacts with reputable financial institutions, might safely be left to their own devices in the disposition of substantial legacies. Experience has often proved the contrary to be the case.

Few will deny that the late Elbert H. Gary was one of the ablest and shrewdest business leaders of our time. His knowledge of the world and of human nature was extensive. His mental processes were acute and his judgment was uncannily correct. It is interesting, therefore, to observe certain precautions he took in providing for the administration of his own estate. The executor he named was not an individual, but a trust company. He not only drew his will with scrupulous care but he thought it worth while to write into it certain solemn and impressive counsels for the guidance of his heirs. One paragraph is of such very wide application that it is worth quoting for the benefit of testators and for the protection of those who come after them:

"ARTICLE XIII. SECTION I. I earnestly request my wife and my children and descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons; that they refrain from anticipating their income in any respect; that they refuse to make any loans except on the basis of first-class, well-known securities and that they invariably decline to invest in any untried or doubtful securities or property or enterprise or business. They should reject any representations or opinions of others if involved in any doubt. They will be approached frequently with suggestions for investment that are not entitled to be relied upon from a business standpoint."

Britain's Food Dependence

EVERY so often the dependence of Great Britain on imported food supplies is brought out for exhibition. The motive is usually political; the occasion may be domestic or international. It will be recalled that at the Washington Conference of 1922, Lord Balfour drew the picture of a country with only seven weeks' food for its population. Lord Birkenhead not long since made a somewhat similar statement. Recently Winston Churchill announced that "very often we have less than seven weeks' food in this island for its crowded population." The weakness of the islands in this respect is being used to bolster up the case for the British naval program. If the British figures on cruisers are no more accurate than the statement as to the seven weeks' food supply, it is little wonder that the recent conference in Geneva broke down.

The error in the statements adverted to above was promptly pointed out in the leading British periodical devoted to commerce. The wheat supply is the weakest point in the British food supply. A normal harvest provides something like a ten weeks' supply of wheat. The European wheat trade is centered in Great Britain and her merchants import for Great Britain and for Continental countries as well. Importation is continuous throughout the year, following the course of harvests in the two hemispheres. The heaviest imports take place from North America in the fall before the closing of Lake navigation, from Australia and Argentina after the beginning of the new calendar year, from Canada after the reopening of Lake navigation in the spring, and from India during the early summer if her crop is bountiful. The home crop is mixed with imported supplies more or less throughout the year; Great Britain does not first consume the home crop and then become entirely dependent on imports. It is common in the autumn to find a twenty weeks' supply in Great Britain. The time of lowest supplies is in summer, just prior to the harvest of the home crop. Possibly something like a thirteen weeks' supply represents the most frequent condition, and this was the level regarded as the safety line during the war.

In 1897, during the Leiter corner, British stocks were supposed to have fallen in June to a seven weeks' supply. It is doubtful if outside of this incident—except during the war—British stocks have ever been below a ten weeks' supply. So far as available British statistics on food supplies are concerned, the statement of Mr. Churchill is a manifest exaggeration. Possibly it has been official British practice to conceal food shortages and they have been on the verge of starvation when this was not made evident in their trade statistics, but this we doubt.

In any event, what holds down the wheat stocks in Great Britain? Shortage of wheat in the world? By no means. It is possible in any year for Great Britain to carry a four months' wheat supply. She has the money to buy it and the ships to carry it. But as a trading practice she elects to allow the producing countries to carry it, presumably at a saving to herself. This is doubtless good commercial practice, but it is hardly permissible to hold down food stocks in Great Britain for commercial reasons and then employ the low level of stocks as argument in a political discussion.

Our National No Man's Land

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

SOMEBODY at the table had let drop the phrase "public domain," and it fell into one of those little pools of silence which sometimes occur at dinners when everybody slows up talking at the same time.

"Public domain?" A lady idly caught up the phrase. "What is that anyway? It sounds vaguely familiar."

"Ask me another!" laughed her neighbor. "I haven't got to that set of questions yet. But I can tell you who was mayor of New York during the Spanish War."

"I know," broke in another. "It's the strip of weeds on either side of the railroad tracks that's burnt off in summer and makes a vile smell."

"Wrong!" declared a man who had just returned from California. "It's that bunch of God-forsaken desert stuff you go through on the train—alkali flats, sagebrush plains, lava waste and craters of the moon, where even the horned toads loll out their tongues in despair at the heat and the engine always gets a hot box that holds you up umpty-ump hours. It's public domain because nobody would have it as a gift for private domain."

"I think," spoke up another, "that it means our national forests. You know, the conservation policy and all that business. The stuff Roosevelt put over. These forests belong to the Government, livestock graze in them and their owners pay a grazing fee. I know that much because the other night I was reading a yarn in a magazine, and when I turned the leaves to get the rest I ran into a regular barbed-wire entanglement of stiff facts about the national forests, and I imbibed a whole column of useful information before it dawned on me I was in the wrong pew and had hopped over an extra page. I wondered how the deuce my heroine had got out there all of a sudden! But anyhow, I learned something about our national property, and it's my contribution to this test that they constitute our public domain."

"I don't agree with you," said the host. "The trouble is, you didn't read far enough in that wrong column! Of course the national forests belong to the Government, but I think the public domain is something else again. There are restrictions in the national forests, and the public domain, as I understand it, is absolutely free. Anybody can use it. It's like a highroad. Wait. I'll look it up."

He vanished into the library and returned a moment later, triumphantly brandishing an envelope. "Here you are—definition of the public domain. I wrote it down." And he read aloud: "'The public domain, or public lands, the property of the nation and subject to legislative control and disposition by Congress alone, is the area acquired by treaty, capture, cession by states, conquest or purchase, lying in what is known as the land states and territories'"

"That's just like a definition," commented the first lady. "It never tells you what you want to know, takes you all around Robin Hood's barn and leaves you as much in the dark as you were before. Just where are these lands? How much is there? And are they any good?"

Nobody knew. They were all well-to-do, native-born Americans, with pioneer and revolutionary ancestors, of more than average intelligence, culture and social background. They could enumerate, without hesitation, three German composers whose names begin with B; they could tell you instantaneously what halitosis is; but on a question touching their own country, their own property as citizens, their own inheritance from the past, they exhibited a light-hearted ignorance that would have scandalized the average Englishman, Frenchman or Italian Europeans, as a rule, are keenly alive to their national assets. But in America there is a forgotten empire, greater in area than that of our largest state, which has

(Continued on Page 177)

YOU KNOW ME, CAL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Sad Plight of the Young Man Who Inadvertently Took an Absent-Minded Telephone Operator to Lunch in One of Those Spaghetti Restaurants!

Lament

I BOUGHT me a little motor car
All made of glass and tin,
And builded me a wee garage
To put the small thing in.

But oh, the little motor car
Now looks no longer gay,
'Twas yesterday I got it—but
The new model's out today!

—Nard Jones.

The Easiest Way

I READILY accepted the invitation when Baxter, radiating smiles as he sat at the wheel of his shining new car, hailed me and asked me to go for a ride.

"When did you buy it, Baxter?" I asked as we sped along at forty-five miles an hour over a smooth and clear stretch of pavement.

"Day before yesterday," he answered. "Isn't it a beauty? I've never been more than five miles from home in it."

"Then you're taking big chances," I warned him. "You should hold it down to twenty miles until you've gone five hundred miles."

Baxter shook with laughter.

"Forget it! I had five hundred on the little bus yesterday. I just drove down to the office and looked for a place to park."

—C. Warden La Roe.

The Complete Egoist

A MOLLUSK who dwelt in primordial slime
Was always himself to the innermost core.
As being himself took up all of his time,
He never did anything more.

Still just as he was after ages have flown
He stands on my specimen-cabinet shelf,
A fossil, immortal in durable stone,
A monument raised to himself.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Vacation Recollections

"YOU'RE now leaving Sealtown, the tourists' ideal town; The Rotary meets every week in this real town. . . . Three miles up the road a delightful pagoda sells candy that's dandy and pure ice-cream soda. . . . Try Hassenpflug's Dinners—they're certainly winners. . . . Detour from the State Road three miles to the slate road; turn right at the light and you'll find it a straight road. . . . Fine Waffles and Wieners! Come stop here and stock up. . . . Just speed through the city and visit our lockup. . . . Try Super-pep gas sold by Anthony Allen—the Fluid that gives extra miles to the gallon. . . . The tourist discerning contentedly sups here. . . . The dog lover purchases pedigreed pups here. . . . For colds that are chronic take Uncle Ned's Tonic. . . . You're now leaving Sayville—it's three miles to Bayville. . . . Don't step on the gas here, but two cars can pass here. . . . Be Cautious, Be Heeding, No Speeding, Etc."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

(Continued on Page 112)

Wife: "That Dirty Crook of a Maid We Discharged Yesterday Carried Off My Best Towels." Hubby: "Which Ones Were They, Dear?" Wife: "The Ones We Took From the Last Hotels We Stopped At"

Showing How a Customer in the Mombasa Night Club, Instead of Kicking About the Cover Charge, Took the Only Logical Course

Frustration. The Hot-Tempered Lady Who Married a Professional Juggler!

"Why, Those House Numbers Can't be Right, Can They?" "Sure Not! They're the Homes of Telephone Operators"

People call this soup "a meal"

EVERY day all over the United States, women are selecting this soup for a very special purpose. It is not only delicious and tempting to the taste. It also contains such a generous and substantial quantity of real nourishment that women actually describe it as "the soup that's a meal." So Campbell's Vegetable Soup has a reputation and a tremendous popularity all its own. It is America's first choice as a hearty soup.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

EVERY spoonful of it is liquid and solid food in delightful combination. There are the blended benefits and flavors of fifteen different vegetables, with all they bring in nutriment, healthfulness and pleasure to the taste. There is the bracing invigoration of rich beef broth—the "life" and sparkle of really good vegetable soup. Body-building cereals are here in plenty. Fresh herbs give their savor and their appetizing touch. Seasoning is of that deft and skillful quality for which Campbell's French chefs are famous. Selected for luncheon or for supper, here is a dish that often requires very little else to invigorate and satisfy you. At dinnertime, it does yeoman service in providing both food and stimulation to the appetite. And it's so convenient, requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering!

Different days, meals and tastes all call for different soups. Learn to suit the soup exactly to the occasion. The next time you serve Campbell's Soup, take a moment to examine the label. Read the list of the twenty-one different kinds of soups printed there. 12 cents a can.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

MAKING yourself familiar with this list is a "liberal education" in soups. You then know how to vary your daily menus and select just the soup that proves most attractive for each meal.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

I MEAN, what a break! After all that planning and the hot risks we had run—some old newspapers and two dozen red bricks!

I stood there looking at Snift and Flop, and I could see in their faces just blank amazement. Of course, I thought of trickery on their part, or on the part of Gip and the porter and the dick, who had handled the bag after we left it at the garage, but I kind of felt that if that bunch had crossed me they had also crossed Snift and Flop. It is easy to sense a man's feelings at a time like that. Nobody could frame up such a thing and act it all out just as this had happened.

For once I saw Snift when his gold teeth did not show in a smile. His eyes had narrowed down to slits and all the hidden viciousness of his character traced itself in wrinkles and lines on his face. Even when I was all upset, I remember thinking that I was glad Flop had got his shot of dope before we discovered this trick. I could imagine him finding those bricks when he needed dope, and the picture gave me shudders. He would have started killing like a cat on a mole hill.

Snift looked at me, and there was suspicion in his eyes. I looked at him with suspicion in mine. Right away I seemed to forget all the ideas I had thought up about what a fool the old man was to fight with the boss and get himself sunk. I would have fought with Snift right then, and I know he would have fought with other members of the gang.

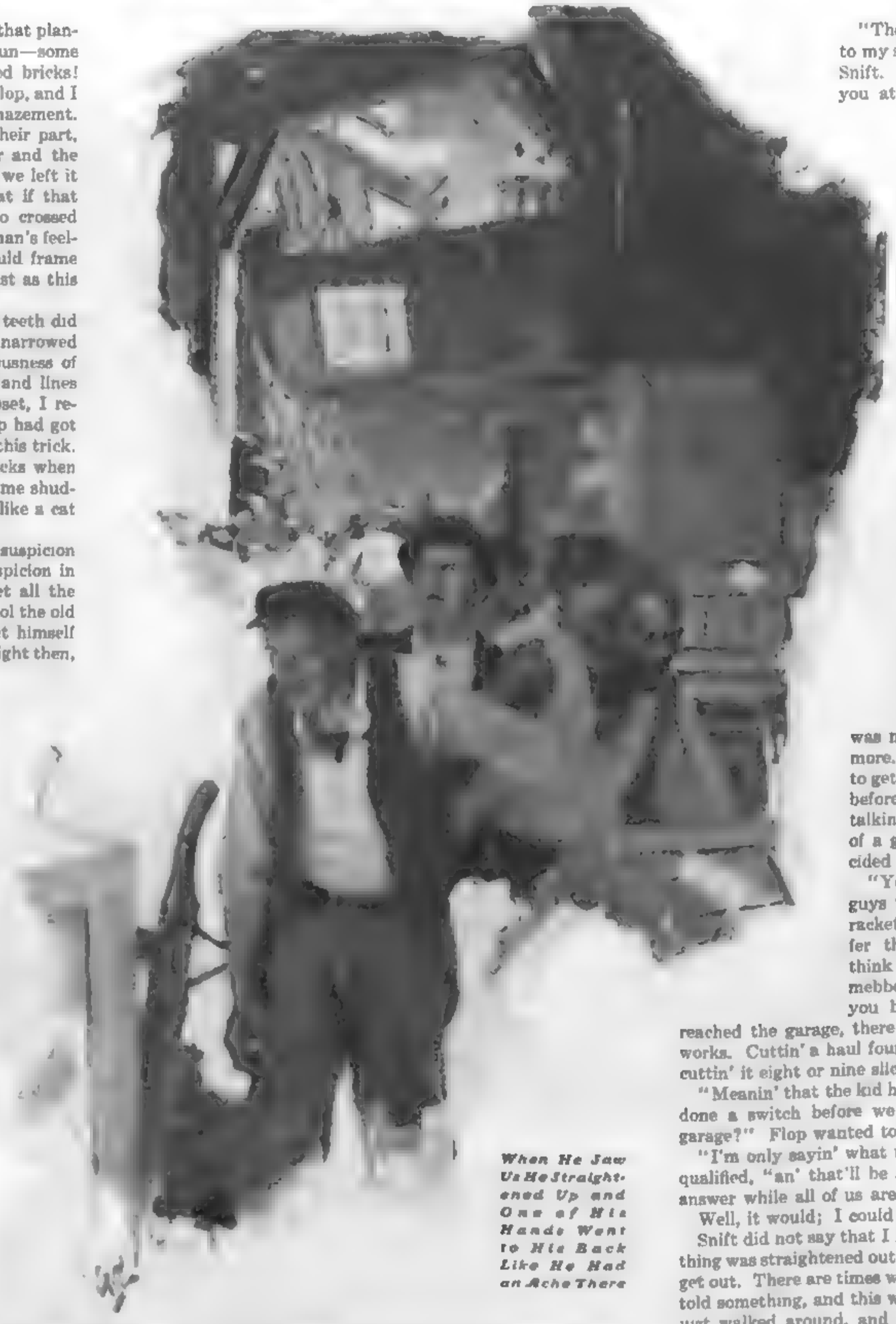
"What the name uh the devil's the idea here, Snift?" Flop cracked. His voice sounded like Danny's did that time when the old man told us about framing my gang for bumping off Fletch. "Is somebody goin' to cut their own throat tryin' to be smart?" he finished, not giving Snift time to answer his first question.

Snift wet his lips with a tongue that darted around like that of a snake.

His hands still rested on the cut top of the bag, and now and then he would dip one of them down and take out another brick, like he was still unconvinced that the pay roll was not there. He finally found words, and said: "There's somethin' sour about this deal——"

"It'll be sour to the guy that tastes it!" Flop promised, his anger rising all the time, as his mind worked clear of the first jolt we all got when we saw ourselves as saps with just a lot of bricks to show for risking our necks.

"Who?" Snift cracked back, and his voice was nastier than it ever had been before. "What are you crackin', Flop? Do you mean that——" He did not need to finish the sentence. Flop and I both understood him without that. He was asking if Flop was accusing somebody in the gang of hanging out the double-cross.



When He Saw Us He Straightened Up and One of His Hands Went to His Back Like He Had an Ache There

The Target of Suspicion

JUST the idea made Snift so mad that he deserted the table and bag and walked toward Flop with one fist doubled up like a sledge hammer. I could see that he was not afraid of Flop when it came right down to cold turkey. Flop backed away from him a bit, but there was a wicked light in his pin-point eyes.

"I'm askin' what's the idea," was all he said.

Then Snift, like a sudden idea had just hit him, whirled on me.

"You been pretty smart all along," he cracked, in dangerous tones. "What's your idea of this break?"

"My idea," I growled back at him, just as nasty as he did to me, "is that somebody has been smarter than me! I'd like to ask the same thing Flop does!"

Snift turned and went to the cabinet on the wall. He brought out a bottle and took a stiff drink. I went over and took the bottle out of his hand and helped myself. I mean, I was shaking like a leaf and did not know why. Just the shock of grabbing a few bricks, after you had risked your life and planned on grabbing about ten thousand dollars, is enough to upset any guy.

Snift never seemed to notice me take the bottle out of his hand. He just stood there thinking, and his face was still wrinkled up, with his eyes shining like fire. Flop stood over at the table and drummed with his fingers and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. We were all looking at each other like wildcats.

"Somebody has pulled a fast one, Snift," Flop cracked, after a moment of dead silence. "Who is this porter, and who covered him on his way over here from the garage?"

"There's nothin' to that," Snift answered.

"Then it's Gip or Greasy," Flop snapped.

"Yeah?" Snift sneered. "How about the kid here? Mebbe he's a switch artist." As he spoke he shifted his nasty sneer toward me.

"You lie like——" I cracked, mad all through, but the quick rage that twisted Snift's face made me change that, and I finished up with: "I don't exactly mean that, Snift, but I ain't no switch artist, an' if I was I'd like to know where I got a chance to work!"

"The kid's all right," Flop said, much to my surprise. "It goes deeper'n him, Snift. I admit I thought it might be you at first. But whoever it is, they ain't goin' to score with anything as raw as this."

"Well, it ain't me," Snift growled, but the look on his face softened a little and he helped himself to another drink with a better air about him. "I never crossed a pal in my life, an' you know it."

"How about that dick, or Brad?" I asked. "It's a cinch we ain't goin' to let this thing die with a couple of bricks, are we?"

"I don't believe the dick is in," Snift mused kind of to himself, "an' I don't think Brad is either."

"You don't think anybody is," Flop cracked, "but we got the newspapers an' bricks as pretty fair evidence!"

Waiting for the Break

A CRAFTY look was on Snift's face and I knew his ideas were running deeper than we realized. Until I had a line on his thoughts, there was no sense in my saying anything more. I could see that he was going to get his ideas all straight in his mind before he spoke. When he did start talking his face had twisted into a bit of a grin and I could see he had decided to be smooth about things.

"You see," he said at last, "other guys that were due for a cut of this racket are goin' to do some thinkin' fer themselves. They are goin' to think mighty straight too. They'll mebbe be sayin' that from the time you birds grabbed the bag till you reached the garage, there was only four of you near the works. Cuttin' a haul four ways beats the very devil outa cuttin' it eight or nine slices."

"Meanin' that the kid here, an' me an' Gip an' Carrots, done a switch before we ever brought the bag to the garage?" Flop wanted to know.

"I'm only sayin' what they'll be thinkin', Flop," Snift qualified, "an' that'll be a tough crack fer you birds to answer while all of us are lookin' at papers and bricks!"

Well, it would; I could see that.

Snift did not say that I had to stay in the rooms till the thing was straightened out, but I sensed that I never would get out. There are times when a fellow does not have to be told something, and this was one of them. So Flop and I just walked around, and maybe we drank pretty often, and, of course, we did not talk about anything but the fine mess we had found in that bag.

But even then Flop did not say much, and neither did I. There was no telling where a thing like that might lead. I have said before that the greatest weapon honest police have is the suspicions criminals have of one another, and if we all got suspicious of one another, things were sure to break bad for us. So, even though we were boiling over inside, we kept our mouths shut. About two hours went by before anything new broke. Then it broke good for us in one way and terrible in another. Brad came into the room, and he was waving an afternoon paper. His big, bulging eyes were popping right out, like his head was swelling inside.

"What's this steer?" he demanded excitedly. "Is there any truth in that?" His hands were shaking as he spread the paper on the table before us, and he kept jerking his big head back and forth to watch us as we read. When I saw the headlines I almost fell in a swoon:

DARING BANDITS FOOLED BY ANCIENT TRICK
SURETY-COMPANY OFFICIALS
CHUCKLING OVER SIMPLE EXPEDIENT
THAT FOILS DESPERATE MACHINE-GUN GANG

(Continued on Page 36)

SWIFT

To prepare dishes with blended colors as well as blended flavors—dishes that look as good as they taste—is the constant object of women who study the fine points of living well. That is why so many of them set high value not only on the special, rich savor of Premium Bacon but also on its uniform proportioning of fat and lean.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

To have a generous supply always on hand, many women buy Premium Bacon in the whole piece in the parchment wrapper as shown at right. Others prefer it in the convenient pound or half-pound cartons, thinly and evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready for cooking.

Surprise Meat Balls

To one pound of ground steak or any left-over meat, add: one-half cup of grated cheese, juice of one lemon, one-half green pepper, chopped, two tablespoons chopped green olives, one tablespoon pimento cut fine, one teaspoon salt, one cup bread crumbs, one egg slightly beaten and one-half cup milk. Shape into balls. Roll in slices of Swift's Premium Bacon and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about forty-five minutes or until tender.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 34)

There followed a statement to the effect that the Gander's Mills pay roll had not been carried to the factory in the pay car for the past three months. The company that was insuring them against robbery losses stood the expense of transporting the money in a little roadster, and even the guards of the pay-roll truck were not in on the secret.

I could almost have laughed at Flop and Brad and Snift as they read that account; I would have laughed if I had not felt so rotten about losing the money I had expected to get. Their faces were the funniest I ever saw, and they felt about as cheap as sand in the Sahara. The paper said:

Somewhere in the city is a desperate gang of robbers who are still sucking their thumbs and hiding their faces in humiliation. Every indication is that they planned at great length to execute a huge killing by holding up the Gander's Mills pay roll. Every move they made in completing their coup convinces police that the affair was a carefully thought-out one, destined to certain success but for the wisdom and forethought of officials of the surety company.

False alarms that centered excitement about rushing fire apparatus fitted into a scheme almost theatrical in its modernity. High-powered automobiles, sawed-off shotguns and withering machine guns played a part. Men driven to the heights of desperation sprayed the highways with death that they might carry away a black bag filled with newspapers and bricks. . . .

There was a good deal more, but that was all we cared about reading. I mean, who would want to sit and read about their own dumbness? Brad waited until we had caught the gist of the story in the paper, then he jerked it aside and plunged his hands into the open black bag. When his finger tips hit the bricks a moan sounded and his lips turned kind of a bile green. He could not speak, so he just looked a question at us. We did not have to speak; he understood. He gave a sort of longing glance at the bottle, but I guess his strength was gone, because he staggered over and fell into a leather chair and just sprawled there wheezing and sputtering and muttering.

The story in the paper explained everything. There was nothing we could say to change it or explain it. If there had been anybody at fault, it certainly was Snift and the fellows protecting the gang, because they were the ones who had laid all the plans.

Better Than Sleep

THAT was a very long afternoon and night. The idea of the failure kept growing on me and I felt homesick as a lost kitten. By degrees I read the accounts in the paper. Snift left us and sent us up a fine meal, which I could not eat. Flop took another shot of dope and I thought for a while he was going to die, but he just fell into a heavy sleep, and that made me envy him. If there was any kicking to be done, Gip and Carrots and me and Flop were the ones that had a right to do it, but with Flop asleep and Carrots and Gip keeping their mouths shut, I did not see why I should talk, so I did not.

We drank and tried to eat and then tried to play cards afterward, but there was no interest in anything. I felt like a terrible fool, and so did all the others. Everybody all over the country would be laughing in their sleeves at us, and even if they did not know who they were laughing at, we did.

I tried to sleep, but there was no chance. I kept thinking of the old man and of Mary, and of Danny doing a ten stretch that would make a stir bug of him. Honestly I cannot tell you how I felt. But I had never felt that way before, and I know now that instead of just wanting Mary, I wanted Mary to want me. There was a feeling inside me that when Mary was ready to take me and could come to me and tell me so, I would be happy.

Maybe it was just the feeling that I never could beat a crooked game; maybe it was yellow, on account of the bust we had staged with the help of enough artillery to massage a fort; maybe it was something I could not understand myself.

Whatever it was, I never got over it. I am not over it yet, and I know I never will get over it. It is, as Mary said it would be, inside of me. Perhaps if we had got the Gander dough I might never have felt it, and in that case I am glad we did not get the money. I tossed around on the cot that night, and outside in the library I could hear guys talking, and their voices seemed strange and the light in the room out there seemed queer. I was even sorry for the wall paper on the walls, just thinking that it had to be there in that town.

By the time daylight came I had made up my mind to do a thing I never thought I would do, but will never get over being glad I did do. I made up my mind to go home and see Mary and talk with her and see if I could get her ideas straight in my mind.

I have got to hand it to the gang out there—Snift and the others; they played mighty square. While we were eating breakfast Snift told us that he had talked with some of the guys behind the scenes and they were sorry things had broken as they had and realized maybe it was their fault a little.

"Anyhow," Snift explained, "you guys did your end, an' did it right. We'll kick in with a grand apiece for you just to show you we are on the level an' want you to score somethin' fer the way you worked." That was fair enough, but it made me see two things mighty clearly. One was that the bosses certainly wanted to keep the gang together, and the other, and most important, was that when business men and bankers use a little common sense they can make it mighty unprofitable for crooks. If they were going to start being as smart as we were, what was the use of being a gangster? They can always make you look like a sap.

"You Will Come Out a Man, Jimmie. No Matter What They Say of Prisons, You Will Come Out a Man"

And that was when I knew something had started working on me, as Mary said it would, from the inside out. I turned down the thousand dollars

Tucked away inside my clothes I still had nearly eight hundred dollars, and after breakfast I went out of Snift's place and found a store and got a suit and some clean shirts and things. I put them on right in the store and left the old ones there. Then I went to the station and bought a ticket home. At the station I looked in a mirror and was surprised to find my own face with the same sort of expression I had seen on Mary's when she refused to have me and decided to become a nurse. I mean, it was a set expression, and I knew it came from decision to do a thing because you thought it was best and right. It was the first time I had ever had such a feeling.

The train clicked along pretty fast and yet it could not go fast enough. Thoughts of Mary filled my mind. I saw her in her true light for the first time, and it was funny that I could laugh at the thought of meeting Clancy and the others and taking the rap for what I had done without letting it bother me. I finally decided I could do it just for the light I knew would show in Mary's eyes when I did. Something that surprised me a lot was that I slept well on the train.

Home

THE next morning I walked through the home station and, honestly, the very air of the place was different. I glanced over at the window where I had kidded the ticket seller and for two pins I could have gone over and shaken his hand. It was great to be home.

The station dicks were there, but they did not seem to pay any attention to me, and I walked right into the restaurant and ate the best breakfast I ever tasted. After that I went into the barber shop and got fixed up to meet Mary. Just the idea of seeing her gave me a thrill, but when I stopped to think what I was going to tell her, and how she would look when she heard it—well, I knew what it was to feel right and happy.

Outside the station I saw a uniformed cop I knew, but I just walked past him without saying anything. He looked older and I know that I did too. I got into a taxicab and started for the hospital. Honestly, I was more excited over this trip than I was when Gip started the bus out of the garage to go to Gander's Mills.

At the hospital I had to wait for Mary. She was staying next door in the nurses' home, and they told me she was a night superintendent of one of the wards and was sleeping. But I knew she would want to see me, so I asked them to wake her up and tell her I was there. In no time at all the messenger came back to me in the lobby and said that Mary was dressing and would be down in ten minutes. Gee! What a girl!

While I waited I wanted to smoke, so I walked outside and strolled up to the corner and puffed away a cigarette. Then I went back and looked at the clock over at the nurses' home and ten minutes had gone by. There were stairs at one side of the lobby and there was also an elevator, and I tried to watch them both so that I could see Mary as quick as she showed up.

(Continued on Page 130)

Body by Fisher

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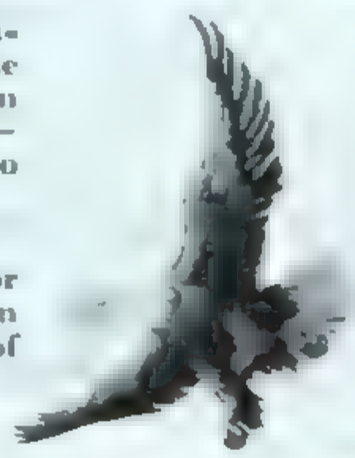

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All the charm, color, life, beauty, comfort, cleanliness and permanence of the finest floors in the world are yours to choose from in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. Dozens of new patterns, by master designers, were brought out this year —all inexpensive—all beautiful—all *inlaid*. Colors go through to the burlap back, to make the floor stay new looking for years.

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THE CHANGING ROAD

With But a Moment's Rest She Began the Barcarole, Finishing It With All the Brilliance She Possessed

XXIX

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

WHAT had depressed Davidson? That he had given his heart to a woman, beautiful but unworthy. To find it the other way around was like going through a long tunnel into the sunshine. He had built up Sonia's character on facts, the infallible. Molly's instinct—generally fallible in all of us—had turned his facts into rubbish. "Fine!" said Molly. "She isn't that kind," said Molly. Ransom stuff that hadn't hit the nail on the head. There was still the mystery of the emeralds, yet he knew that Sonia was worthy of any man's love. Whether she was for the winning, that was in the dice of the gods, always clogged, as he had reason to know. But in the days to come, if in his sunset he could remember having loved unrequited a good woman, the end would not be so bitter.

He hadn't forgotten Lubovin. He had tried to pump Lubovin, who only smiled with his battered lips, hell in his eyes. The only vengeance he had left was silence. He would maintain that, to the noose or to the knife. Lubovin could tell Davidson all about Sonia and the Boronov emeralds, and never would.

From Vienna had come the information that the Baroness Sauer refused to disclose the name of the seller of the emeralds. She had paid sixty thousand schillings for them. She admitted this because the gems were listed with her taxable properties. Twenty superb emeralds for about the price of one! The baroness added that if there was a lawful heir, and that if documentary evidence could be produced, she would relinquish the stones for what she paid for them. All fair and aboveboard. To Davidson this was the baroness' exit from the picture.

In the beginning Davidson had been expressing his restlessness. He hadn't been playing the game seriously, as in the war days, when his brain had been a pyrotechny of question marks and analytical retorts. He had been trying to escape the dullness of an existence to which he could not accustom himself. He had been one of the victims of the big flop. Now he had a definite riddle to solve why Sonia had led the boy Gregor Sergine to his death and how she had come into the possession of the emeralds. So he must find her

Among other items, he had found the cherry-colored taxicab stowed away indefinitely in a garage. Antoine le Force owned the car, but when Davidson called at the lodgings he was informed that Antoine had moved. Still, Davidson was of the opinion that Antoine would have proved a futile shallow well. He would never betray the dwelling place of the mistress he served so loyally.

Davidson's first direct move in the attempt to find Sonia began with a visit to the Boronov hotel. There, from the worn sign, he acquired the agent's name and address. The agent's office was in the Rue Volnay, near the Madeleine. Mason waited at the curb while Davidson climbed the dark staircase and knocked on the door. He was admitted by an ancient clerk

"I wish to see Monsieur Debrosse in the matter of the possible rental of the Boronov hotel."

"Yes, monsieur."

The office consisted of two dingy rooms. The walls were banked with books of legal aspect and section maps of the city. No brisk clerks, no clicking typewriters, no signs of prosperity. Davidson, however, knew his French tolerably well. He knew that custom and tradition held commercial France by the throat. What was good enough one hundred years ago was good enough for today. The brain which could invent the formidable 75's—the peak of field guns—saw no reason for advancing with the times civilly. The great dry-goods shops, the hotels, the jewel shops and their like had advanced solely through American impetus. But the first floor up had not changed a tittle in a hundred years. Back of this dusty, disorderly agency might be millions in property; its visible aspect, however, was moribund.

For all this, Davidson knew that he would have to watch his step if his theory was correct

Presently an old man came in from the second room. He was old, but his black eyes were as bright as a sparrow's.

"Monsieur Debrosse?" asked Davidson, lifting his hat.

"Yes, monsieur."

Davidson extended his card. "I have come on business."

"Ah!" The ejaculation was neutral.

"I have come in relation to the Boronov hotel, which you have in your charge. I wish to know what its price is, to rent or for sale. I am an American. At present I live in Paris. I am contemplating a change."

"Be seated, monsieur." The agent went to a file and presently returned with some papers in his hand. "The

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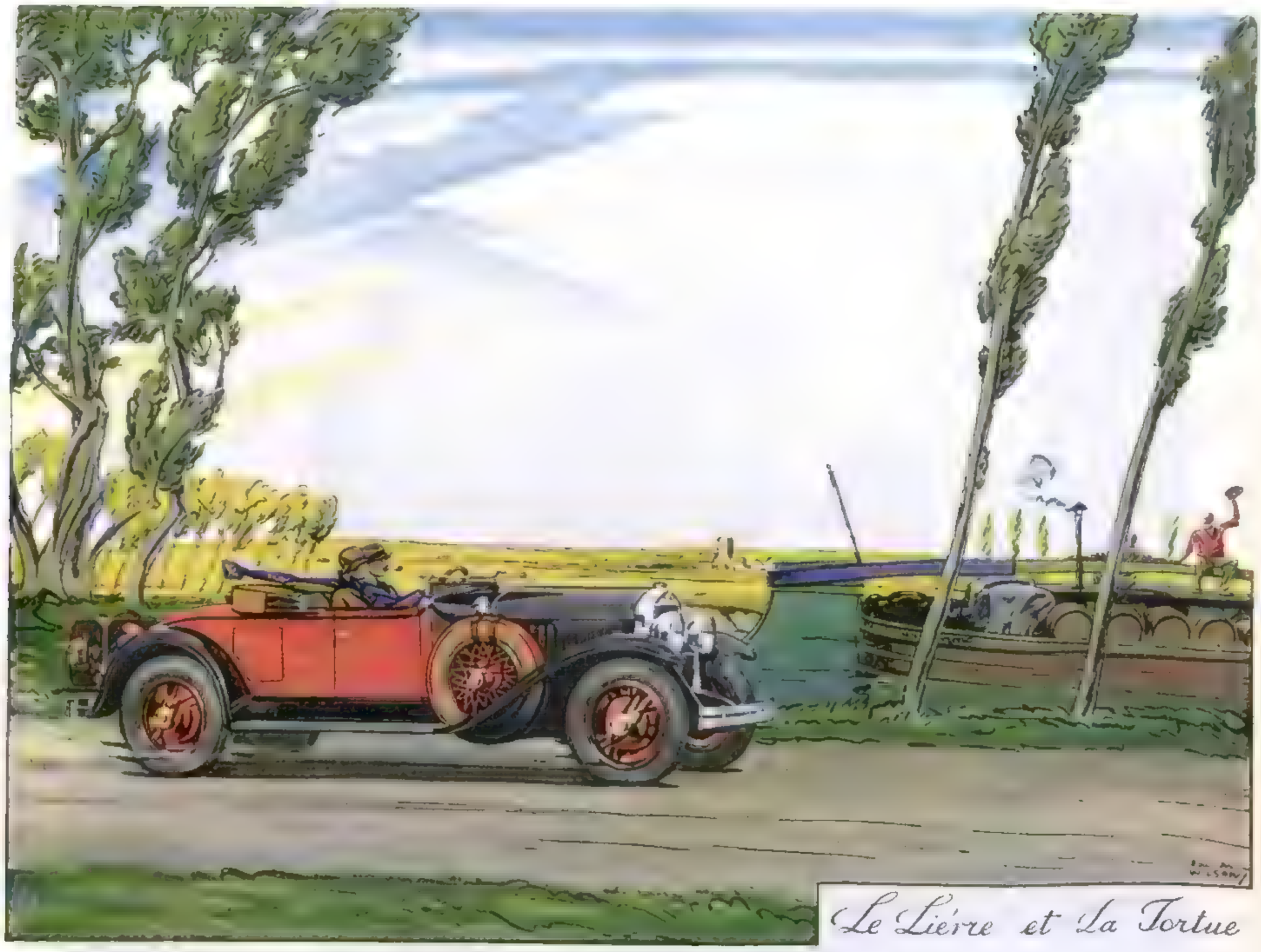

Le Lièvre et La Tortue

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(Continued from Page 39)

Boronov hotel is for sale or for rent. It has been empty since the beginning of the war."

"You have full authority?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"The present owner ——"

"The Boronovs succumbed to the revolution. I am permitted to rent the hotel. But in order to buy it, you would have to buy another property along with it."

"No heirs?"

"None that we know of. When the waters in Russia subside and clear we may hear from some other branch of the family. My authority dates from 1918. It was sent to me by the late prince. We are in the air somewhat. However, the two properties are clear. The rent would be one hundred thousand francs the year, present rate of exchange. The two properties would cost three million."

"Where is this other property?"

"In the Boulevard Raspail. Here is the number, monsieur. The rents from that property pay the taxes on both, leaving me a slight commission. I should be glad to be rid of the responsibility."

"No heirs?"

"None."

More loyalty, thought Davidson. There were a hundred questions he would have liked to ask, but any one of these questions would have been fatal. Still, this visit had proved fruitful; he was certain that he knew where Sonia lived. But even here he must move cautiously.

Sonia did not wish to be found, and as evidence to this fact there was Antoine's car laid up. Sonia reminded him of a fawn that used to wander about the camp one closed season. Off at the first gunshot, never to be seen again. So he must find Sonia without alarming her. If she left the Boulevard Raspail—where he believed she lived—he would never find her.

Said he to Debrosse, "But if I should buy and an heir should appear?"

"The heir would receive the moneys, which would be held in trust. Your title to the property would not be disturbed, monsieur."

"I see. If I do not call again," said Davidson, "you will know that I have found something more desirable. . . . Good day."

"Good day, Monsieur Davidson."

In the car again, Davidson ordered Mason to drive over to the Boulevard Raspail. "Mason," he said, "the difference between the American real-estate dealer and the French one is that the Frenchman tells the truth, take it or leave it. An American would have had me in a car, and at the Boronov hotel in two jerks of a lamb's tail. That old codger up there wouldn't have offered me sugared water under two weeks' bargaining."

"What are we going to find in the Boulevard Raspail?"

"Hanged if I know! Chance shot in the dark."

The building consisted of four stories over a bakery shop. The locality was only fair. Davidson decided to quiz none of the shopkeepers, which would have been the usual procedure. The evidence of reckless loyalty in the men who had guarded him during his imprisonment convinced him that this loyalty would extend to others not vitally concerned in Sonia's affairs. To question any of the shopkeepers, to show them the locket, might serve only to send Sonia into distant hiding, possibly to lose her for good—that is, if she lived in the Boulevard Raspail. Debrosse had lied; he might even now be at the telephone.

"Home, Charlie."

Every afternoon, from four till six, he would watch from the corner. If she lived in this relic of Boronov grandeur, sooner or later she must appear. There was a dog to exercise, and there were the Luxembourg Gardens near by.

So he watched. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a tall old woman come out of the door at the side of the bakery. She put a small seal-brown Pekingese on the walk. The sight of the old woman struck no note, but he was ready to swear that the Peke was Sonia's. Davidson immediately retired. He would keep away till he had found Paul Mikailovitch, the *gigolo*.

For the next three or four days he went about with Molly, quite unconscious of her frequent scrutiny, her lapses into silence. One afternoon at tea he spoke about this silence: "Something troubling you, Molly?"

"You are, Ronny."

"In what way am I troubling you?"

"You act like a man in love."

He did not reply at once. "Molly, I am."

"And she?"

"I'm trying to find her."

"And you would marry her?"

"Today. We've been pals all our lives, Molly, so I won't play hide and seek with you. But loving Sonia and marrying her are two different things. It takes two to make a bargain."

"And you must find her to tell her?"

"Precisely."

"For a man in love ——"

"Ah, yes, I see. I'm never moody—irritable. In fact, I am a very happy man—to give all I am and all I have, even if I receive nothing in return."

"Ronny, do you know, I think you need have no cause to worry."

"Why?"

"That afternoon she took that photograph of yours."

"What? Good Lord! I hadn't noticed that it was gone."

"You wouldn't. Have you anything you can tell me?"

"I'll tell you everything when I've cleared up the story."

"That's like dropping a serial in the middle and waiting for the book to come out. She is the loveliest being I ever saw."

He reached across the table and patted her hand. "That's the main trouble. With a phiz like mine ——"

"Don't go back to that nonsense," Molly interrupted. "You're a man, Ronny, gentle as well as brave."

"You should have seen me in that garret, kicking around the only friend I had—the chair! Well, it's time for home."

At the apartments, Victor, the butler, received him with the startling announcement that he was wanted at the *préfecture* at once.

xxx

AT THE *préfecture* Davidson was brought immediately into the presence of the man he was hunting and knew as Paul Mikailovitch. He was astonished, for he had not said anything to the police regarding the *gigolo*.

"Monsieur Davidson," he was asked, "do you recognize this man?"

"Yes. I have met him but once before—a night at the Perroquet. What is he here for?"

"He is connected with your Boronov affair."

Davidson could tell by the start Mikailovitch made that he had not yet been interrogated. He had been locked up and left alone, which is one of the police tricks for getting a man's nerves unstrung. Mikailovitch had shown his surprise, but he did not seem nervous.

"You refer to the emeralds?" asked Davidson.

"Yes."

"This man wasn't in that game. He hasn't been in Europe more than a month."

"Nevertheless, he is the man who tried to kill Lubovin. Murderers are human beings and the law shall take care of them. Private citizens are not permitted to execute them, no matter how great the provocation. It will simplify matters," went on the law, "if you will tell me why you fought Lubovin."

"I did not know what you wanted me for," said Mikailovitch quietly. "The passport—I thought it might be that. When wolves run after you in packs ——" Mikailovitch shrugged.

"Monsieur Davidson, you are an expert. Look this over."

Davidson accepted the passport. It was battered and soiled with two or three brown stains.

"What are those brown stains?" Davidson asked.

"Blood, monsieur," answered Mikailovitch—"blood of the man who gave me this passport as he died. That is Lenin's signature—the head wolf. The passport belonged to Paul Mikailovitch. I had to use it. Any other passport would have been my death warrant. It is strange what we will do to go on living."

"We shall have to deport you, monsieur," said the chief.

"But I understand that I am accused of attempting murder."

"Deportation would be cheaper."

"You would rather defend yourself against the accusation of attempted murder than to return to Russia?"

"This is the answer," said Mikailovitch, stretching out his hands. "They had only begun on me. I had rather take up my residence in a French prison."

"But French prisons are for Frenchmen."

"Who accuses me?"

"Tradesmen living opposite the Boronov hotel. They saw you about that afternoon; three or four times in fact," said the chief. "What was the quarrel about?"

"There was no quarrel. I defended myself. He was trying to kill me. My hands are not much good, but my legs are strong. I am a professional dancer. I tripped Lubovin and held him down."

"And tried to throttle him with one hand. You almost succeeded. You knew this man Lubovin?"

"Oh, yes. His companions held up my hands while he drove the bayonet through them. It was great sport."

The chief frowned and Davidson sighed. This was a man.

"Why did you return to the scene?"

Mikailovitch joined his crippled hands. "Associations. I had known the people who have lived in the Boronov hotel."

Davidson's heart sank. In fact, it had been sinking slowly, in a figurative term, since the moment of his entrance. Sonia's man; good stuff in him, too; and behind him the Odyssey of the Damned.

"What is your real name?" asked the chief.

"I shall always be Paul Mikailovitch."

"Will you do me a favor?" asked Davidson of the chief.

"If it is within my power"—cautiously.

"Give this man into my charge for one month. Together we'll report here every Saturday morning."

"I regret it, but you will have to ask someone in the ministry."

Davidson pulled the telephone toward him and there were several switches and parleys. Within fifteen minutes, however, he was able to turn the telephone over to the chief. Another five minutes and the chief hung up. He shook his head.

"You have very powerful friends in France, Monsieur Davidson. There will be some papers to sign. Every Saturday between eleven and twelve. But what is on your mind?"

"Well, it is on my mind that Monsieur Mikailovitch will, next Saturday, tell you all about himself."

As the two young men went forth into the sunshine, they paused, eying each other.

"Let us speak English," said Mikailovitch. "Why should you go to all this trouble for me, who am a stranger? You are rich; you live in the high world. I am a man whom women pay to dance with."

"Why do you withhold your name?" countered Davidson.

"Once it was a proud name. I cannot use it to make my bread and butter with. But I have asked you a question."

"I'll answer it my own way. What was Lubovin in Russia?"

"One of the executioners in the Buterka prison. He had ingenious notions about torture."

"You tried to kill him?"

"Tried? I believed I had."

Davidson scribbled on a card. Then he took out the locket.

"You found it?"

"You dropped it that night in the Perroquet. I have opened it. Take it and go to this address. You will find her either on the first or second floor. And do not fail to remember Saturday. Good luck." And Davidson turned hastily and walked away. Expressions of gratitude would have tortured him. When he did pause and turn, Mikailovitch had disappeared.

"What a chance for a cad," he mused as he resumed his brisk walk. If he had kept the locket Mikailovitch would never have found her. And to see that poor devil every Saturday for a month, to see happiness grow on the man's face ——

"Hey, boss, what's the idea?"

In utter astonishment, Davidson turned to behold Mason and the car at the curb. He had forgotten all about Mason, who had driven him to the *préfecture*.

He got into the car and fell back against the cushions heavily. Through the puzzling sieve of life there had dropped for him a pleasant and enduring fact: Sonia would always remember him because she would always remain in his debt.

xxxi

MOLLY noted a change. It was subtle, yet it was apparent. There was a subduedness—and it was natural for him to be effervescent in speech and action—she did not like. She longed to ask him what the trouble was, but she sensed the barriers and could not summon enough courage to put the question till the third night after that mysterious call to the *préfecture*.

"Ronny, what is the matter?"

"Everything's all right."

"Can't you find her?"

"I have."

"You have found Sonia?"—excitedly.

"Where she lives. I found her old-time sweetheart here in Paris and sent him back to her. You remember that *gigolo* who always wore gloves and smiled sardonically? That's the chap. His hands aren't much good. I'm telling you the story now. That chap Lubovin crucified him back in Moscow. He dropped a locket which I found. It had Sonia's picture in it—about the time the war broke out. He's the chap who nearly killed Lubovin. For the present I'm responsible for him. We report every Saturday morning at the *préfecture*. The moment he declares his true name he'll be free of surveillance. Pride—stiff with it."

"Would you use your own name in a like position?"

"Probably not."

"And you give up the emerald side of it?"

"*Fini!*"

"I'm sorry, Ronny dear."

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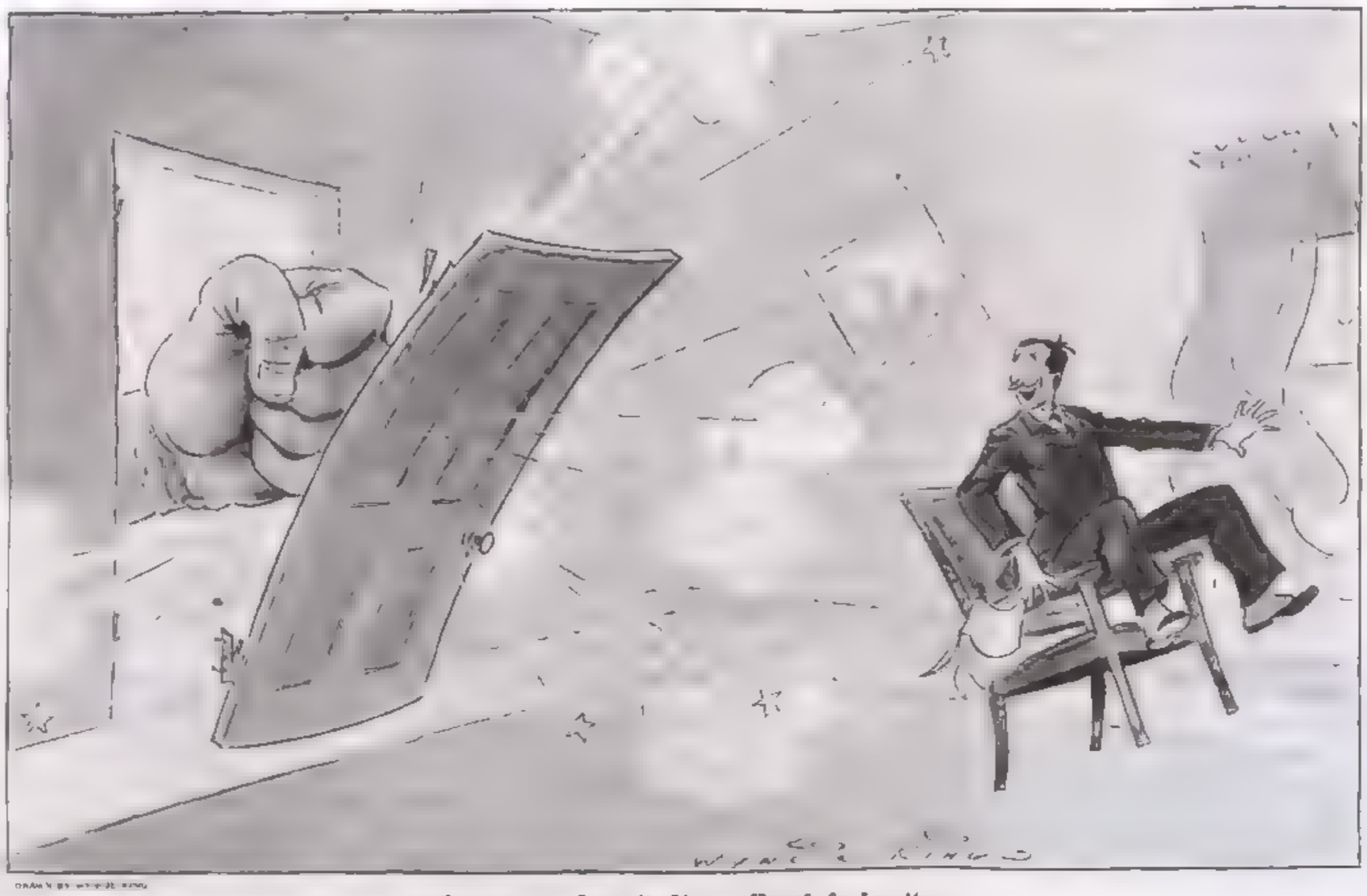
GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Making One's Way in Law



Opportunity Doesn't Always Knock So Loudly

WHEN I graduated from law school four years ago I selected as a territory for practice a prosperous town of sixteen thousand people, a place active with business and industry and the purchasing center for a wide agricultural district. A splendid location for a lawyer! Yes, although the opportunity had been grasped by four other men—attorneys who were real leaders and counselors to the community; men whose clients had become almost traditional. For example there was Burk, adviser to the two Langdon Brothers, owners of the cold storage, the ice plant, the Mutual Trust Building, a dozen business places on Main Street, the Carlton Manor development, and so on; Brown was favored by the Kiwanians, and Stewart by the Rotarians, while Milton, as intrenched and as trustworthy as an institution, had long been the adviser to the manufacturing and banking group.

It looked as though these four men, seasoned and experienced, had the legal business of the town pretty well sewed up, and that a beginner like myself was bucking up against the hardest kind of stone wall; a fact that had doubtlessly steered many another young lawyer from the rich and promising field. The more I studied the situation, however, the more favorably inclined I felt toward it. Certainly, I argued, with the four men busy with larger matters, there must be many little things—crumbs that would fall to a newcomer, matters that the busy attorney could not handle adequately without charging a fee entirely out of proportion. I felt that I could afford to busy myself with these more picayune things during the time it would take to build a reputation as soundly grounded as those of my competitors. Moreover, I was fully aware that two of the men were beginning to think about summers in Maine and winters in California or Florida. I saw myself stepping into their shoes, becoming at a not-too-distant period one of the town's big lawyers; a position of considerable financial importance, you may be assured.

Thus, with a clear vision of my opportunity, I was yet fully appreciative of the very real difficulties of the situation and quite aware that I would have to give unusually intelligent service if I expected many clients.

From the very first day of my establishment with Webster Young, real-estate man, in the National Trust Building, it was my fixed resolve to attract the little stuff, employing all my abilities and energies to that end, knowing that the people with whom I had satisfactory dealings would recommend me to their friends and finally intrust me with matters that were both profitable and worthwhile.

One of my first clients was an Italian; a short, squat undistinguished-looking fellow, obviously a laborer in one of the steel mills. It would have been easy to grow impatient with his faulty English, but I listened intently and finally learned that he wanted a permit to return home on a visit. When he came back several weeks later he was accompanied by another Italian, familiarly called John—one of those fellows who in every town act as guides and mentors for their countrymen. This John was so pleased with the way his friend had been treated that he has been sending me clients ever since. I need not mention that some of the matters put into my hands have been of considerable importance.

The collection of bad debts I consider a very weighty factor in my establishment as a lawyer. Not that the receipts were in any way commensurate with the time and energy involved, but because I was able to please so many of the business people. My competitors also handled bad accounts, but they were much too busy to put in the time required to collect the smaller sums. Whenever I was handed a series of debts I always endeavored to make a 100 per cent score.

My methods were by no means roughshod; they were invariably sweetened by a spirit of conciliation. I always endeavored to collect the money and have the principals involved continue in their business relationship. That always made a big hit. One of my clients—an electrical contractor—was so careless in his business that he was being sued by twenty persons at one time. One day I would be assisting him out of a financial difficulty and the next dunning him for another of my clients. We, nevertheless, invariably remained friends.

In spite of the fact that you can make a person more angry by asking him to pay a bill than in almost any other way, I quickly found a way of extracting money rather painlessly. I would ask the delinquent to call at my office. My talk would be something like this: "Brown Brothers have just given me a number of their accounts, and your name, for some reason or another, is among them. You bought these goods, did you not?"

By tactful methods it was not difficult to induce people to reduce their debts by monthly installments; debts that blustering methods would have forever lost. In one instance a thousand-dollar judgment note is being paid off at the rate of ten dollars a month.

My success in this kind of business brought me in contact with the very people I wanted to serve. It was not very long before a number of them were my regular clients. Black Brothers, wholesale tobacconists, the first big concern retaining my services, came to me in this way. I might mention twenty others.

Another activity that has proved of paramount importance was my treasurership of a building-and-loan association which I and a number of associates founded during my second year of practice. This position entailed a great amount of work, a lot of arduous and uninteresting detail, but it brought me considerable business drawing up mortgages and deeds and attending to other legal matters incident to the transfer of property. Infinitely more valuable were the people—workingmen, for the most part—who came into my office to pay their monthly dues. They became aware of my existence and were not hesitant about coming to see me when in need of an attorney's counsel. Thus I became known.

Once I had obtained a number of clients I endeavored to make them feel entirely easy in requesting my services. I wanted them to come into my office with the same freedom with which they consulted their doctors. In short, I attempted to destroy the all-too-common impression that to have business with a lawyer means an enormous fee. The frequency with which I am consulted about the minor matters that complicate the existence of ordinary citizens convinces me that I am succeeding in breaking down a very common barrier.

In a similar way I endeavored to be of the greatest service to the smaller business men, attempting to induce them to ask my guidance as a preventive rather than as a corrective measure. I was impressed with the frequency with which the more careless got into costly mix-ups through heedless signing of contracts, and so set out to persuade them to permit me to scan such agreements for dangerous clauses. A lawyer in a few minutes can often save thousands of dollars for a business man. Just a few weeks ago I prevented a gas-station owner from signing an agreement for the purchase of twice as much oil and gas as he had sold in 1926. Similar examples might be cited almost indefinitely.

My eagerness to snap up the trifling things that many another lawyer might have imagined almost beneath his notice, has borne fruit. My office is beginning to be a busy place. Those who came to me three and four years ago still find my services satisfactory. What is more, I believe I have the confidence of the townspeople. But it has been hard work. Even now I am in my office almost every night and on Saturdays until ten P.M. to accommodate the country people. The big and profitable clients are, of course, not yet mine, but I am busy and making a very satisfactory income, and I can bide my time.

—PARKER FORD.

The Turning Point of My Life

WHEN the devastating flames of the Chicago fire swept in the direction of my father's grocery store, we hitched our horse and wagon and drove out of the path of flames. The fire was almost upon us. It blew upon our backs like the hot breath of a fiend in pursuit. It licked the dust that we left in our wake. But old Billy knew that four lives depended on his endurance, and he managed to keep the lead.

When the fire died down we went back to see what might be salvaged from our store. All that remained was a pile of worthless débris, scarcely recognizable for the neat little frame building it used to be. I was thirteen at the time, with my father's promise of a high-school education and a job with him still ringing in my ears. And suddenly this natural progression of events was stayed in its course. The even tenor of my life turned right-about-face. In fact, it stopped dead still for a moment. What could a boy of thirteen do to contribute to the family support? My mother was ill at the time. My father and brother needed all their time to build a new store. It was not only natural that I should go to work; it was absolutely essential. The men were so engrossed in the actual manual labor of reconstruction that they had no time to tell a small boy how to

(Continued on Page 174)

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Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

The immortal Jean Valjean in *"Les Miserables"*

A Wonderful Opportunity for High-School Students!

I have completed plans for a series of scholarship awards for high-school students of the United States and Canada, based on a study of Victor Hugo's masterpiece, ***"LES MISERABLES,"*** which Universal will soon release in screen form as a Universal Film de France.

These awards aggregate $9,000, and will be based on the best 500-word essay on the subject: ***"What Ideals for Life Do You Find in Les Miserables?"*** The writer of the best essay will receive a scholarship award of $1,000; there will be two awards of $750 each, and thirteen of $500 each.

These will be known as the Victor Hugo-Carl Laemmle Scholarships, and it is my hope that they will attract wide interest among high-school students.

An indication of the educational significance of these awards is the fact that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and one of the world's foremost educators, will be one of a group of prominent men of letters who will judge the merits of the essays.

Others in the group of judges are Dr. John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Ernst Crandall, Director of Visual Education of New York City; Dr. Thomas Finnegan, Chairman of Visual Education of the National Educational Association, and Octavus Roy Cohen, representing the authors of the country, and recently won to the screen by Universal.

A study of the character portrayal of Jean Valjean, the hero of Hugo's novel, so impressed me with the creative genius of Hugo, that I decided to make possible a greater appreciation of his ability. Hence these scholarships.

Detailed specifications of this essay-contest will go to every high school. The official dates of the contest are from September 1, 1927, to December 31, 1928. You can ask your local theatre owner to secure information blanks from his nearest Universal office, or else write me direct. Meantime I would appreciate *your* opinion of the plan.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

NOT IN THE GAME

(Continued from Page 11)

gold train may follow it. The tickets designate the trains, and one cannot mount the gold train unless his ticket specifies that he is to be a member of the party which has chartered that train. The railroads have met the problem of the tremendous crowds by erecting platforms at the terminals of special tracks which are laid to within a short distance of the stadium, so that every convenience is offered to the patrons by this service. These terminal tracks will also accommodate extra sleeping-car trains in such a manner as to allow the patrons to make the cars their headquarters during the day of the game.

An idea of the amount of equipment used at the time of a big game may be gained from the fact that twenty-five to forty locomotives and from 250 to 400 day coaches, chair cars, sleepers and diners are required.

The dispatching of this number of special trains presents a problem quite similar to the dispatching of subway trains at a rush hour in a city. Before the game trains will be running on regular schedules, every ten minutes. But after the game, as in the city, the trains leave as fast as they are loaded and are then moved on exceedingly fast schedules to their destinations. At the time of the famous Pennsylvania-Illinois game in 1925, at Philadelphia, two specials were run from Philadelphia back to Chicago as extra sections of one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's fastest trains.

A big game will mean thousands of additional cars traveling the highways to the city where the game is to be played, and this additional traffic must be carefully handled by the highway department. The most direct routes are carefully posted with unmistakable signs, so that the routes will be easily followed. Special officers patrol these main roads and keep the traffic moving at a pace not too fast, but not too slow. Where the highways approach the stadium and the special parking places which must be provided, the routes are limited to one-way traffic, with no parking on the highway. The motor clubs cooperate by providing a fleet of service cars which will take care of emergencies of almost any variety. Serious accidents are few.

Handling the Parking Spaces

Special parking places are provided for all those thousands of cars, and a strange car, by following the directions of the signs and officers, will find that it can drive to a parking place which is well guarded and within easy walking distance of the stadium. And from these parking spaces broad walks 20 to 120 feet in width are provided for the pedestrians to reach the stands.

At the time of a big game as many as 5000 or 6000 cars may be parked in these areas. They are parked quite carefully, allowing wide lanes and avoiding crowding. A unique system is utilized by some athletic departments in managing the parking. A lookout at a point on top of the stadium permits an observer to see all the parking places. The observer is equipped with binoculars, and when one parking field is filled he telephones over a private telephone line to the traffic officers a mile or two away on the main highways. Traffic is shunted at once to the unfilled parking without loss of time and without confusion.

Considerable confusion would result if cars stuck or ran out of gasoline while attempting to get out of parking areas. Consequently tractors and horses are kept ready to pull out any cars that get into motive difficulties, and a supply of gasoline is also at hand, ready in one-gallon cans.

So many parked cars present a serious fire hazard, and several fire trucks are always ready near the parking areas in emergency fire stations. These trucks are regulation city trucks and are manned by city firemen and especially equipped for gasoline fires.

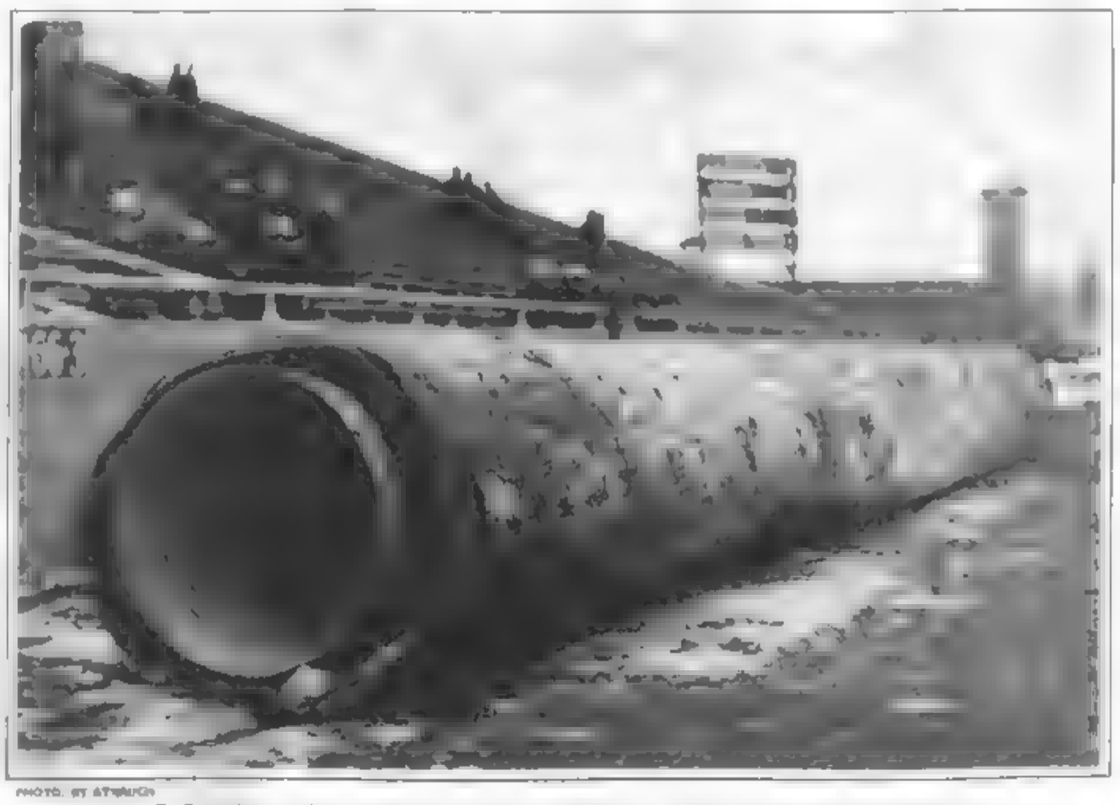

PHOTO. BY ATWOOD

A Section of the Gridiron Cover Rolled Onto its Steel Cylinder Just Before the Game

With such good management 5000 cars will empty their parking places in from thirty to forty minutes, without confusion, danger or accident.

The ushering system which is necessary at a big game is a rather remarkable one. Six to eight hundred ushers are used at each game in some of the large stadiums. These ushers assure rapid service in the stands for the arriving spectators and insure against jamming and mistakes due to hurried inspection of tickets. Last year I attended a game in a large stadium which was undersupplied with trained ushers. I was moved three times by the ushers, in trying to find my own seat, and then I finally saw the game from a seat which I am sure was not my own. There was poor management in that case, but it is rare that one finds such a poorly managed plan. In contrast, I have been shown directly to my seat at a great many other games by courteous and efficient ushers who knew their business.

Every precaution is taken for the safety of the spectators at a big game. Such a gathering should furnish a harvest for a good pickpocket, but all trains are met by special detectives from the near-by cities and all recognized or suspected characters are immediately taken into custody and sent out of town on the next train. As many as thirty or forty pickpockets are sometimes apprehended before they have a chance to begin work. The highways are policed by special motorcycle officers, each officer having a territory to cover; and, in addition, there are special officers who patrol the entire section of the main highways. Special officers direct the traffic within the city and it is not unusual to have a squad of from thirty to fifty motorcycle policemen pull out of the stadium grounds just ahead of the crowd after the game. The stands are alive with uniformed officers and plain-clothes men. The toilets and rest rooms are carefully watched and intoxicated persons are taken into custody before they ever enter the stands.

Although a steel and concrete stadium does not offer a very great hazard from fire, firemen with hand fire extinguishers are posted all over the stands. The fire trucks in the emergency stations in the parking areas are also available.

Some of the greater stadiums take an efficient step toward personal safety for the spectators. All physicians, when they secure their tickets, are registered, along with their seat numbers, so that the management of the stadium can immediately find a doctor in any part of the stands. Each stand is equipped with an emergency hospital, with chairs, couches, and with nurses in attendance. With all the excitement and the great crowd, it is not surprising that these emergency hospitals are occasionally used.

For the safety of the patrons, bottled drinks sold at the concession stands are not permitted to be taken into the stands. In the first place, the bottles will be broken on the concrete, and cut shoes, if not cut feet, are the result. Consequently they are kept out. In the second place, someone might hurl a bottle through the air in an exciting moment and do serious injury to an innocent and unsuspecting spectator below.

For Safety and Comfort

With all of these precautions, there are still others of a more technical nature. When a stadium is built it is tested with tons of sand, shoveled along from section to section, which loads the section with from three to six times the normal human load during a game. The sand does not present the problem of the living load, however, which jumps up and down, sways, thrusts, and moves about. The management of the stadium leave no stones unturned, and far up in the steel of the girders and far down in the concrete of the foundations are little insecure-looking platforms where experts in mechanics are studying the stresses and strains, are recording the changes of the factor of safety as the crowd jumps to its feet, and are measuring with delicate recording instruments all the measurable forces involved. No bulletins have been published as yet on the findings of these experts in theoretical and applied mechanics, but the results will doubtless be quite interesting when they are published.

In keeping with the completeness of the efforts taken for the safety of the spectators are the ones taken for the comfort and convenience of the great crowd. Many people arrive at the games without having had anything to eat, and the managers meet this emergency by providing concession stands where food is sold. These stands are operated not for profit but for convenience. There is an immense storeroom under the stands where supplies are kept. The stands are stocked from this store. No effort is made to supply a great variety of food, but hot coffee, hot sandwiches, chocolate bars and apples are provided at minimum prices, to facilitate change making. At a big game

(Continued on Page 46)

WHEN the salesman demonstrates a General Motors car today, he reveals to his customers a new conception of motor car value, safety, comfort and beauty—the conception of greater quality assured by the emblem, Body by Fisher. Expect him, therefore, to give you complete details about the body of the car you are considering—for it is a Body by Fisher. The best motor car merchants join discriminating buyers everywhere in recognizing the superiorities in Fisher Bodies. Before selecting a motor car, you should actually see and realize the important advantages built into every Body by Fisher.

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GENERAL MOTORS

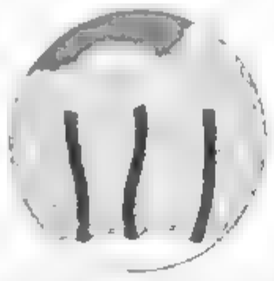
BODY by FISHER

Ordinary Lather

This lather picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

Colgate Lather

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



"Small-bubble" lather *makes shaving simple*

COLGATE bubbles are wringing wet; and water softens beard, says science. These tiny bubbles get down deep where whiskers sprout out—soak them soft at base—razor whisks them off. See lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Cool, comfortable all day

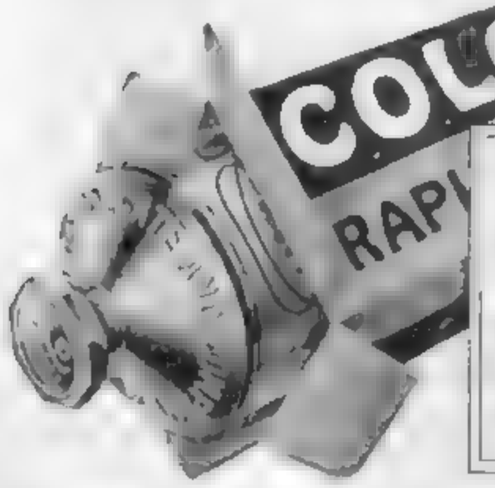
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Economical—super water absorbent

WEEK'S TRIAL FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



Colgate & Co.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500 L-1, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

City..... State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE.

(Continued from Page 44)

the crowd will eat 5000 bars of candy, 1000 sacks of peanuts, 1500 apples, 10,000 hot-dog sandwiches, and the coffee made from 70 pounds of ground coffee. They will also buy 1000 cigars and 1500 to 2000 packages of cigarettes. In a season they will eat 20,000 bars of candy, 7000 sacks of peanuts, 5000 apples, 25,000 sandwiches, and coffee from 250 pounds of ground coffee. Early in the season they will drink 10,000 bottles of cold drinks. The season's sales in tobacco usually run to 3000 packages of cigarettes and 3000 cigars. The handling of this supply of food must be done on an efficient scale; otherwise there will be a definite loss.

The Players' Quarters

Many people have reason during the game to make telephone calls and to send telegraph messages, so that in under the stands are telephone booths with telephones operated through a private branch exchange; the telegraph companies have stands with wires, instruments and operators, and are busy with messages all the time on the day of a big game. These services are entirely apart from the very complete wire service which is provided for the press box, where each reporter may have his own wire if he so desires. This press box is a glass-inclosed stand, high above the field, electrically heated, with telephone and telegraph instruments, with typewriters, and with equipment to provide hot food on cold days. The radio booth is also in the press box, connected with the field by telephone wires carried by a man on the sidelines with a transmitter, and also connected with a broadcasting station at a distance.

The rest-room facilities must necessarily be extensive for such a tremendous crowd. Those for men are guarded by officers, and those for ladies have maid service and are equipped to meet any sort of emergency.

The score boards which are operated at the games give a great deal of information about the game to the crowd. One operator is on the sidelines with a telephone which is connected with the score boards. Play by play, this operator gives the messages to the man at the board, so that the score, the down, the yards to go, and all general information are registered at once on the board. In addition to the score board, some of the larger stadiums are equipped with loud speakers and an announcer who gives definite information, play by play, as to who carries the ball, explains technicalities in penalties, and from time to time announces the scores of other games.

Every effort is made to add to the pleasure of the spectators. An important factor is in the actual construction of the stadium. The newer stadiums have no stairs. Instead they have long inclined runways, called ramps. By these ramps and the many doors into the stands, the stands in a stadium which seats 70,000 people may be emptied in six to eight minutes. Hundreds of pounds of calcium chloride are sprinkled about to keep dust from flying.

All these factors which go to make the organization complete are apparent to any observing person. There are further factors which are a part, but which are not apparent to the public. When the day comes for one of the big games no players are near the stadium until just before the game. The members of both squads, the home and visiting, are quartered at country clubs or in small towns near by for two or three days previous to a big game. Just before the game huge busses, led through the traffic by motorcycle officers, bring the players to the stadium. These busses drive in close to the stands which house the dressing rooms, and the men disappear, not to reappear until they come on the field immediately preceding the game. Few outsiders get into these dressing rooms. They are large rooms, full of steel lockers, and carefully guarded. Here the men dress for the game and leave their personal belongings, where they will be safe from outsiders. The shower rooms in connection with the dressing rooms are large, white-tiled rooms, hot and steamy and comforting to a tired body. Adjoining each dressing room is a hospital room which is fully equipped. Above the dressing room for the home team is the storeroom, which is stocked with every sort of equipment for the football squad. To equip a big squad completely and keep the equipment in first-class shape requires a large storeroom and much care. In this storeroom are repairmen who work the year round, mending torn canvas and wool, replacing broken reed and board protectors that are worked into the clothes, resoling and sewing shoes that are worn or damaged. These repairmen add a great deal to the efficiency of the business—for it is a business—since they salvage equipment seemingly beyond repair.

The equipment in such a storeroom is surprising in its size and completeness. The 1927 inventory of such a storeroom showed 575 pairs of shoes, sizes 6A to 13½E, 150 headgears, 600 jerseys, 250 pairs of knee pads, 575 shoulder pads, 460 pairs of pants, 285 pairs of stockings, 1500 pairs of inner socks, 800 undershirts, and 350 corduroy short coats. The order for new material for 1927 shows 100 pairs of shoes, 70 headgears, 300 jerseys, including a set of jerseys of colors representing other conference schools, 72 pairs of knee pads, 200 pairs of pants, 36 pairs of oiled-silk rainy-day pants, 180 pairs of socks, 1200 pairs of inner socks, 700 undershirts, 144 belts, 48 hip pads, 10,000 towels, and 120 new footballs.

Cleaning Up After a Game

The laundry room in a well-equipped stadium is another place that is seldom seen. The playing squad that goes on the field numbers about sixty men. If half or two-thirds of them get into the game it means that the laundry must wash and dry from 300 to 500 pieces of clothing and equipment after the game. Washing machines, centrifugal dryers and enormous heated drying racks are there and ready to clean the uniforms as soon as they are checked in after the game. The laundry will also have scores of towels to wash and dry and, in addition, all jerseys, socks and woolen goods must be sent to a dry-cleaning plant after each game.

Baseball has been called the national game. Football should certainly be the national amateur game. More and more people each year return to their old haunts to see football games. The problem of 60,000 people descending upon a college community of 10,000 or 20,000 to see a football game is a big one, but it is handled by the managers of the stadiums, and with the maximum of safety, convenience and comfort for the spectators.

Skinner's Crepes

Skinner's Satins

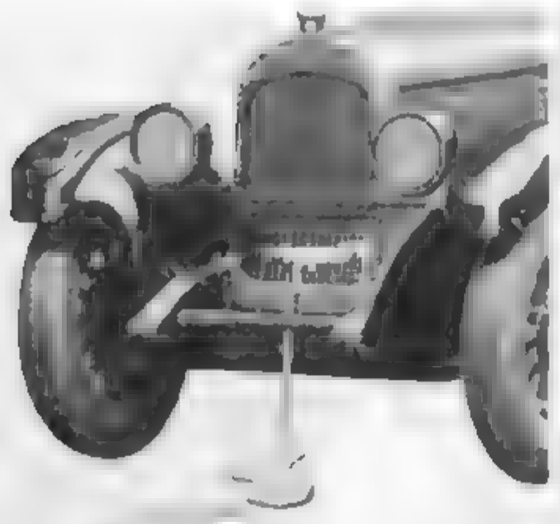
To men and women everywhere, silk satisfaction is summed up in the word *Skinner*. So universal is this belief that Skinner linings are considered a necessary feature of garments that lay claim to real quality.

Skinner's Satins for men's suits and top-coats. Skinner's Crepes for women's apparel. Each fabric especially woven for its particular purpose, and each with the name *Skinner* in the selvage. *Look for this name*—it has been the mark of leadership for 79 years.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS . . . Established 1848
New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia — Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Linings for men's clothing. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Crepes, Satin Crepes. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins and Shoe Satins.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



A leak will damage
or ruin your car

STOP LEAKS

Do It Yourself for 75c

with this guaranteed and most successful way

Obtainable at Automobile Accessory, Hardware Stores and Garages.

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Los Angeles 250 W. 15th St.

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Cable Address "Willpatter Chicago"
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Manufacturers of Warner Liquid Metal

EPILOGUE TO CINDERELLA

(Continued from Page 15)

"And for clothes," we felt she might have added, for the dress she was wearing Leila recognized as one Peggy Hart had been breaking in when we left

"Are you sure?" I doubted Leila's pronouncement on that subject at first.

"Absolutely. She's had it changed somewhat, but the principal difference is that Agnes Fisher wears it with style."

Agnes begged us to come to her house for tea next day.

"Literally tea," she warned us. "Tea and toast, to be exact; but I'm dying to talk to you."

We were astonished, when we drew up at her gate, to see that the cottage had been repainted and was looking in better repair than it had looked for years.

"A terrine of *foie gras!*" Agnes received the small offering we had brought with us. "We'll spread our toast with it. Jerry and Jane Turner presented me this morning, for no reason whatever, with a box of those Maintenons that come from New York and are my favorite cakes on earth. It's going to be a very nice tea indeed. You see I've turned into the rich little poor girl of Carleton. Ravens with manna are constantly hovering around, my dear. It's very pleasant, and it's all thanks to you, my angels."

"And you've had your door repainted," Leila remarked.

"My whole house," Agnes corrected her. "Wait till I tell you about it. It was the nicest, funniest thing. You see, my porch was looking perfectly leprous, and I bought a can of paint and tried painting it myself; but I wasn't any good at it, and I got so tired that I staggered to the step and sat down, forgetting I'd left the can of paint there, and sat ker-plunk in the middle of it. It went all over me and the porch, and I went to dinner with Beatrice and Fred Hale that night smelling so of gasoline that I said it made me feel as though I owned my own car. Well, they laughed at me unmercifully, and I said, 'You think it's so simple to paint a porch, just come over tomorrow morning and try your hand on mine.'"

"Beatrice and Fred Hale!" Leila said, in some surprise, for the Hales are probably the richest and most prominent people in our set.

"As a matter of fact, I thought it would amuse them," Agnes went on, "and it did. I put a kitchen apron on Fred, and he painted away like a madman. When it came time for luncheon, I'd fixed something in a tin pail, and we all ate it in the yard. Fred really did wonderfully on the porch, I thought, but he sort of splashed the side wall around the posts and it bothered him terribly, and the next day he sent old Nelson up to do the whole front of the house. He said he thought it needed a professional touch."

"A quarter of your house painted free!" I said. "What luck!"

"Oh, I couldn't have afforded one more bucket of paint," Agnes answered, "but Fred decided the house looked too funny with just one façade painted, so he told Nelson to go ahead and finish it. It's my Christmas present from the Hales. Wasn't it adorable?"

"It seems," Leila commented on our way home, "that from the dinner tables of the prosperous, Agnes has crept into their lives, and that some of their prosperity has rubbed off on her in decidedly queer ways."

"Our estimate of her probable success was pretty mild, wasn't it?" I said.

"In fact, she seems," Leila returned, "to be making a rather handsome collar-and-cuff set out of the well-known wolf."

"More power to her," was my reply.

Leila cocked her head at me. "You realize, don't you," she asked, "that one doesn't ask the Fred Hales to help paint one's porch quite ingenuously? It was a diabolically clever choice in painters. Agnes' poorer friends wouldn't have liked a request of the sort one bit."

"Do you mean our Agnes has turned into something resembling a professional parasite."

"'Parasite' is such a horrid word," Leila said. "A parasite is something you have to disapprove of, and I can't disapprove of Agnes. Poor frail little thing, giving out good humor and gayety and a real love of people with such generous hands! If she works her friends a bit I don't think I'm going to be irritated. I think it will amuse me."

"My earlier remark," I called to Leila's attention, "was: 'More power to her!' Allow me to repeat it."

From then Leila and I used to compare notes on that side of the career of Agnes Fisher with amusement and compassion.

Agnes was a real boon to the community. Quite aside from her major function as a guest who could be relied on to make the utmost of a party, she was proving invaluable for such things as flattering sullen husbands out of their humors and entertaining relatives not suitable for public exhibition; and she was always glad to run in two or three times a day to look after a family when some woman she knew was out of town; and when a divorce was in the air she could keep in touch with both parties, or all four parties, and smooth the way of it. Naturally such activities are rewarded, though not in cash, and on a tariff which is regrettably uncertain.

It was in minor points, however, that the tact of Agnes Fisher soared almost to genius. For instance, when the rich took her to restaurants on their jaunts, she knew enough always to read from right to left of a menu. Instinct made her understand how irritating it would be to them to have an impecunious guest order the most expensive morsel on the card. Many a time she was given a dress as a reward for having taken shirred eggs instead of pink caviar, which she adored.

With the more moderately circumstanced people of her acquaintance we learned that she allowed herself more latitude in places of that sort. After all, if they took her to expensive restaurants, they expected that she, as well as they, would eat extravagantly. We decided that very often Agnes was unconscious of her own maneuvers, and that, when she was conscious of them, they appealed almost as much to her sense of humor as to her acquisitive faculty.

Leila and I laughed about her a lot between ourselves, but there was a note of pity in Leila's feeling toward her which I took to be pure sentimentalization at first.

For instance, I remember Leila's saying: "Agnes' life looks like fun, but it must be wretched really. I think I'd prefer genteel starvation to having to sing for my supper all the time I was eating it."

"Agnes doesn't seem to mind."

"Of course she doesn't. People wouldn't have her about if she did. Everyone likes a good sport, and she's one of the best."

It was true that Agnes was always laughing at her troubles, at the ridiculousness of her poverty, considering the luxurious life she led, at the fact that, sitting at a table loaded with pheasants and hothouse strawberries, she would find herself wondering how she could possibly pay the plumber four dollars to mend a leak which had just opened in the roof. That, it must be admitted, was very often the way the four dollars came to be paid.

One day Leila dropped in to see her and found her in bed with a light flu.

"I suppose the wine jellies and chicken broths going to her house made the street before it look like a supply train going to the Front," I said, when she told me that evening.

Leila was grave. "No," she said. "People happened to have sent flowers—

(Continued on Page 50)

Miss Myrtle R. Ivins *of Philadelphia*

"I was ashamed to meet anyone . . . *I looked so bad*"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"During business hours, I meet many people, including the officers of the large firm where I work. A good appearance is important. Naturally, my embarrassment was almost unbearable when, after an illness that upset my blood, my face broke out in ugly eruptions. I was actually ashamed to meet anyone.

"What made it hardest to bear was that formerly my skin had been especially clear—kept so by an active outdoor life. I played some tennis and golf, swam and rode a little, and had done my share of hiking.

"But I had to give up all these sports, I was so badly run down. I was too weak to throw off the poisons that upset me. My whole digestive system became unbalanced.

"My doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. Today, after eating it faithfully every day for over six months I feel fine. My face has improved greatly. My appetite is splendid. I'm able to be back in the open once more, enjoying the sports I love."

Myrtle R. Ivins.

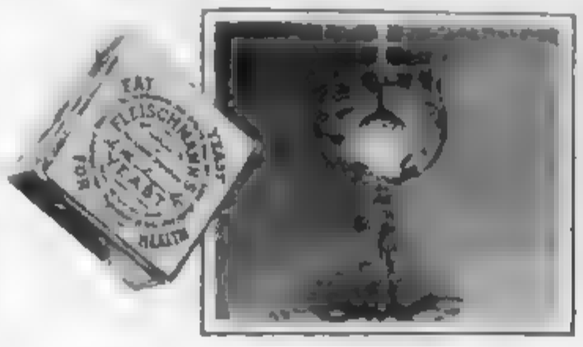
HEADACHES—lethargy—indigestion—skin eruptions—these are the price you pay for an unclean intestinal tract.

A corrective food, as fresh as any vegetable from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses your entire intestinal canal. Your elimination becomes normal again—easier, regular, more complete. Your blood clears, skin eruptions disappear, your digestion is again good.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D46, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

Health—*this new easy way*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



THIS WAS THE EIGHTH YEAR that I have had hay fever. Those that are afflicted with it know the weakened condition they are in after each attack. I tried different tonics but they never seemed to build me up or give me strength. I was troubled with constipation, was very nervous and my appetite was poor.

"I read about Fleischmann's Yeast and decided to try it. I ate three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Now I am not troubled with constipation or nervousness. My appetite is better than ever before and so long as I get Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily I am not going to worry about next year."

Frank Fitchatt, Cincinnati, Ohio

Jock Hutchinson
famous American golfer

"After my championship winning, the demand upon my time for instruction became so great that I was soon engaged in the exhausting occupation of teaching golfers of all degrees of proficiency. I became troubled with indigestion and insomnia. My game suffered accordingly. Recently I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before each meal and before retiring. Almost at once my digestion and sleep improved. Now I feel physically fit all the time although I am devoting an even greater number of hours to teaching."

Jock Hutchinson, Golf, Illinois

"Don't you think we ought to have had new tires for a long trip like this? You know these have been on ever since we've had the car."

"Yes, I know, dear, but there are a good many miles left in them yet. They're Kelly-Springfields, you know."

(Continued from Page 48

very handsome flowers, to be sure—but she was eating dry biscuits out of a tin box beside her bed. I made her tea myself."

"Oughtn't she to have a nurse?"

"No, it isn't serious enough. I got old Mary Flynn to stay there tonight; but what struck me, and has worried me ever since, is the question of what will become of Agnes eventually. Now that she's become accustomed to such a petted existence, the thought of her having to live on what she has is appalling. And she's so frail really. For slight things like this cold she can depend on the ministrations of passing friends, but what if she had a long illness? And one is certain to come. The nervous strain she's under must be awful; she can't go on walking the tight rope of popularity forever."

"That I doubt," I said.

"But her circle isn't young. We'll stop giving parties and settle down in our chimney corners, and then where will she be?"

"Someone may leave her money."

"You read too much romantic fiction."

"I suppose there's not much chance that she'll marry."

"At her age, and in Carleton! Just cast your mind over the five unattached males who sometimes decorate our dinner tables. Every one of them too poor or too selfish to think of marrying, and most of them both. Winter-resort bachelors. Not even Agnes could manage it."

"Well, don't fret about Agnes; just enjoy her. When our set is mouthing its false teeth among the ashes, Agnes will be discovered by another generation. There's an immortal quality about Agnes."

"Oh, I wish I were impractical and dreamy like a man," Leila sighed; "but I have to have the assurance that things are on a sound basis and can continue. Most women do. You can't tell me Agnes is an exception. There must be times when she comes home from a party and closes the door of that little house, and shakes all over with fears all the worse for their indefiniteness."

"Gad, you have a cheerful mind," I said; and when, shortly after her recovery, Agnes announced with gales of laughter that her taxes had been raised fifty dollars that year because Fred Hale had had the house painted for her, I had Leila make her a present of all her taxes, which, of course, did not supply her with a buttress against future need, but which made me feel better.

"Maybe some old lady will take her for a companion," I suggested when next the subject of her future was raised.

Leila merely looked her scorn for me. "Don't you realize," she asked, "that all old ladies are Simon Legrees under the lavender and lace? Agnes would be broken by such an arrangement in no time."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I demanded. "Endow her? I can't afford it."

"I guess I don't want you to do anything," Leila admitted, "except sympathize with me when I worry about it."

Then the Wyants, who had been in Carleton the winter before, asked Agnes to a house party in Greenwich, and, as they inclosed a round-trip ticket, she couldn't, as she said, afford not to go, though it would ruin her.

Leila loaned her a fur coat and Beatrice Hale gave her the crisp, five-dollar bills she was to distribute as tips to the household servants; and Ada Genevieve, whipped to a frenzy of emulation, said, "Agnes, it always pays to travel with handsome luggage. You get treated properly. I'll send over my own suitcase to you."

Agnes had a vision of gold fittings and violet morocco, but at the last minute a battered telescope case arrived, like an Armenian lace vender's. Fortunately Peggy Hart, who was there when it came, proffered her sleek French portmanteau and hat, and Agnes went away looking like a certified check.

Charlotte Wyant corresponds with Leila only at infrequent intervals, but Agnes hadn't been gone a week when a letter came, breathless with dashes.

It was too exciting! What did Leila think? Agnes Fisher had a suitor—a really serious one with plenty of money. His name was Harvey Cushman, and he was the son of a hardware manufacturer of Freeport, New Jersey. He must have thirty thousand a year at the least, and he was mad about Agnes.

"Well, thank heaven!" Leila said when she read it.

"Isn't your gratitude a little premature?" I asked. "Charlotte doesn't say Agnes is interested in him."

"Don't be silly," was all Leila replied

Everyone in Carleton was feverishly excited by the news. I was afraid they would meet Agnes at the station with a band and transparencies. She came to dinner with us the night she got back.

"Well, Agnes," I said to her, "I hear you have a beau."

"Everyone else in town has apparently heard so too," she laughed.

"Serious?"

"Well, he hasn't actually proposed."

"Like him?"

"He's just as sweet as he can be, but he's a mere child."

"Oh!"

"Well, not really. He's thirty-six, but he seems younger."

"Oh, everybody's the same age after thirty-five," I said. "You do like him, do you?"

"Yes, I like him a lot. . . . He's not awfully interesting."

There was a pause, then Agnes turned to me with a very wicked smile. "Aren't you going to ask me the other question? I'll answer it anyway. I didn't let him think I was well off. He knows what my fortunes are and loves me for myself alone. Heigh-ho! What's been happening since I've been away?"

Within a month Harvey Cushman arrived in Carleton to press his suit. He stayed at the hotel.

I couldn't see the youthfulness about which Agnes had complained. To me he was merely an extraordinarily colorless, limp male, with a frequent, falsetto laugh and what, in other people, Leila calls a "pacifier mouth." Leila insisted that he was awfully nice and that I was suffering from a funny, submerged jealousy.

That he was infatuated with Agnes there could be no doubt, and Carleton did everything in its power to fan that infatuation. Dinners, luncheons, bridges unnumbered were given for Harvey Cushman, and at them all everyone took turns telling him how sweet Agnes Fisher was, and how clever, and how brave. The maneuvers were blatantly successful. Harvey Cushman was fairly trembling with eagerness to make Agnes his before she should be snatched by some other aspirant, numbers of whom had been implied to him. Within four days he was saying to the matrons things like: "Now, Mrs. Barker, can't you give me a hint on how to win Agnes?"

Every woman who entertained them half expected that Agnes would come to her early in the evening, breathe a tender secret, and let hers serve as the announcement party. On the chance, Beatrice Hale bought some place cards in the shape of large cardboard engagement rings, and had at the last moment to seat her guests by ear, which she did very badly.

Excitement gathered with the days. Then Harvey Cushman left suddenly. Carleton shook with the rumor that Agnes Fisher had lost him. There was fury in the tremors. A woman in her forties hasn't any right to nonsensical coquetries. Leila went directly to Agnes.

"No, he didn't pick up his doll rags and go home mad," Agnes said. "He really had a wire that his uncle is dying. I'm supposed to write him my answer when I've thought it over."

Leila confessed to me that she wanted to say, "Darling, telegraph," but she restricted herself to: "Then it's settled, I suppose."

(Continued on Page 52)

ROBERT BRUCE
It's a Wolverine in Every Part
Deep in the wilderness the wolverine hunts his lonely way across mountain and valley—taking what he wants master of all in the forest

Down the Trails There Comes Another Wolverine

The Wolverine Cabriolet $1195

at Lansing, Plus Tax

Master of the woods, the wolverine is able and eager to take what he wants and to keep it. Strongest of his size, fearless of everything, he roams far and wide as he desires. ¶ His name has been given to the Wolverines of the roads —strongest of their size, eager and able to conquer any conditions of highway which they may meet. ¶ In this new Wolverine Cabriolet, for pleasure or for business, in summer or in winter, Reo provides at moderate cost a car of trim beauty, lasting comfort, great convenience, speed, power, safety and long life. Look one over, try it out. You'll find it's the kind of car you'll like to own.

6 cylinders
4-wheel, hydraulic internal brakes
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Complete equipment from bumper to bumper

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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WOLVERINE

The newest AMERICAN *car by one of the oldest* AMERICAN *builders*

Sound Sleep

—*its importance to* your *success*

Now over a million men enjoy instant, all-night sleep that brings energetic, wide-awake days ... by using the new Swiss food-drink

We offer you a 3-day test

Ambition. Mental alertness. The power of concentration. The energy to accomplish big things. All these qualities, which are in the make-up of every successful man, are largely the reward of sound, *restoring* sleep.

This is the consensus of opinion of famous specialists who have been studying the contributing factors of success.

And now modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to *instant*, restful sleep that restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful, pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

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(Continued from Page 50)

"I don't know," Agnes answered. "Don't you imagine that Freeport, New Jersey, is an awfully uninteresting town?"

"He has a nice home there, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, and he says I could do it over, but I love my own little house."

"Still, you would enjoy having money."

"Yes, I would. Who wouldn't? And Harvey has plenty. Not as much as people say, but it seems a lot to me."

"I don't know anyone," Leila told her, "who could get as much out of money as you could."

"In Freeport, New Jersey?" Agnes wondered.

Leila stormed a little about her attitude, at luncheon. "It's so silly."

I was amused and annoyed at Leila's annoyance, but when I compared it with the rage that convulsed the other ladies of Carleton, I knew Leila for the pearl among women she is. The ladies of Carleton took the attitude that they, personally, had manufactured this opportunity for Agnes Fisher out of thin air; and that, moreover, they'd just thought up Agnes Fisher herself, like a community pageant, and that it was sheer impertinence of her to resist their good intentions for her.

Agnes was to learn that whoever creates a public for himself creates a Frankenstein's monster. She was treated to a series of plain talks. The plainest was from Ada Genevieve, who sat across the luncheon table from her, looking like an English bulldog in a Bopeep wig.

"You're a fool—a forty-year-old fool. What kind of an old age will you have if you refuse him?"

"Do you think that's very fair to him?"

"He's not a moon calf. He doesn't expect you to be crazy in love with him. He wants a wife, and you're just the one for him."

"I know."

"Here you are dependent on people's liking you. Have you the colossal conceit to think they'll go on liking you if you do a thing as foolish as turning down this good offer? I can only speak for myself, but I assure you I won't."

Agnes said she thought Ada Genevieve was going to make her give back every present she'd given her, which would have been difficult, as most of them had gone direct to the scrap heap; and then call Doctor Masterson to come with a stomach pump and retrieve the luncheon she was paying for.

The interview ended on a softer note, however, with Ada Genevieve bellowing, "Stop being a foolish girl! Sit down at that desk!"

Agnes came to my office three days later. There had always been a rather special sympathy between Agnes and me.

"What am I going to do, John?" she asked, not a trace of gayety in her little face, which looked more harassed than I had ever seen it. "Every woman I know has been bullying me until I haven't any judgment left."

"How about waiting for a while?" I asked.

"They all tell me Harvey is just the sort of man some other woman will snatch if I don't."

"What else do they say?"

"Oh, they indicate that they'll have no more to do with me if I pass up this chance. I suppose I am dependent on them. Suppose so! I know it perfectly well."

"That's nonsense," I assured her. "They won't drop you. Not for that, at least."

"Well, what's your advice?"

"How do you feel about Harvey Cushman as a person?"

"I like him pretty well. Oh, better than that, I guess."

"He knows how you feel?"

"Oh, yes. I've been honest with him. He even knows my age almost to a year." She smiled a little.

"What's the trouble then, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I've loved being free."

"You realize you're walking a tight rope. It hasn't got on your nerves?"

"Not yet. What's your advice, John?"

"I'm inclined to think that all these women, in putting pressure on you, have made you bend backward a little."

"You think I should marry him then?"

"I don't know enough about what's going on inside you to advise you against the obvious wisdom of that course."

"Oh, you're right," she told me. "It's just a question of common sense. Here am I a rather wizened Cinderella picking flaws in the miraculously provided fairy prince, and complaining that the pumpkin hasn't turned into just the kind of limousine I'd have chosen. I'd have had more sense if I'd only been kept in the ashes until the very moment this happened. The trouble is I was sent to too many balls first. Everybody's right. I'm a fool. Good-by, John."

They were married without flummery, just going to Doctor Wiborg's house and having Mrs. Wiborg and the maid for witnesses. It seemed a little brusque to some people, but Leila insisted that the procedure had a certain dignity.

"After all," she said, "the nuptials of a girl over forty aren't the place for white satin and macaroons. Once Agnes has adjusted herself to this marriage she'll make as much of it as she has of dozens of dinner parties she didn't much want to go to."

Agnes had promised several Carleton people to come back and visit them, but she didn't return for more than a year; then it was to close the sale of her cottage.

Fortunately for Ada Genevieve, her return fell just as Ada Genevieve was groaning out another of her dinner parties.

"I can't tell you what a relief it was to know Agnes would be here," Ada Genevieve said to Leila and me, arrived first in accordance with that curse upon us to which I have referred. "Agnes can be relied on to take care of her section of the table so beautifully, and I'm a little worried. I was expecting some terrapin from Philadelphia, and it's been held up. It will just spoil in the post office, but with you two and Agnes well distributed, nobody will think of the dinner anyway."

"Have you seen Agnes?"

"No, but I talked to her over the phone. I hear she's sold the cottage for a big price." All prices were big to her.

Carleton—our part of Carleton—arrived in force. As if with an eye to effect, Agnes and Harvey Cushman were the last to come. From the expression on Agnes' face, however, I thought something must have gone wrong and delayed their start. I had a distinct impression that she wasn't pleased at the prospect of being the museum piece of the evening.

Ada Genevieve had introduced a system of having her butler ask each guest whether he or she would have a cocktail, so that none would go to waste. Agnes was standing beside me when the bedraggled Botsford put the question to her.

"I should say I would," she told him. "I'll need one." She added to me, "I know Ada Genevieve is planning to put me between a pair of perfect sticks. I ought never to have come this evening, but she absolutely insisted ——"

"Are you glad to be back in Carleton?" I asked.

"Oh, for a minute."

"Is Freeport as engrossing as all that?"

"Freeport!" she sniffed. "I want to move to New York, but we can't. Business, you know."

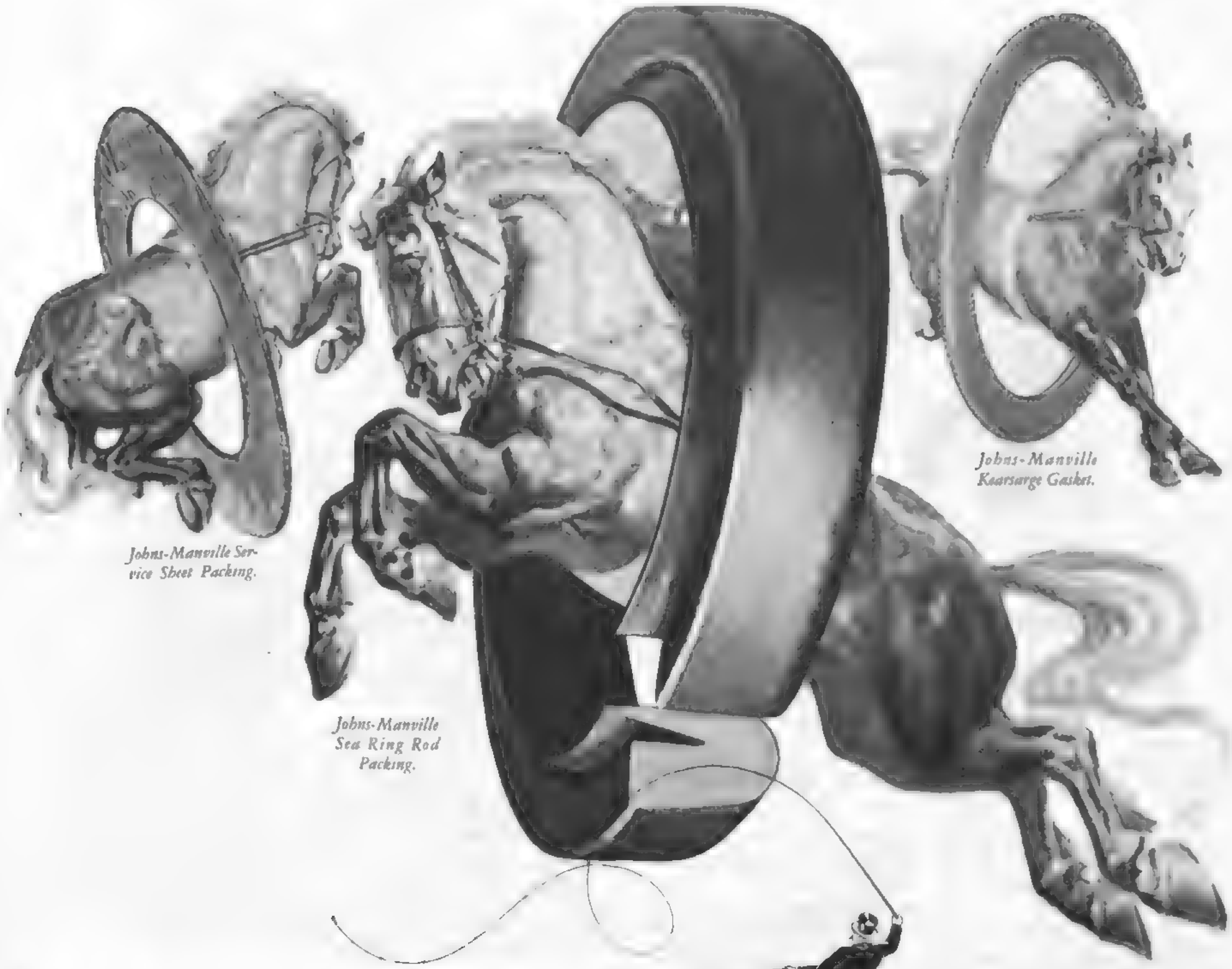
Leila walked over and put her arm around Agnes. "What a good-looking dress!" she said. I myself had felt it lacked something of the chic Agnes had managed to get into the things that were given her in the old days.

"Well, I had to pay enough for it," Agnes said. "Harvey doesn't think it's so good-looking, I guess."

"Oh, yes, I do, dear," Harvey came in with what seemed to me an eloquent alacrity.

"Well, it's a dress anyway. I can't pretend to keep up with Freeport, New Jersey,

(Continued on Page 54)



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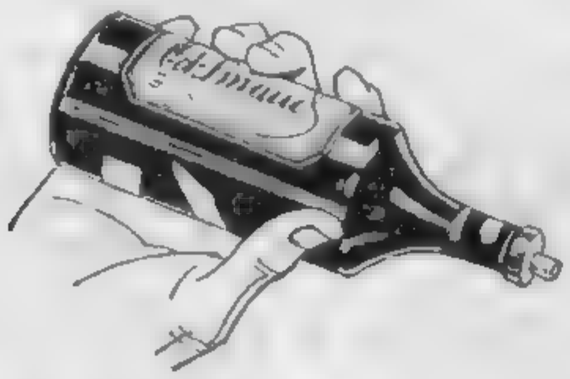

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

(Continued from Page 52)

in clothes. Harvey gives me as big an allowance as he can, but the place is filled with women who don't have to think how much they spend."

Botsford came up with our cocktails. Agnes made a little face as she choked hers down, then Ada Genevieve began worrying us into the dining room.

Agnes was between Jay Mason and Jim Osgood, a terrific juxtaposition. Only the intervention of the grim reaper had saved her from old Tom Ellis.

I was across the table from Agnes and could see her section. Otherwise I wouldn't have known that things weren't going very smoothly there, for Leila happened to be in great form and was making Harvey Cushman, who sat beside her, laugh with almost every sentence she spoke. His shrill, silly giggle rose over the conversation again and again, until I wished Leila wouldn't.

I was working valiantly to keep some semblance of life in little Mrs. Wiborg when Dora Silverthorn touched my arm.

"I'm afraid Agnes is ill. Can you catch her husband's attention?"

Agnes had grown very white, and as I glanced I saw that she was having difficulty with her breathing. Before I could catch Harvey Cushman's or Leila's eye, the stertorous sound of it was audible to everyone. Leila broke off in the midst of a sentence, and Harvey jumped up and hurried to his wife's chair. Agnes was leaning back, eyes closed, her face a white mask of pain and discontent.

"I'm afraid I'd better take her home," Harvey said to Ada Genevieve across the table. "She's been having a miserable time with her asthma lately."

Agnes wasn't even able to say good night to people. The only words I heard her speak were addressed to Harvey:

"Why in the world did you let me try to come?"

Ada Genevieve had not known the manner of it, but she had been prophetic in saying that Agnes Fisher would save her party. Certainly no one remarked the absence of terrapin.

"Did you ever see anyone so changed!"

"Never. Never in my life!"

"With every worry off her mind, I thought she'd expand like a flower."

"And that snarl she gave to her nice husband! There's no other word for it."

"I think she was terribly tired," I put forth ineffectually.

"Tired!" Ada Genevieve took me up. "She came in that door disgruntled about something or other."

I was interested by the expression on Jay Mason's face. Jay is not much of a conversationalist, but he's rather good as an amateur psychoanalyst.

"What do you make of her, Jay?" I asked him.

"She shouldn't have tried to do something she didn't want to do," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" Ada Genevieve demanded. "Come to my dinner party?"

"No, she shouldn't have married. The trouble with Agnes is that she's a person who has to be free to be happy. She used to have asthma years ago, you remember. It was to escape from the domination of her mother."

"Harvey Cushman certainly doesn't dominate her," Leila averred.

"No, but he cumbers up her life. He's somebody she has to have around, to carry on her shoulders socially. So she's developed asthma again. This time in order to dominate him, to eliminate him whenever she feels it necessary."

"I think it's very ungrateful of her," Leila said, "when he's given her all the things she's always wanted."

"Agnes," Jay stated, "doesn't like things she hasn't had to struggle for. They seem unimportant to her, and uninteresting. We take it for granted that a delicate type like hers needs to be sheltered. That's where we're wrong. She thrived on the storm."

"Poor Harvey Cushman," Leila said. "If ever I've seen a man in hell ——"

"Now look here, Leila ——" I began.

"No," Leila said. "Don't frown at me, John. I don't like Agnes any more. All the psychoanalysis in the world can't make me."

I had one of those imperative impulses to say something, so dangerous when one doesn't know just what.

"I don't think we should sit in judgment when we're all partially responsible," I raged. "She was a lovely thing. She had gallantry and charm, and we destroyed it."

Then Leila made a cruel speech. "It's too bad, isn't it," she asked, "that it only interested Agnes to keep her charm while it served her for the purpose of barter and change? No, I don't like her any more. I'm sorry."

BE YOUR AGE

(Continued from Page 23)

And that, May's enfants, goes also for a lot of things outside of baseball.

For that afternoon's game with the Jaguars it's Bull's idea to mix up the best of the youngsters with the snappiest of the oldsters, but that doesn't click by me.

"Nix," says I. "This is my regiment parading, and I don't want any raw recruits from your awkward squad ragging up the line."

"All right," grunts the manager. "We'll probably need 'em all for stretcher bearers."

"Keep 'em handy," I comes back. "We can use some of their legs to run bases in a pinch. How about me handling the whole game today?"

"Go to it," says Grogan. "Let the dead past bury its own dead."

Outside of a few newspaper squibs, the first the fans really know of the big shift is when the umps announces Dixon and Stover as the battery for the Blue Sox. Though both have been out of the majors for years, their names are as well known to the local patrons as Tinker and Evers and Chance would be to a Chicago crowd, and they draw a big hand. The demonstration, however, turns into a puzzled restlessness as the other vets are identified.

Doped up by me with data about the batters he'd never faced, Joe ambles to the box, while Stover squats his bulk behind the plate. Tack Simmons, the best lead-off man in the league, comes to the pan.

"Hello, Tack," greets Hap cordially. I'm near enough to hear not only that but also much of the purring palaver that follows.

"Choking it, eh?" remarks Stover, as Simmons grips his bat six or eight inches above the bottom. "Well, none of us are as young as we were, but I certainly used to get a kick out of that long, free swing of yours. So it goes," finishes Hap with a sigh.

It's an old goat getter, but it works. It always has worked and always will. There's no quicker or surer way to trap a guy's nanny than by suggesting in a sympathetic tone that the old gray [illegible] what she used to be. Rough stuff? Not; it's kindness that kills 'em. I see Simmons' fingers drop down the willow until the entire length of the wagon tongue is weaving clear. "Slipping, am I?" says Tack's chin. "You just watch me!"

Dixon's first pitch is a feeble loop that a blind woman in a tunnel could have hit with a curtain rod. Simmons slashes at the ball with everything's he's got or can borrow, missing it by enough feet to outfit a centipede and almost losing his balance in the turn around. With a shortened bat he'd have killed it.

"A half inch," comments Hap, as he tosses the pill back, "and they'd have needed extradition papers to get it back. The old power is still there."

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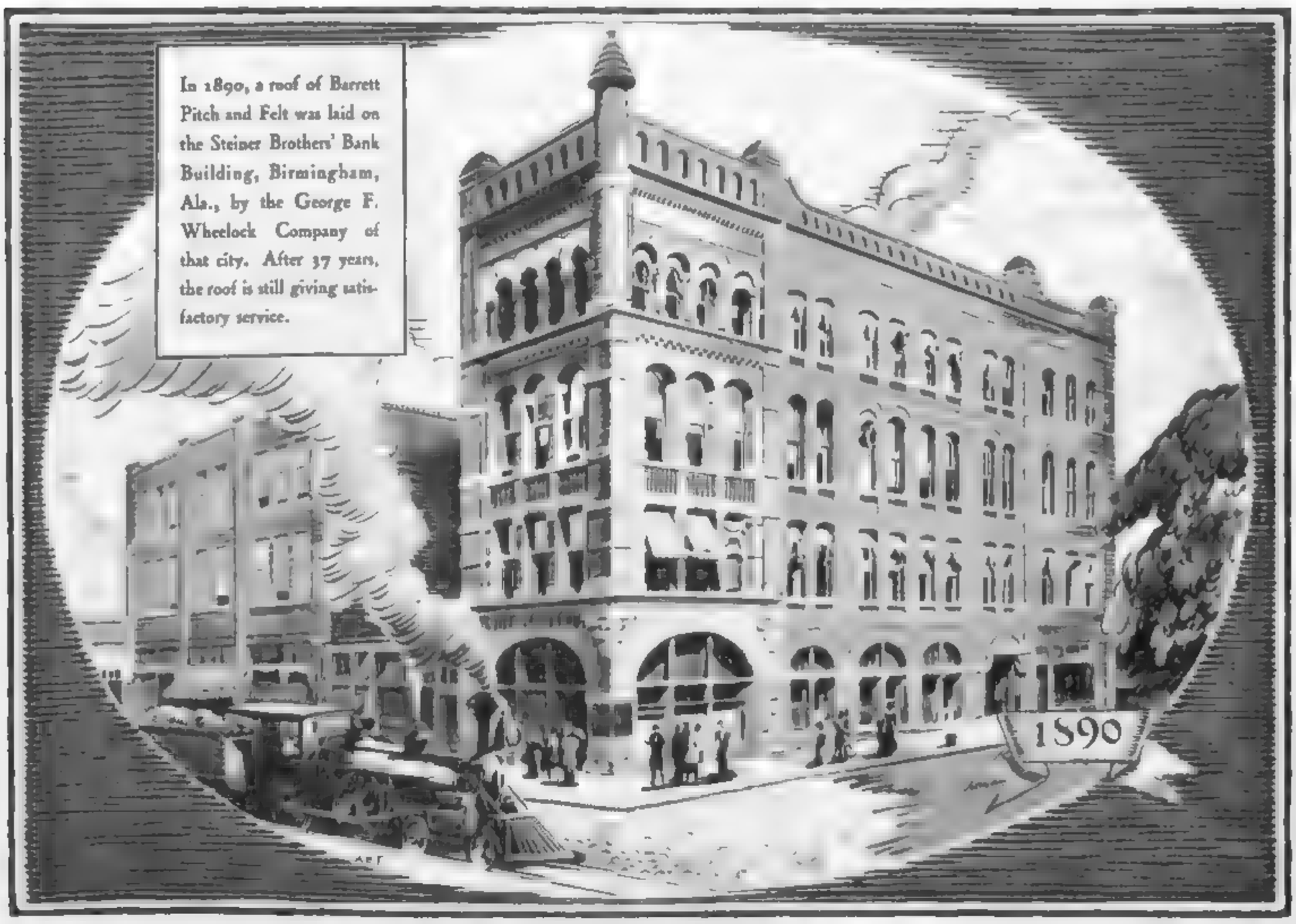
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(Continued from Page 54)

The next heave of Joe's is a corner cutter that Simmons lets go by. It's called a strike, and Tack loosens a loud yowl. Stover nods understandingly.

"They're just as blind as they used to be," says he. "If that was a strike, I'm a wasp when it comes to waistlines."

Simmons pop fouls out on the next one, Hap smothering the ball with a lazy reach of his meat hand.

"Better luck next time, buddy," comforts Stover, patting the Jaguar on the back. "The breaks were just against you."

They were, but Hap had made the breaks, and he keeps making 'em against the visiting lads the rest of the afternoon. Applause, sympathy, understanding, all with the merest hint of sorrow over their declining powers, flow gently through Stover's mask toward the vets at the plate, causing 'em to press, with the usual profits you get from pressing. The youngsters, flattered by the great Hap Stover's barely concealed admiration for their work, are hopped up into showing off, with the usual profits you get from showing off. I don't have to hear Hap's words; I know his line only too well.

"What's he doing?" grumbles Bull, noting the quantity but not the quality of the chatter. "Selling town lots or getting magazine subscriptions to take him through college?"

"Neither," says I. "He's angling for angoras with soft-soap bait."

"How many games," demands Grogan, "do you expect those seniles of yours to win by goat getting?"

"Considerably more," I comes back, "than your juveniles did by being goats. We'll grab off plenty."

"Swell chance," snorts Bull. "The way Dixon's bean-bagging 'em up to the plate, it won't be long before the Jags'll be shredding the fences into breakfast food."

As a matter of fact, Joe's pitching a beautiful game. With nothing left of his old stock in trade but his glove and control, he lays 'em up high and close or low and wide to suit the inconvenience of the batter. He's hit plenty, but the ball comes to the sluggers at such angles that it's either fouled off or popped into lofty flies crying for a fielder's glove to rest its weary seams in.

On the offensive we're not so jake. Lefty Gast of the Jags would have been a southpaw ace in any league at any time, and even my vintage sharpshooters have trouble with his fast-breaking curves. In the fourth inning, however, Stover manages to connect solid with a low one on the outside. The ball, sailing just inside the foul line, smears itself against the right-field fence, but on a hair-line decision at first, Hap's called out.

"Judas H. Priest!" howls Grogan. "Any one of those kids would have made a triple out of that with both feet in a sling. Talk about cold molasses moving uphill! Half the time I couldn't tell whether Stover was going forward or standing still or backing up. Which was it?"

"All three," says I. "His spirit was marching on, his weight standing still and his age backing up. I admit," I goes on, "that one of your rustlers might have made three bases out of that smack, but need I remind a savant like you that you cannot take a message to Garcia without having the message? The way Gast is going today there isn't one of those jokers that could have hit him with an ironing board, and as the good gray poet puts it, only he who hits may run."

"What good are hits," growls Bull, "if you can't cash in on 'em?"

"A hit," I returns, "may become the mother of a score, but a strike-out—what is it but a barren, sterile thing without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity?"

Grogan scowls himself off, but in the very next inning he catches himself in the act of feeling better. We make a run the first run of the game

Buck Higgins, leading off, doubles over second, and on a wild heave over the sacker's head, is safe at first. Bull's for putting in a bench warmer to run for Higgins, but I'm not yet ready to bust up my winning combination. Buck's slower than a government rebate, but he's too good a workman otherwise to drop out of the line-up for one of Grayson's young futiles.

A sacrifice poke to right field moves Buck up a base. The Jaguar shortstop has to back deep into the grass for the next out, but I hold Higgins at second. If possible, he has even more lead in his hoofs than Stover. It's Lem Haner who delivers the pay-off punch—a terrific wallop that takes the pill to the flagpole. He's out trying to drive his Charley horses to third on the hit, but our run's across the pan and in the record books.

"Know how many runs we'd have made," asks Bull, "if those grave robbers of yours had legs?"

"How many?" I comes back.

"Four," replies Grogan; "and nobody'd be out yet."

"Sufficient for the game," says I, "is the run thereof. Joe's got the opposish eating from his paws. He'll shut them out sure."

"You're running the team today," shrugs Bull, "but if I were I'd take Dixon out now. These old boys are good just for five or six innings. After that they usually begin developing neuritis in the right arm, shooting pains in the shoulder, lumbago in the back and an itch for a rocking-chair in some place where they can take their shoes off."

Joe doesn't develop anything. He keeps pitching his steady, easy, brainy game, using the few remnants of speed he has only in the tough pinches. When hits mean nothing he lets 'em hit; when a walk'll do no harm he walks 'em; but when it's necessary to wrap a fast one around a batter's neck or curve one in at his knees, he's there with his brain in a braid.

Only one of the youngsters gets into the line-up, a swifty with a good arm named Allison whom I uses in the seventh to speed for Pop Granby when it looks like a single'll score a run. There's no single and no run, but I sends the kid out to Pop's spot in center field just to please Bull, who thinks Allison's a comer.

Going into the ninth with the score still 1-0 in our favor, Dixon looks a bit weary to me; but rather than hurt the vet's pride by yanking him out on the eve of a shutout, I decides to take a chance. The first Jag up flies out to left and I breathe more freely, but not for long. The next baby leaps at an easy looper for two bases, a hit that might have been held to a single by faster fielding.

A dribble to short follows and the runner is safe at first, when Tom Sampson uses his head and doesn't attempt the put-out. A throw would have moved a Jaguar from second to third, with only a long fly needed to score him.

"There goes the ballv ball game," remarks Grogan. "Take him out."

"Nope," says I; "there's lots of life in the old wing yet."

And there is—not lots, but some. Joe feeds the next batter the kind of ball that calls for a pop up, and pop up it is, into Tom Sampson's mitts. Two out, but with Red Haley due at the pan, there's still enough to worry about.

Red looks over a couple of bad ones, then slashes a mean bounder between first and second. Both Allison and Higgins, the right fielder, go for the ball, but the old boy is closer and makes a beautiful pick-up.

I snatches a quick flash at the bases. A runner is nearing third, and the Jaguar coach, figuring there's not enough zip in Buck's arm to get the pill to the plate, is waving his mate home. There isn't enough zip in Buck's arm, but there's plenty in his bean. With almost the same motion with which he'd stopped the drive he passes the ball to Allison. The kid whips it into Stover's glove. The out's made by several feet and the game's over—the first one we'd won in ten days.

"Gosh!" gasps Bull. "That's the first I ever heard of the forward pass in baseball."

"Some headwork, eh?" I remarks.

"Headwork," sniffs Grogan. "Just luck. What was so wise about that play?"

"Wisdom," says I, "consists in knowing your limitations. Buck was aware that he didn't have enough steam to beat the runner home. A fathead would have tried it, and both runners would probably have scored."

"Yeh," grunts Bull; "but suppose Allison hadn't been so handy."

"If this weather keeps up," I returns, adroitly changing the subject, "we're likely to have October this year right after September."

III

WE RUN into a streak of heat and double-headers, and it takes all the vets have to stand the gaff. Most of the boys are suffering from one thing or another, but they insist on sticking in the line-up; and since they're keeping the Sox on top, Grogan has no reason for yanking any of 'em out.

Of course we use Grayson's bench warts whenever possible, but there aren't so many opportunities. The old-timers are great at keeping the opposish off the bags, but they're pretty Camembert at bringing in runs themselves, with the result that most of the games are so close we can't take a chance of having a youngster pull a bobble and spill the succotash.

What makes it tougher yet is that we can't shake off the Jaguars. With all our wins, they hang right on our tail, and the last week of the season finds 'em only a half game behind us. And we finish at home with them.

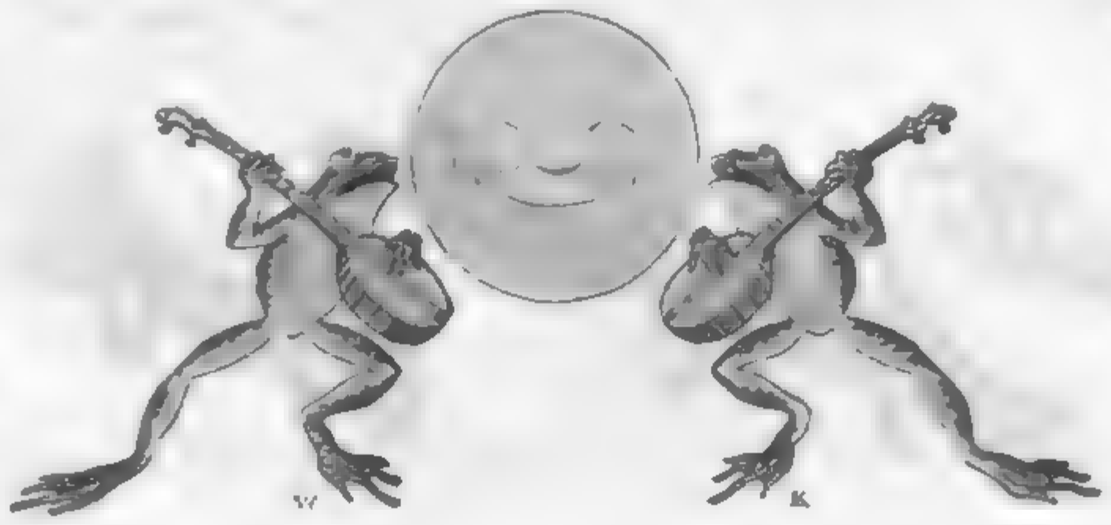
"I wouldn't give a dime for our chances," glooms Bull.

"Why the faint heart, fair lady?" I asks.

"In the first place," says Grogan, "the Jags have been our jinx all season. In the second place, Dixon and Swane and Graves are all shot. They can barely drag their dogs to the box. As for the rest of the gang, nothing short of a home run over the fence will ever get 'em around the bags. They're all bruised up and ——"

"But there are no bruises on their beans," I cuts in, "and their brains'll bring in the bunting."

Inside, however, I'm not so confident. The vets are slipping fast, and it's a question if some of them can even go through the motions of a stiff series with the Jaguars.



The first game we win through sheer smartness, but the next two we drop, leaving us a half game behind, with only one more to play. Bull's for benching most of the oldsters and putting kids in their places, but I raise the roof.

"We have won games with this line-up," I yelps, "and we never have with the youngsters. We might lose tomorrow, but what's the use of trading a maybe in for a not?"

Grogan finally lets me have my way, and Joe Dixon goes to the firing line for the final game. He doesn't stay long. In three innings the Jags collect eight hits out of which they brew four runs. Even Joe's control has left him, but he doesn't wait to be taken out. After uncorking a wild one that cracks the batter in the back, he walks out of the box and off the diamond.

"When they hit me," says Dixon, "it's not so bad, but when I hit them it's time for the showers."

Swane goes in and holds the Jaguars safe until the eighth inning, when they stage a parade in his honor. Before it passes a given point two more runs are in the bag, and Graves is in the box. He manages to halt the procession, but we take our turn in the eighth with a 6 to 0 score against us.

Part of the crowd's milling toward the exits, and even Grogan's lost interest, when Stover walks up to the platter. Cane, the Jaguar hurler, who's been pitching a steady, heady game, all of a sudden decides to go on a spree. Four bad ones in succession and Hap walks.

"Send a kid in to run for him," I hollers.

Grogan shrugs indifferently and motions a youngster out of the pen. The chief's gone cold on the game, but he warms up a bit when Graves also ambles. There's something radically wrong with a boxman when he walks a pitcher, especially a pitcher whose batting average is something like .019. Another youngster runs for Graves.

Cane steadies down some for Tom Sampson, but makes the social error of grooving one waist high for the slugger. When they pluck the ball off the center-field fence two runs are in, and a bench boy is playing proxy for Tom on first base.

A brace of roaring singles and a double follow and the score's six to five, with nobody out.

"Gosh!" says Bull, as he sends out the sixth kid to run for a regular. "If this goes on we'll change the whole team on the bases."

"If you try hard," I comes back, "you might think of something worse to worry about."

Cane's yanked and a southpaw named Mason goes in cold. The Sox make it hot enough for him. The first man he faces is walked, the next hit by a pitched ball, and Mason finishes his stay by putting a curve just where Haner wants it for a double down the left-field foul line. We'd batted around the entire list and used a youngster to run for every batter.

The kids are soft for the new heaver the Jags send in, and the inning ends with the score seven to six in our favor.

"I guess," remarks Grogan, as the kids trot out into the field, "this is the first time in history that a team has been completely changed during a game. If they can only hold 'em!"

They can and do. The sudden storm the Sox'd staged had taken the heart out of the Jaguars, and a bunch of Girl Scouts could have laid 'em out. They don't even get a man to first.

"Well," says I, jubilant, "did my vets deliver?"

"Vets nothing!" barks Bull. "Who scored the runs?"

"Who hit 'em?" I yelps.

"Think those grave cheaters of yours could have scored?" comes back Grogan.

"I guess," says I, "we're both right. It takes a wise head and young legs to make the unbeatable combination."

"It must be tough," grunts Bull, "to have neither."

"Not so very," I returns. "You can always be a manager."

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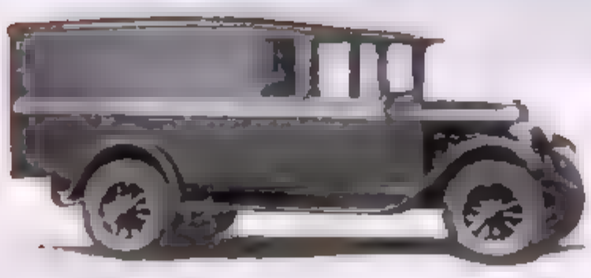

Mounted on the Chevrolet 1-Ton Chassis, this De Luxe Panel body provides exceptionally smart appearance, as well as complete protection for the most fragile loads. Widely used by florists, dry cleaners, haberdasheries, women's apparel stores, etc.

The combination open express body is extensively used by butchers, builders, manufacturers, plumbers, tinsmiths, water companies—and similar users who do not require protection for the load. Equipped with drop end-gate and chains.

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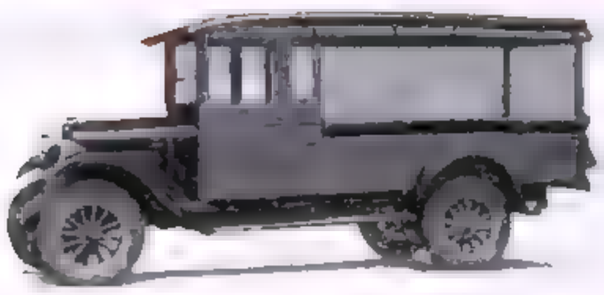

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THE CHANGING ROAD

(Continued from Page 41)

"All in the game. Besides, she's Russian and I'm American. That fact would always be in the way somehow."

"She hasn't even thanked you, when at every turn you have done her a service"—indignantly.

"Well ——"

"Why don't you call on her?"

"Call on her? Good Lord, why should I call on her?"

This conversation took place just before dinner. Toward the end of the dinner, Victor, the butler, answered a ring at the doorbell and returned with an envelope which he presented to Davidson. Davidson opened it leisurely. Immediately Molly began to talk to her father about going to Montreux the first of June.

Davidson drew out the contents of the envelope. Seven words:

The good Samaritan; always the good Samaritan! SONIA.

"Want to read it, Molly?"

"Please!" Molly read the note and returned it.

"What's it about?" asked the American father.

"About a lady," said Molly, "and a Knight of the Round Table."

"Marry her, son, if you want to."

"There's somebody else, dad" -frankly.

"Then go home and marry some good old American stock."

Davidson laughed in spite of the heartache. "Why do you want me married off?"

"We can't cure you of this damned detec-a-tive business; maybe some woman could."

Molly interfered. "Want to go with me, Ron, and hear Susie Welty in a Grieg program?"

"I'll prowl around," said her brother. He could see that note, twenty years hence, so worn and frayed that only the most careful handling would keep it from falling apart.

One hour later found Davidson in the Boulevard Raspail, opposite Sonia's apartment. The second apartment was lighted. Hers? He had promised himself never to see her again. He knew now that he was here for the purpose of breaking that promise. He ran across the street to the baker's shop and entered. A little girl was tending the shop.

"On which floor does Sonia Karlov live?" he asked.

The child shot him a startled look, then ran into the rear of the shop. Presently François, portly, partly bald, entered. "Monsieur wishes?"

"The apartment of Mademoiselle Karlov."

"And monsieur is?"

"Davidson."

"La-la!" cried François delightedly. "The second floor, first door to the right. M'm'selle has been expecting you."

She had? Warmth flowed into Davidson's cheeks. Well, after all, there was no reason why they could not be friends.

As he started up the second flight he heard music. He tiptoed onto the landing. Music. It came from the door to the right. Tender and passionate music, tragic and lyrical, brilliant and dreamy. He had heard Paderewski play that, De Pachmann, Levitski, Tina Lerner—the F Minor Fantasie, Chopin.

Dear God, to sit beside her in the coming years, in the twilights, and to hear her play! Oh, he knew that it was Sonia! She was the Fantasie herself. He put out a hand to the wall to steady himself. Music always got him; it was the one thing which could take his emotional control and put it out of hand. He ought not to see her tonight, in this shaky, uncertain state of mind. The vigorous notes of the finale died away; silence.

He struck the door. His heartbeats deafened him as he waited. A rush of feet, the click of a lock, and there she stood in her somber black.

"You!" cried Sonia, taking him by the hand and literally pulling him into the room. He was so astounded that he stumbled against a chair and almost trod on the inquisitive Peke. "Why didn't you come before?"

"Why ——"

"I dared not ask you. Ekaterina, Ekaterina!" she called as she led Davidson, disordered in mind and locomotion, to the sofa. Ekaterina entered. "This is Monsieur Davidson, who found Paul and sent him to us." Sonia turned to Davidson and said in English, "She speaks only Russian and French."

Ekaterina offered her hand. She recalled that it was the English custom. She smiled—which was something for her to do. All three sat down—awkwardly.

"I wanted to see if you were all right," he said lamely.

"Thanks to you. But you are of the police?"

"No, no! During the war I was in the French secret service, and the habit clings. They know me well at the *préfecture*. Where is ——" He could not finish.

"He is dancing. Times change. Twelve years ago Paul had a racing stable here in France. He was second in the Grand Prix once. He lost a lot of money. If only we had it now! Paris has forgotten him. So he dances, because his poor hands —— I knew he was dead! Do you understand? Lubovin dragged me out as Paul hung to the post, dying. Eh, well, no more of that! Still, if you would like the story ——"

"If you care to tell it." More beautiful than she had ever been! He would pay for this night's adventure.

Sonia gave a nod to Ekaterina, who rose and quietly left the room. "I don't want her to hear about—Gregor. We do not speak of it. The emeralds have puzzled you. In the eyes of the law, I stole them. For all that, they were and still are mine. I am Sonia Boronov."

XXXII

DAVIDSON nodded. He had guessed as much. Sonia Boronov, who had kissed him in Brigue that night!

"You knew?" asked Sonia, noting his gesture.

"I suspected after I'd found out where you had me locked up."

"I am like that—headlong, never any caution. I do mad foolish things on the spur of the moment—and then pay. I am like my father, who was a Don Cossack, a fierce, headlong soldier, who laughed when the rabble —— But I go too fast. But wait! What would you have done that night in Brigue if I had told you the truth?"

"That isn't fair."

"Why not?"

"Because I think that I would have done exactly as I did—then. Now if you had the crown jewels of Russia ——"

"You would have let me go? Why?"

"That is a dangerous question." He smiled. "Suppose you go on with the story."

"Very well. When my father married my mother, who was the daughter of an English officer stationed in India, he came to Moscow and opened up our home there. My father was rich in mines and farm lands. I spoke English before I spoke Russian. That is why I speak it so fluently. But my mother understood better than my father what was happening. He couldn't be made to believe that the soldiery would revolt. So mother began to cache her jewels—the pearls in one spot, the emeralds and other gems in another. I alone knew where."

"Where is Lubovin in this?" he interrupted.

"When he was a boy father sent him to France to learn the culinary arts. He was our chef. When he returned from Paris I did not like his eyes. Something in them that wasn't clean when he looked at me. I was young, but I grew afraid of him. I dared not tell my father, for he would have killed Lubovin for that look alone. Well, the debacle came. Lubovin, because he was educated, became a power. He shot my father and mother and carried me away. But there was so much murder to do, so much loot to acquire, that I had a temporary reprieve. I don't know how Lubovin found the emerald cache, but evidently he did. I was locked up in the Buterka, where I found Paul. Lubovin was one of the executioners. From time to time he must have got into Austria, where he disposed of his loot. He was providing for his future. One day he manhandled me. Paul knocked him down. Two days later, with the help of his men—two holding me and keeping my eyes open—Lubovin crucified Paul to a wooden post for that purpose. They always died—when they were crucified. Paul cried to me in English not to let them see me cringe. Well, the miracle happened. Paul is alive. Oh, so many hideous, terrible things! The winter wolves were kinder."

"Just tell me the story of the emeralds. And remember that from now on life will turn the other way," he said gently.

"The emeralds ——" she began. "But just a moment. I am a naturalized Frenchwoman. I was born in France, in the old Boronov hotel. The costume you saw me in that morning was Cossack, because I wanted the lawlessness of my blood to beat full swing. No mercy to you. But I am beginning to believe that the dominant blood is English. A Cossack is never sorry for what he does; I always am. My father used to make me wear that costume about the house every morning so that I would not forget that I was a Boronov. Perhaps the reason I went to Vienna is this—that there was in the back of my head the dim hope of a miracle happening—that the emeralds would fall into my lap. It wasn't anything sentimental, really. With those emeralds I could have lived in comfort all my life. Well ——"

XXXIII

SONIA, with her usual impulsiveness, had flown to Vienna because Ekaterina, who had been her nurse in the golden days, had written that on two opera nights she had seen the emeralds on the neck of the Baroness Sauer. It had not been an urgent letter, merely a commentary. Nevertheless, Sonia had gone to Vienna, hopelessly and bitterly, for a glimpse of the stones which had so often adorned her mother's lovely neck—yet dimly hoping for the miracle. The emeralds were hers, but even if she disclosed her identity—always concealed for the fear of Lubovin—her claims would have been laughed at. She had no documentary evidence that the emeralds rightfully belonged to her or that her family had ever possessed them, and verbal testimony was without standing in such a case. All the documentary evidence had been swallowed up by chaos, by the destruction, literally, of the Boronov palace in Moscow; and add that the civilized world had lost all interest in Russia and Russians, save to guard against the insidious red propaganda.

Arriving in Vienna, she at once recognized the futility of her journey. She dared not attend the opera; she dared not go into the streets except at night. She had known Lubovin as a power. He might have spies in Vienna. In Paris she was comparatively safe, having guardians who knew Lubovin.

She was for returning immediately to Paris, but the widow and her son prevailed upon her to remain a few days for old time's sake. She consented.

Ekaterina and her boy had escaped into Vienna just before the Terror found its swing, and were living in a little flat, if not with comfort, at least without hunger. One night Sonia and the widow sat by the kerosene lamp, mending, when Gregor burst in upon them hastily and breathlessly. Pale

"What's the big idea?" * * * "HOME-MADE CANDY"

Well now, that is a *real* idea—as everybody knows. But why take all that trouble, when here's Oh Henry!—all ready to eat—made the home-made way, out of the very things you'd use yourself. This is the way we'd do it if you invited us into your kitchen to make candy:

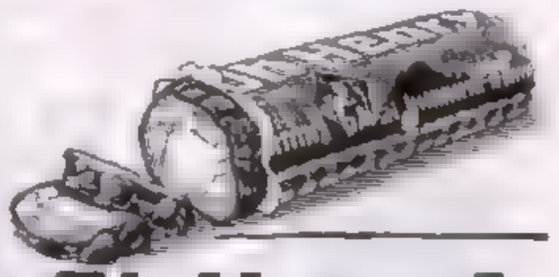
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

And the result would be Oh Henry!—home-like, rough hewn, generous, delicious—just as you'll find it on any candy counter, anywhere.



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

and embarrassed, he glanced from his mother to Sonia and back.

"What is it, Gregor?" asked Sonia.

"Barina," he said, with heaving chest, his fingers twirling his cap, "Fedor Lubovin is in Vienna!"

"Lubovin?" came from both women simultaneously.

A space of silence during which none of the three stirred; a tense little tableau.

"I saw him, Barina." Gregor's voice came through his lips thinly.

For Lubovin to these three was some figure out of the original phantasmagoria, out of Brocken. To have lived in contact with him for years, then swiftly to see the mask fall, revealing the monster! The revolutionary monster is never the dull, ignorant peasant; he is a man of intelligence, mental alertness, cunning, with a potent dash of insanity; the peasant merely imitates him. Sonia had seen the monster at work; Ekaterina and her son had absorbed the terrible pictures she had drawn for them. All three of them gave to Lubovin supernatural gifts; it was not impossible to them that this being should appear anywhere at any time.

To Sonia he went beyond the Terror; he was horror personified. Every time she thought of him she experienced the chill sensation of having touched a venomous snake. He had killed the bodies of those she had loved, but it was her soul that Lubovin sought to kill first. So long as he was alive and free, there were no restful nights for her. Had he merely wished to exterminate her, there were times in her adversity when she would have sought him and given her throat unto his hands. But he did not want her to die physically.

Sonia laid her work on the table. "I must return to Paris at once, Ekaterina. I must not draw misfortune to you and yours."

"No, no!" mother and son exhorted.

"He will find me and kill me." Sonia made the statement calmly.

Gregor clenched his fists. "Promise that you will stay one week more."

"If he sees you he will follow and find me."

"He will not recognise me. Please, one week more!"

"Why?"

"To learn what he is up to."

Sonia remained silent for a long time, balancing and weighing. "Very well," she said at last, "one week more."

"It must be known which way he goes when he leaves Vienna, Barina—whether he returns to Russia or starts for Paris. For your sake we must know that. Probably he comes to sell more loot."

"Then he will sell it. We are powerless to stop him. After all, Ekaterina, it was to see you that I came. The gems were only an excuse, though I would have liked to see them."

"Suppose I recover the loot."

"No, Gregor, the baroness has the emeralds. She would not wear them openly if she did not consider them lawfully hers. Russian loot—who asks or cares where it comes from? Lubovin probably sold them to her."

"Go to her and demand them," said the eager youth.

"And be shown the door? No, thanks. And that would simply disclose my presence here to Lubovin."

"I'll kill him!"—vehemently.

"And be hanged for it. Your mother needs you, Gregor. It is all impossible. We have no friends, no money—not enough to fight the baroness with."

Gregor bent his head, but secretly he knew what he was going to do. He knew where Lubovin was stopping—a shabby hotel by the river. He had made this discovery that day while leaving a passenger near by. He would set himself to watch Lubovin and find out what the man's presence in Vienna signified. But he must dissemble; neither of these two women must have the slightest knowledge of the purpose he was forming. Lubovin would be in Vienna with a purpose which must be known. The safety of his lady might depend upon this information. He was confident that Lubovin would not recognize him. Seven years had wrought a great change in Gregor Sergine. Taller, broader, with a crisp mustache, he felt that he could deceive Lubovin. Beast! Hyena!

"I promise to stay another week, only," Sonia stipulated, "on condition that you give up any mad project you are forming in your dear head."

"I promise," Gregor stoutly lied.

Gregor went about his affair with a good deal of skill. Getting out of Russia with his mother had ripened both his imagination and inventiveness. With infinite caution, he proceeded. In the end he invaded Lubovin's hotel and rented the room next. The partition was thin, so he could overhear much of Lubovin's conversations with his companion, one Rotbeck.

They were in Vienna for the daring purpose of robbing the Baroness Sauer of the very emeralds they had sold her. Neither Lubovin nor Rotbeck had any real knowledge of the valuation of precious stones. In the beginning they had not dared exhibit the gems for appraisal, their fear being not of the law but of the unlawful like themselves.

Originally they had got to the baroness through her butler, who had some faded Marxian notions in his head about property rights—willing to take her pay, but also willing to see her robbed if he got a percentage of the loot.

The baroness was greedy and rather unscrupulous, and she had offered sixty thousand schillings for the Boronov emeralds. Lubovin had disposed of them willingly at that price. Later, he was informed that he had given away a fortune, which rendered him furious. Lubovin was always in need of money; he was a gambler. So, with his companion, he plotted to rob the baroness of the emeralds, thence to Paris, where they paid proper money for such things.

Gregor, who rarely worked nights, came home regularly for dinner, amused himself at the moving-picture theaters or at the concerts, and got into bed about eleven each night. At twelve he stole forth to occupy his room in Lubovin's hotel.

He must have the date of this proposed robbery. He could not form any plan till he knew definitely the night and the hour. He went unarmed, not because he could not afford to buy small arms but because he would be compelled to answer troublesome questions before he would be allowed a permit. Yet without small arms he could not possibly contend with two such ruffians as Lubovin and Rotbeck. Merely to trap them and hand them over to the police would not serve. He must restore the emeralds to his mistress.

First, then, he set himself cunningly toward the task of acquiring a revolver illegally—in other words, to steal one. The owner of the garage where he stored his car when not in use possessed what Gregor had need of. In paying his petrol charges one day he had seen this automatic lying in a cubby-hole of the office desk. Now Gregor Sergine was well known and trusted in the garage. He drove a good car which Sonia had given him, and did not often pick up ordinary passengers. He took touring parties of four and six in and about Vienna and the country places, and his summer profits were enough to tide him through the winter.

On the fifth night of his vigil in the next room, he heard Lubovin speaking confidently in Russian—say that everything was arranged for the following night at one o'clock; that the wall safe was not in the boudoir but in the library on the main floor. There was a garden. Lubovin would do the work while Rotbeck would stand guard under the window.

Then Gregor's plan came to him. He must steal that automatic, whether it was loaded or not. So long as the other fellow did not know, a pointed pistol would be enough.

He had both tanks filled that afternoon and went into the garage office to pay the money. He chose a time when the proprietor was at his desk. The pistol was in its accustomed place. As he laid the schillings on the desk he maneuvered that some of the silver should fall into the proprietor's lap, thence to the floor. As the proprietor stooped, Gregor in a flash whipped the pistol out of the cubby-hole and transferred it to his pocket. Then he went home.

It was difficult to keep his excitement properly covered. His lady must not suspect anything. But if luck ran with him and he got the emeralds away from Lubovin, he had no doubt as to what her attitude would be.

Rain fell that night—a chilly September drizzle. Gregor, thrilling with the great adventure, played his usual comedy. Both his mother and his beloved mistress went about the household business methodically.

XXXIV

"IF I HAD only known!" said Sonia. "That dear, lovable, kindly boy! I should never have permitted him to make the attempt. But when he returned I was still young and human, and he swept me off my feet."

Gregor had left the car around the corner. At half-past eleven the flat was silent. He tiptoed out and drove across town, bringing up on a side street about a block from the Sauer residence. He got out and locked the car. A passing policeman would give it scarcely any notice.

He had found the automatic loaded, and was grateful. If put to it he could defend himself.

The street was empty. It was midnight. The house was dark. He climbed over the iron paling and dropped upon the lawn. He did not mind the rain; he was burning with excitement. To repay his mistress for all her bounty and kindness to himself and his mother! He crouched down behind some bushes and waited—waited till the chill rain had drubbed him numb. His eyes grew tired, too, staring at the iron pickets. But he knew that he would be alert and strong when the time came.

Suddenly he saw two dim forms on the other side of the paling. Then these two forms climbed over and, stooping, ran to one of the windows. Gregor watched, holding his breath. He heard nothing and could see but little. If he failed they would kill him. He knew that. Chance alone would decide. He rubbed his hands together briskly and thrust one into the pocket where the automatic lay. The metal was comfortably warm.

After what seemed an interminable wait he saw that Lubovin had rejoined Rotbeck. It flew into Gregor's mind that even if he got the emeralds, he would have to climb the fence afterward, leaving him more or less at their mercy. He bit his nails, feeling himself to be in a trap. If he now started for the fence they would fall upon him; if he waited and followed after them, there would be a street battle in which he could not possibly win.

What followed had a nightmarish touch. Gregor ran to the pair as they were mounting the fence. With the butt of the automatic he struck Rotbeck on the side of the head, felling him; then he seized Lubovin by the collar and dragged him back. To Gregor it was as if he had gone through all this before, in some other existence; he knew exactly what to do. Lubovin lost his balance and fell. He was not over his astonishment when he felt the cold touch of iron against his head and a hand rifling his pockets. By the time he got to his feet Gregor was dropping onto the sidewalk.

Lubovin was armed, but as he was not defending himself, he dared not shoot. Nevertheless, he acted with surprising quickness. Leaving Rotbeck to follow when he could, Lubovin scaled the fence and gave chase. For all his bulk, he could run.

Gregor made his car and got it started just in time to elude Lubovin's hand, but not Lubovin's eye. He saw the number of the car and the design, and looked wildly about for a taxicab, and of course there was none

At 2:30 Gregor was home again, and he thundered upon Sonia's door.

"Who is it?" asked Sonia.

"It is I, Gregor! I have the emeralds!" he shouted.

That brought out both the mother and Sonia precipitately. "Gregor, what have you done?" demanded Sonia.

He spun his tale rapidly, laughing. "Mother, I must take our lady to Geneva at once. Lubovin may have recognized me. He did not cry out so, but I have the feeling. He and Rotbeck will watch the railway station, so I must take our Barina in the car she gave. I can beat the train. The robbery may become known in the morning. Oh, I feel it! If he recognized me, he will surmise that you are near by, Barina. We have our passports; my automobile papers will carry me out of Austria into Italy or into Switzerland. Lubovin will not dream of us taking the road at this hour. I know he got my license and the make of the car. If we start now we'll be a good six hours ahead of him. You have money?"—to his mother.

"Enough, son, till you return."

"The emeralds!" whispered Sonia. "You took them—from Lubovin himself!" It was unbelievable. The miracle had happened.

"Hurry! Hurry!"

Sonia rushed into her bedroom and began packing her suitcases, while Ekaterina brewed some coffee which she put into a vacuum bottle.

"Good-by, little mother. Don't worry. Luck is with us." The boy kissed her, and with Sonia's luggage in his hands, pushed through the doorway, Sonia entrancedly following.

"There is this, Barina," said Gregor, once out of his mother's hearing. "They won't watch the station tonight. No trains to the frontiers at this hour. If he recognized me he will watch the four main exits. We go by the way of Linz."

The rain was still coming down, but that was in their favor. There was another favorable point—the robbery itself would not be discovered before morning. If Lubovin had taken the settings—which Gregor had not found upon him—it was probable that the theft would not be known for days. But if he had carelessly thrown them upon the floor, the next day's newspapers would have the tale so far as it related to the loss of the emeralds. In the garden, before and after his assault upon Rotbeck and Lubovin, Gregor had heard no sounds. Nor had he seen any lights in the Sauer mansion.

As they started off, Gregor explained his plans to Sonia. The road to Linz; from there he would drop down to Salzburg, thence into Italy—the new Italy that had once been Austria—then to Como up to Domodossola; a zigzagging trail which would confuse Lubovin, always supposing he picked up the trail.

"I am in your hands, Gregor."

The late hour made it possible to clear Vienna in half an hour, and they were soon on the main highway to Linz, which they calculated to reach the following noon.

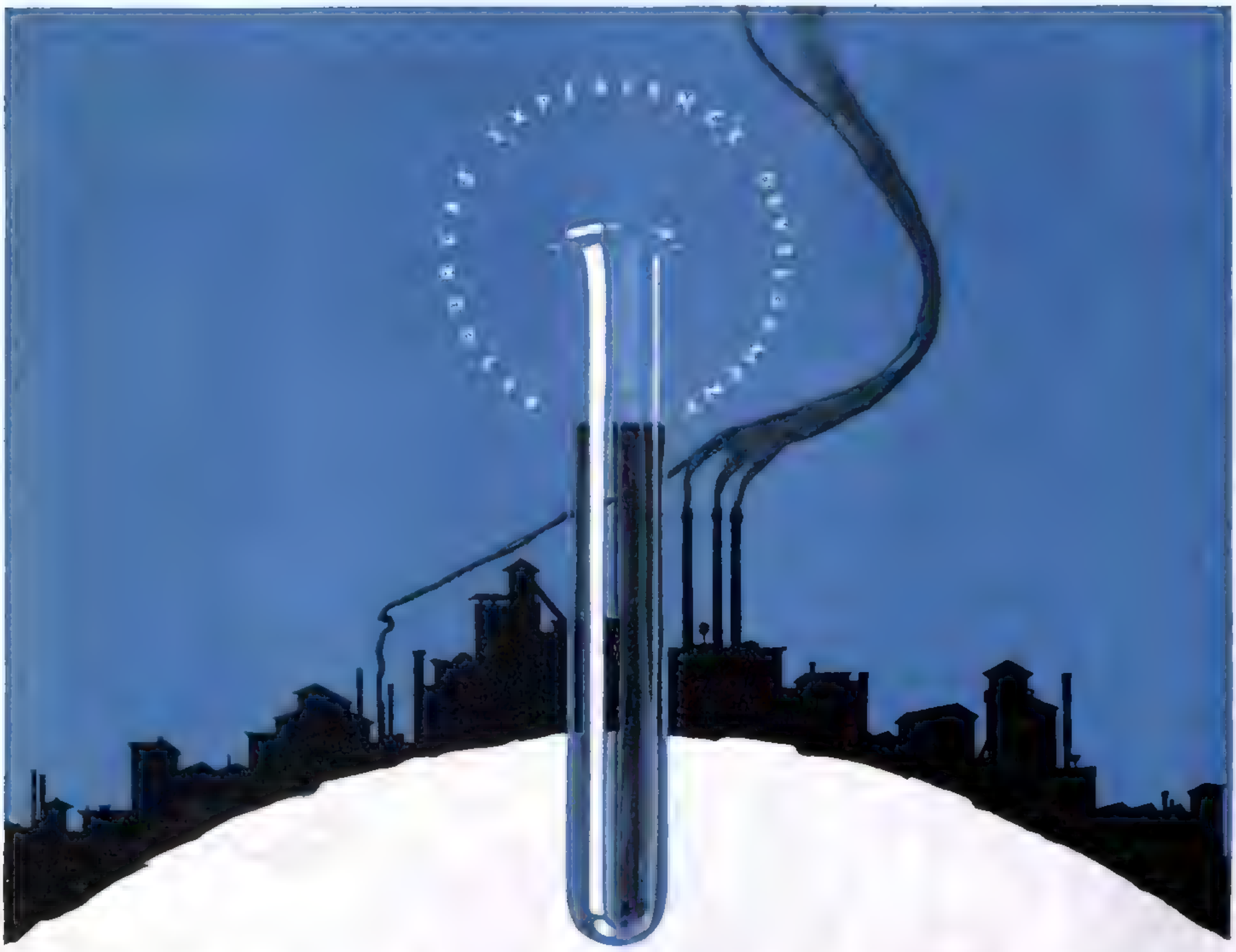
"Sleep, Barina," Gregor called back.

Sonia laughed. "Sleep? How can I when such a wonderful thing has happened? If it were not for the rain I'd ride beside you. You are armed?"

"Yes, Barina. The pistol is in the door pocket. But we shall never use it. There isn't a faster car in Austria"—proudly.

Nevertheless, Sonia was considerably bothered. What to do with the emeralds? She dared not carry them on her person. She could not hide them in the suitcases. Nor could she feel any safety in secreting the stones in some part of the car. There was always the chance of Lubovin giving her away to the police; since he could not enjoy the fruits of his robbery, neither should she. The emeralds were hers, but if she fell into the hands of the police it would go badly for her.

(Continued on Page 66)



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DU PONT

1802 — 1927

FRONTIER OF THE WORLD

IN that early America of one hundred and twenty-five years ago were the promises, yet unspoken and unrealized, of the incredible richnesses, the amazing store of the things we hold dear, in the America of today . . . yet even now, having passed that century and a quarter since 1802, *America is still young*, its pulse still quickened only by what lies ahead, its powers, like a young giant's just come of age, still unrealized. Today, in this young America, du Pont has found a scope of usefulness undreamed of when first this House was founded, a century and a quarter ago.

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A two-color replica of this map, without text, created by the well-known artist, Everett Henry, will be sent free on request. It is suitable for framing, making of lamp shades or for other decorative uses. Write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Wilmington, Del.

1802 ~ 1927

(Continued from Page 62)

Out of sentiment she had had a copy made of the necklace. She knew the necklace so well that it had been easy for her to draw it in correct proportions, and the Viennese were so clever with glass that the imitations would fool the casual eye. But even the imitations would offer peril should the police take a hand in the affair.

Her conscience was clear. The emeralds were hers. That the baroness had bought them from Lubovin, that she had worn them in public, did not change the rights of the true owner. But the Baroness Sauer was rich and powerful, and Sonia Boronov was only a leaf in the wind.

Three things were possible: That Lubovin might miss them entirely; that he might betray her to the police; that he might even now be following. The car was a notable one, and at all barriers might be more than casually inspected; and Lubovin would remember it—even the license number, as Gregor feared.

At five o'clock—having gone swiftly for nearly three hours—Sonia remembered the coffee which would help them to ward off sleep. She tapped on the window. "Gregor, stop for a minute and have some coffee."

Between them they drained the bottle; and as Gregor returned the cup and empty bottle, Sonia found revealed to her a rare hiding place. Who would think of looking into a vacuum bottle? So into the empty bottle she dropped the twenty emeralds and wadded them down with a small napkin.

Next she pried loose the false emeralds and threw the settings out of the window, ditchward. These stones she put into her handbag. That was as far as her invention would carry her.

In order to use the forged passport, in which she was Sonia Karlov, she had purchased a white wig. She had had herself photographed in it. These actions were obligatory in order that she should coincide with the description given in the passport. Always the abiding fear of Lubovin, to throw him off the track.

There was a tenacity about Lubovin; it was in evidence in all things that he did. While studying culinary art in Paris he had studied French with such thoroughness that he spoke fluently and with scarcely any noticeable accent. He had taken his part in the Terror with the same characteristic thoroughness. The memory of an elephant and the strength of a gorilla. He would never cease trying to find Sonia Boronov; he would search till he found her or one or the other died. Death to all those who had once given him orders! She felt him in the air, always; he was the only living thing she feared. And this fear was not born out of the possibility of death. The hot piggish eyes of the beast! The memory of the touch of his murderous hands!

She put on her wig and secured it. She would wear it till she reached Geneva. Besides, the false passport might add something to Lubovin's confusion.

Twice she demanded Gregor to release the wheel to her. He refused. She was not strong enough for so powerful a car, he said.

"But you must rest!"

"I can go three hundred kilometers without rest. I have done it."

At Linz the next day they stopped, had luncheon, got oil, gas and water, then set off for Salzburg. It was decided that they would rest in Salzburg by spending the night there.

"If I but knew the make of the car they'd be using!"

Both of them felt they were being pursued, which is the psychological twist to the minds of all and any who flee from something.

"Let's not bother about the bridge till we come to it," Sonia advised.

"Worry prevents carelessness, Barina. We don't know anything, so let us imagine that Lubovin is at our heels." The wisdom of this was so apparent that Sonia became silent.

Gregor knew his Salzburg; so he chose the old town, a small hotel and an independent garage, believing that Lubovin would first search the larger ones and those belonging to the hotels. Gregor and his lady would be off the beaten track—a temporary respite.

Sonia stepped over to the window of her quaint bedroom. Below was a slanting roof—probably the covering of a shop window. Gregor's room was across the hall. While he was gone to store the car for the night Sonia lay down on the bed to relax. She fell asleep, and out of this sleep she was later roused by a sharp knock on the door.

"Who is it?"

"Gregor! Open!"

She rose and flung open the door. She saw by his face and his heaving chest that something extraordinary had happened.

"Gregor ——"

"They are in Salzburg! I thought I'd do some scouting on the other side of the river. They had just arrived in a fast car. They saw me and gave chase; but I know this part of the city better than they do, and eluded them."

Sonia drew her hand across her heavy eyes. "How?"

"I don't understand," answered Gregor, discouraged. "Luck—the evilest kind of luck. He got our description by telephone. The car—the blue wheels—is so conspicuous. What are your orders, Barina?"

"We shall remain here till two or three in the morning, then slip away."

"In an hour he will know every hotel in Salzburg."

"They will not know where the car is. Oh, Gregor, it is I who am to blame. I never should have listened to you. I should have taken the train. We cannot go to the police."

"No; we have the Boronov emeralds." He laughed ruefully.

"My emeralds. Have you the pistol?"

Gregor's face became long. "It is in the car. I am sorry, but I dare not go for it now. You will leave your door unlocked. I shall sleep on the floor outside. You know the way to the garage."

"And if they find that?"

He smiled at her bravely. "Let us not cross any bridges before we come to them," he echoed.

"But please remember," interpolated Sonia, "all I had gone through and the hope that there still might be miracles—and that I had come upon one. It seemed so easy! In Paris I should be the Princess Boronov again. Debroese could swear to that. I should have had the Baroness Sauer precisely where she has me now. But Gregor ——"

"Why did you go back to him that night on the pass?" asked Davidson.

"To kiss his poor dead hands."

Davidson bent his head, an uneasy feeling in his throat. The Fantasie was still in his ears. How the human eye could misinterpret what it saw!

At ten o'clock that night, in Salzburg, Sonia, fully dressed, her suitcases packed, the vacuum bottle in one of them, lay down to get what sleep she could. Gregor, with a blanket, lay outside the door.

To Sonia it did not seem that she had been asleep ten minutes when she heard the door slam and in the dark perceived Gregor inside, turning the key in the lock. "They have found us!" he whispered. "Quick—the window! I'll get down first with the suitcases. You follow. Have no fear."

With the obedience of a sleepy child, Sonia acted upon every suggestion offered by Gregor. When she landed unhurt though jarred on the sidewalk in front of the shop window, Gregor picked up the suitcases and called to her to follow. He began to run. She ran after him, without feeling that she was running. Down this crooked street, through this black alley, winding and twisting, they reached the garage.

The garage was closed, but the proprietor lived upstairs, and a hundred-schilling note brought him down to the garage. Ten minutes later they were cautiously weaving in and out of the ancient streets. Soon they found a bridge across the Salzach and began the flight toward Italy, hoping that Lubovin's passport might not be visaed for entrance into that country.

The police would not now enter the affair; of this they were assured. Lubovin wanted the emeralds and something more. And pounding both Sonia's and Gregor's brains was the fact that Lubovin had his miracles too.

On through the night, mile on mile; ever and anon Sonia peered through the oval in the rear to see if there were headlights following. There were none, but this absence did not reassure her.

Lubovin was, in fact, two hours behind. Seeing Gregor and Sonia flying down the street, the boy hampered by the suitcases, Lubovin and Rotbeck gave chase, but soon became lost and were almost an hour getting back to their own car. Then they lost another hour by proceeding toward Switzerland. Again luck was with them. They turned back toward Salzburg and took the road to Italy.

These two shared the wheel; Gregor dared not trust Sonia in a race of this caliber. So the advantage was two to one against the leading car for all its margin of speed.

Besides, Lubovin knew that Sonia's objective would be Paris, and that the shortest way now was by the Geneva-Paris night express.

Once Sonia suggested that they get rid of the huge car—exchange it for one Lubovin might not recognize. But Gregor told her that his papers would not permit the exchange, and even if they would, the delay would be fatal. So on they thundered into the Dolomites.

There were side roads; but side roads in the mountains were generally blind; so they dared not slip into any of these to let Lubovin run by. Straight on they must go. They bought wine and food, but never stopped to eat.

When they reached the Italian frontier a soldier accompanied them into the village of San Candido, the military post. The examination of passports and car papers consumed nearly an hour.

The steel in these two began to bend dangerously. From San Candido to Cortina, through the lovely mountain passes which they were too eye-weary to notice. Como at last, then up to Domodossola.

They were both numb now for the want of sleep; and in passing the Swiss barrier, Gregor forgot to fill the radiator.

"The car went dead by the farmhouse," Sonia went on. "Gregor ran up for water, but found none, the house being deserted. Then he found some snow and was stuffing it into the hot-water tube, when Lubovin's car came into sight. Gregor jumped into the seat to get the pistol and Lubovin opened fire ruthlessly. Both bullets passed so closely that I could feel the wind of them The second one killed Gregor. I'd have given my life, rather."

"You mustn't take it so much to heart," said Davidson. "Who can look into the future?"

"But it all seemed so needless! There were a hundred ways of eluding Lubovin and keeping the emeralds."

"Those hundred ways appear to you now. None of them appeared to you then. That's one of life's little ironies. And what finer death could that boy have than to die in defense of his lady? But go on; tell me what happened next. It will relieve you and from now on it will begin to fade away."

Lubovin, having had no return shots, was certain that the game was in his hands, the race finished. He and Rotbeck left their car and came on a run to the other. A pocket light told everything.

But Rotbeck did a clever thing. He took Gregor's automatic, turned and fired two shots at his own car, these shots going through the windshield. He had his thoughts upon the future. He dropped the pistol on the floor at Gregor's feet.

"What did you do that for?" growled Lubovin, who thought of but two things—Sonia Boronov and the emeralds.

"I'll tell you later," said Rotbeck. "Let us hurry."

Lubovin reached in, caught Sonia by the arm and dragged her out. She was too numb to resist.

"Run up to that farmhouse," ordered Lubovin, "and see if anyone is there."

"It is empty," said Rotbeck. "Your shots would have brought them out."

"Take the suitcases then and follow me."

Still holding Sonia by the arm—a grip which left black-and-blue finger prints for days to come—Lubovin propelled Sonia up to the farmhouse, pushed in the door with his foot and dragged her into the dark with him.

"Here's a lantern," said Rotbeck, discovering it by the flash of his light. "Oil in it too. Farmer hasn't been gone long." Rotbeck applied a match to the wick.

Lubovin swung Sonia around so that he could look into her marbled face. "A wig! Well, here's Fedor Lubovin and the last of the Boronovs. Mine—to do with as I please!"

He flung her toward the cot. She stumbled and fell upon it, nerveless, thoughtless. She was so dull in mind and body that the old terror did not rise up in her. She just waited.

The two men broke into the suitcases, flinging everything about, including the vacuum bottle, which rolled to the leg of the cot and paused there.

"Look in the hand bag," suggested Rotbeck.

Lubovin dumped the contents on the table and gave a shout. "There they are!" He swiftly divided the loot and put his half into a pocket. "Clear out for a little while."

"No," said Rotbeck calmly. "Out there you committed murder; I have turned it into homicide—self-defense. Tie her up and leave her."

"What the devil is it to you?" roared Lubovin.

"It's my neck, comrade. I purpose to keep it. Harm this woman beyond the necessity of tying her, and it becomes murder again."

"My half of the emeralds if you step outside!"

"You fool! There are other women."

"There is only one Sonia Boronov."

"I say no! You can't kill me, Fedor. It would take too much time. I intend to take my share to Paris and live."

This argument entered Sonia's head and found translation. Almost at once her brain cleared. But she understood Rotbeck. It wasn't Sonia Boronov he was protecting; he was protecting his future pleasure.

"Come, don't play the fool. You can find her again. The Swiss and the Italians will remember you. Together, we have a chance—if you leave this woman alone. Truss her to the chair and give her a dash of chloroform. Let's get out of here before we lose all we've struggled for."

"Some day I'll pay you for this hour," said Lubovin.

"Tomorrow you will come to your senses. It's my neck, and the safety of yours is the safety of mine. To work!"

So they seized her and bound her to the chair, then applied the chloroform; and when her head drooped the two rogues scuffled out.

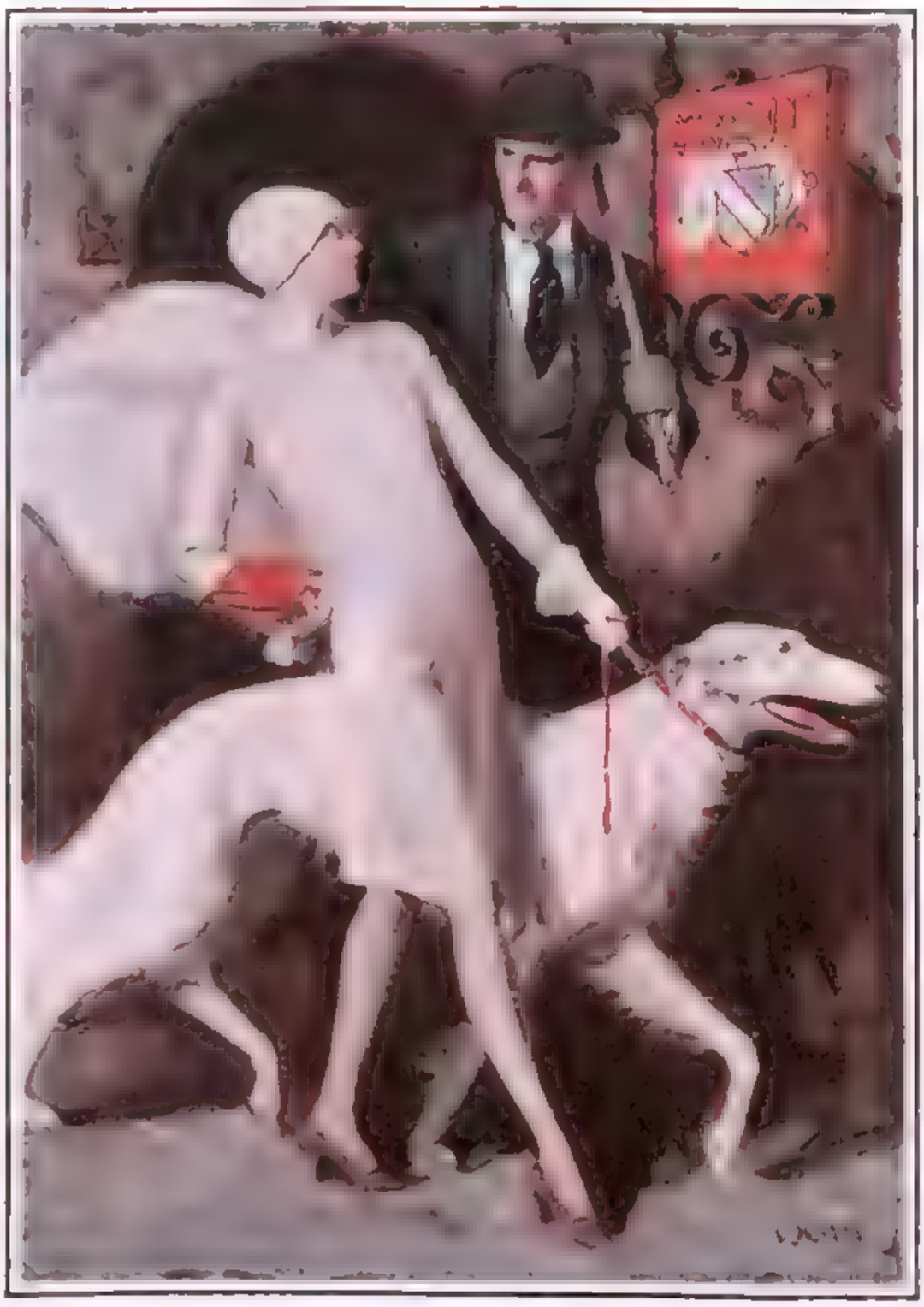
"If I had been armed!" cried Sonia. "To have fought and died with Gregor, whose useless death will always haunt me! . . . Well, when I opened my eyes I found them looking into yours."

"And I spoiled everything," replied Davidson.

"No. Just one more irony. If I had told you the truth, I had nothing with me to prove it."

"Your real passport would have; but something—isn't fate queer?—forbade me to examine it."

(Continued on Page 71)



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By George F. Johnson

I would like to tell you a little of my experience. Beginning at thirteen, I started to learn, and for the past fifty-six years I have continued to learn how good leather and shoes may be manufactured, and sold at fair prices, after fair wages and kindly consideration have been given to Labor—*the partner of Capital.*

People who buy shoes know very little about leather and shoes. Many people think that *price* determines *quality*—that a high-priced shoe is necessarily *intrinsically* better than a shoe at a lower price. This is a mistaken idea. Under certain manufacturing conditions and shoemaking practices many unnecessary expenses creep in which create no value. These are sometimes extravagant overhead costs. Sometimes they are wasteful manufacturing methods. Sometimes they are uneconomical buying practices.

Endicott-Johnson shoes sold at a low price represent the *highest intrinsic value.* They are sold closer to *actual cost.* Many people are deceived about shoe values.

The most important thing about a shoe is the outsole. *"A shoe is no better than the outsole"* —which expresses the wearing qualities.

There are poor parts in every hide. There is a place in the shoe for all parts of each hide; and they may be good shoes or poor, according to the way the leather and shoes are manufactured.

There is nothing in wearing apparel so deceiving as footwear. Hard service shoes require intelligent methods in tanning leather and manufacturing shoes. People who need the best shoe, in point of intrinsic value and wear, are the people *who must buy at a low price.*

Endicott-Johnson furnish *good values* in shoes made for all purposes. When you buy an Endicott-Johnson shoe, either for hard work or for dress, you are buying *value* in footwear. You are not paying for extravagant overhead costs that in no way add anything to the service, style or comfort of the shoe.

The strong features of Endicott-Johnson value in shoes are low overhead, rigid economy, efficient management, and the workmanship of skilled, efficient workers, who

are "partners" in the business. They share in the responsibility for delivering to you a *good product at a fair price*—with confidence that the buyers, as well as the makers, will receive a "Square Deal."

George F. Johnson

President, Endicott-Johnson Corporation

Sales Divisions

Endicott, N. Y. New York City St. Louis, Mo.

(Above) *Men's work shoes built for the hardest kind of usage. . . . A typical example of Endicott-Johnson superior leather tanning and wear-value in shoes. Elk leather uppers, with toughest of special-process outsoles.*

(Left) *Attractive and serviceable misses' shoes, very reasonably priced. Field mouse top with patent leather underlay. Orthopaedically designed for growing feet*

-JOHNSON

WHOLE FAMILY

$3 TO $6

according to size and style

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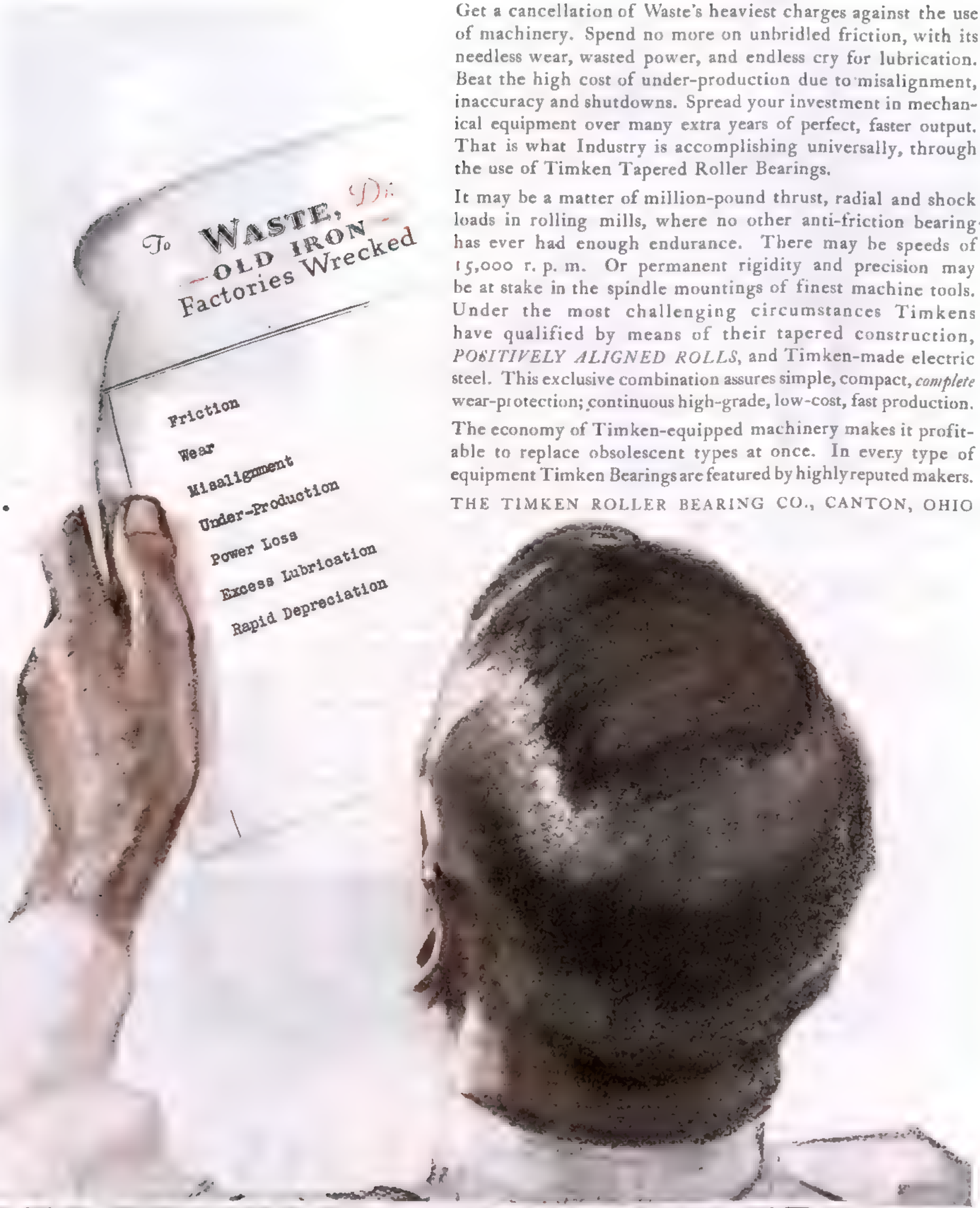
Get a cancellation of Waste's heaviest charges against the use of machinery. Spend no more on unbridled friction, with its needless wear, wasted power, and endless cry for lubrication. Beat the high cost of under-production due to misalignment, inaccuracy and shutdowns. Spread your investment in mechanical equipment over many extra years of perfect, faster output. That is what Industry is accomplishing universally, through the use of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

It may be a matter of million-pound thrust, radial and shock loads in rolling mills, where no other anti-friction bearing has ever had enough endurance. There may be speeds of 15,000 r. p. m. Or permanent rigidity and precision may be at stake in the spindle mountings of finest machine tools. Under the most challenging circumstances Timkens have qualified by means of their tapered construction, *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made electric steel. This exclusive combination assures simple, compact, *complete* wear-protection; continuous high-grade, low-cost, fast production.

The economy of Timken-equipped machinery makes it profitable to replace obsolescent types at once. In every type of equipment Timken Bearings are featured by highly reputed makers.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 66)

"You are a brave and kindly man." Her lips trembled.

"I was always puzzled about those bullet holes in the windshield of Lubovin's car. The mathematics were all wrong."

"I didn't think to speak about it. And yet I shall be grateful to that man Rotbeck, always."

"Yes. His sentiments weren't exactly Christian, but he saved your life. When they bring Lubovin to trial, I'll appear against him. Rotbeck has vanished."

"Let him be. And so long as I live I shall always remember that my first judgment of you was the right one. How we muddle things by letting education overcome our instinct!"

He remembered Molly's instincts which had read Sonia truly at the very beginning, while he

Davidson understood—the beautiful generosity, the fiery impetuosity, the reckless courage, the loyalty to those who depended upon her! Whenever in the future he heard the F Minor Fantasie he would see her as on this night. The two would always be inseparable. His kind of woman; and by the grim order of destiny, he had been shunted aside for this chap Mikailovitch or whatever his name was. The same courage there too. Tackling with one hand a gorilla like this Lubovin and nearly killing him! Oh, she had found a man, Sonia had! That was the devilish hard part of it.

"Who are these men who helped you?" He had to say something.

"Old servitors. They were young then. We used to spend the spring in Paris. One is a chauffeur, one is a baker, one is a tailor and one is a waiter. Any one of them would have killed Lubovin gladly and taken the consequences."

"I believe we both know," he said, "who tried to kill Lubovin the other night."

"Yes. . . . So you served France? That scar ——"

"I became an American soldier when we came in. A German bayonet in the Meuse-Argonne. Made something of a crab out of me. But how did you get out of Russia?"

"When Lubovin dragged me from the Buterka he was drunk and overconfident. I escaped. Even in those terrible days I found friends. At night I prowled about the rubble which had been my father's home. I found the pearls. For six months I wore them around my ankle. For six months I never had off my clothes. With indelible ink I made my face hideous. Only a little while before we met did the last vestige leave my cheeks. I was smuggled into Rumania. You have been so kind; on the pass, here in Paris. But for you I might never have seen my brother again."

"Your brother?"

"Why, yes, Paul is my brother—Prince Boronov."

To Davidson the walls bulged; the room seemed filled with dancing incandescent lamps; he was not sure of the floor. Her brother! He leaned forward with his head in his hands.

XXXV

SONIA, anxiously: "What is it? Are you ill?"

"No; only dizzy. I never could stand shocks. Paul is your brother?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he go to Debrosse?"

"Cossack pride. Women paid him to dance with them. And that sign on the gates told him the futility of going to Debrosse for help. Always remember, my brother believed me dead. He was indifferent to what became of him. This wasn't the Paris he had known. And then—Siberia—those years in Siberia!"

"But he would have found you at once if he had gone to the old agent."

"Another one of those little things we do not think of till afterward," replied Sonia with a sad little smile.

"I thought you were a thief and you thought I was!" Davidson laughed. "Like children, we'll always have to be told everything to understand anything. Poor blind moles, all of us! Yet there's my sister. She knew you in spite of all my facts. How simple everything is—when you're told!"

Something in his eyes—a joyous daredevil light—caused her to rise quickly and retreat till her back touched the piano, thus to hide the stolen photograph which was propped against her brother's. She was afraid. Why? And how would he react to this inexplicable mental flurry? What had happened to her, all in a minute? Her rise and retreat—like a child's gaucherie! Because he had looked at her as no man ever had before; or at least, she had never before been conscious. . . . She couldn't even finish a thought! She would have been very happy if, at this moment, she might have had the privilege of weeping. Oh, she was quite mad! But the change in his attitude. . . . If Ekaterina would only come in and break ——

"A prince!" said Davidson. "Why didn't he tell the *préfet*? Tomorrow he will be as free in Paris as I am. Your brother! Play something," he urged. He wasn't sure where this light-headedness might lead him. It was the only escape he could think of—to avoid taking her into his arms and smothering her with kisses. But he mustn't make that mistake twice. . . . Her brother! What a fool a man was, in the toils of love, imagining all sorts of dark alleys where there weren't any! "Play!" he repeated.

"What would you like me to play?" To ask him a banal question like that!

"Do you play the Barcarole?" She was free!

"Yes. . . . You like Chopin?" . . . She had kissed him; he had given it back so roughly that it had hurt her. Why hadn't she called for the knout? . . . He would be the kind who would like Chopin.

She heard him say: "I like good music. . . . What a beautiful head," he thought. "You were in the middle of the F Minor Fantasie as I came up. Do you know that you are a great musician?"

"I cannot play except for my friends. I was not trained to play in public. . . . The Barcarole, then." Perhaps the music would take that strange light out of his eyes.

"You owe me something, you know. Two days without tobacco, under that mansard roof."

"I'm sorry. How little we know of others till we know them!"

"You know me now?"

"Yes. But I don't quite recognize you in those clothes."

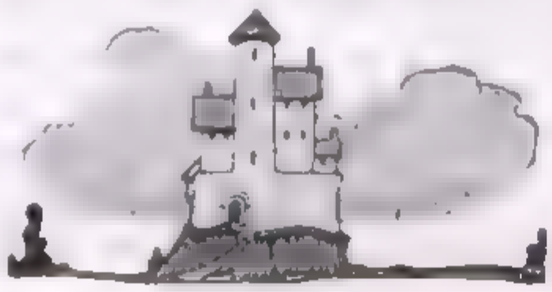
"What?"

"You should be in shining armor."

"Oh, pshaw! Play!" It was almost a command. He was becoming desperate. He stooped and hauled the Peke to his knees—Ling Foo, who had been gently whimpering for attention.

She immediately sat down before the piano, struck a few chords, ran a few trills, and knew with dismay that her mind and her fingers did not coördinate properly, not enough for a composition of such magnitude as the Barcarole. She began the Second Nocturne—since it was Chopin he wanted. By the time she reached the finale all her faculties had returned. With but a moment's rest she began the Barcarole, finishing it with all the brilliance she possessed. Then she fell away from his mood into one of her own. Schumann's Contrabandista, Grieg's Ballade with variations, Liszt's transcription of the Spinnerlied. Never had she played so well—to take the light out of this queer man's eyes.

She paused and turned. Davidson's eyes were closed. A minute passed. Stealthily she reached for the stolen photograph, to turn it face down, but Fate mocked her. She succeeded only in knocking both photos



to the floor. Davidson sat up, his eyes open.

"I—I thought you were asleep!" she said.

"I was dreaming. I dreamed that you and I went along the changing road forever." He rose, unmindful of the dog, and sat down beside Sonia on the piano bench. "Will you take the road with me? Sonia, Sonia, what I said that morning was true, is true. I love you. Will you take the road with me?" He caught one of her hands.

Suddenly she bent her head to the music rest. "Oh, I have been so unhappy! All alone! There were times when I wanted to die! My world had vanished!"

"But now?" He drew her into his arms. She did not repulse him, but she lifted her face and looked him squarely in the eyes. Fear—all kinds—was gone out of her.

"I am creature of impulses—wild, crazy impulses. I cannot even trust myself. I am Cossack. Sometimes I can be cruel. Do you want that kind of woman? Remember, this face of mine will some day lose what has attracted you. Is there enough inside of me to hold you?"

He kissed her. To be kissed by a strange beautiful woman in the dark of an Alpine village road will always give a man a thrill. To steal kisses from women who neither mind nor care is like a puff of smoke. But to have one's kiss returned by the woman one loves is humanity's one glimpse into paradise. Davidson in that moment had his glimpse.

"Sonia, you love me! How could it happen?"

"I knew it one minute after you took that kiss—and you hurt!—that morning."

Which informed Davidson that his education in relation to women would proceed no further; that, in fact, he would remain a child all the rest of his life. But in this instance Sonia helped him a little.

"Perhaps it was because I knew that you would have taken that kiss in the face of a knouting." She drew his head down and kissed the scar.

"Let's go for a walk in the streets—the stars, the lamps and the night!" Davidson sprang to his feet. "I feel cramped!"

"Ekaterina?"

"Yes, Barina," came from the kitchen.

"I am going for a walk."

A little later the two of them went down the two flights of stairs noisily. On the sidewalk they paused, undecided which way to go.

"Let's go toward the river," he suggested.

"Always, whichever way you say. Oh, the stars and the night! It is spring again, and I feel it!"

As they started off, arm in arm, he began to plan. The old boy could be made to take the brother into the bank. Well, rather! It wasn't every American branch that could boast of a live prince behind its counters. . . . Prince Boronov. . . . They would be married at the embassy; then a honey- - in America. New scenes would be best for both of them. He would fix up the old Boronov hotel and they could spend May and June in Paris. But America first, with Charlie at the wheel; for Charlie had become a habit.

Sonia had no plans. She waited for this man of hers—strangely and tragically found—to tell her his, for his plans would always be hers. She was not American; she was only Russian and English. But she would always be a little afraid of fogs if he were not at hand to see her through. Unconsciously she pressed his arm, and he began to whistle melodiously.

"That is tuneful," she said.

"Victor Herbert—the light-opera composer."

"What is it called?"

"Kiss Me Again."

"Well—if you like!"

They laughed. The road was wide and beautiful and for a while there would be no turns. He put his arm around her waist and kissed her, and she returned both gestures.

Why not? In Paris nobody minds.

(THE END)

It's Easier to SAVE Your Car Than Trace It

IF you've ever had a car stolen, you'll know how true this is—what trouble, worry and, at the end, financial loss always follows a stolen car. Even theft insurance can never make the loss of your car something to be considered lightly.

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PEOPLE VERSUS DEVINE

Continued from Page 25

"Listen. The runners are after him like wolves, but I can get him for you. Here comes another runner in the door. Listen, let me snap an offer at him, will you?"

"I'll call you inside of ten minutes at the station house. Good-by."

He put down the receiver, buttoned his collar, and picked up the telephone again. "Hello," he said in a moment. "Is the judge home yet?"

"Who is calling and what about?" said a female voice.

"Tell him it's Fat Ben, Norah, darling."

"Oh, they're down in the dining room playing cards. I'll put on a wrap and call him."

"Hello, Ben."

"Hello, judge. Judge, there's a young friend of mine been taken in by the police up in the Bronx, and it's really a very pitiful case or I wouldn't disturb you. I don't want him to lay in the station house overnight. It seems his aunt is in bad shape and is liable to pass out any minute, and he ought to be home."

"What's the charge?"

"Felonious assault."

"Stickup?"

"Nothing like that, judge. Just a case of hot blood and maybe a cold bottle. You know how a battle starts at this hour."

"Has he a record?"

"Absolutely not. A good clean-cut American kid, judge. Send him home to his aunt, judge."

"I'll admit him to five thousand dollars bail."

"Thanks, judge. I'll have him at your house with the papers in an hour. Say, judge, about that bail. You would just as soon make it ten or fifteen as five, wouldn't you? That is, if after having a talk with him, I think he ought to be held in more money—know what I mean?"

He hung up, pulled himself back into his jacket and started for the door. He remembered that he should call his runner. While telephoning Connors his somnolent eye dwelt on business cards of Ambrose Hinkle, counselor-at-law, that were on his table. He put a few cards in his pocket for distribution; his own pasteboards, he knew, were accorded honorable place in Little Amby's legal den on Centre Street. One hand washes the other.

The Minute Man closed his door behind him and fared forth again into the silent streets.

II

"WHAT do you want for it, Ben?" asked Ma Bonn, the virago who ran the well-known curiosity shop near Jefferson Market. She tilted the bracelet and jiggled it, admiring the lights that played in it.

"Twelve and a half to you, ma," said Fat Ben. "That just lets me out."

"I'll do seven and a half," she said quickly. "No more."

"Sold," said Ben discontentedly.

She went to her cash register, took out seven dollars and a half, and paid that sum down on her counter.

Fat Ben's great face drooped over the money. He stared at it as if the coins and bills were extraordinarily rare collector's pieces. Then he looked aside at Ma Bonn.

"Did you mean twelve hundred and fifty dollars, Ben?" she chuckled. "It's a pretty bracelet, but there's what it's worth."

"Only good to pinch-hit with, eh?" he said slowly.

He shrugged his huge shoulders and picked the money up. He took Ma Bonn's word. He dealt with her frequently, selling her the loot that he took as collateral. She was a professional receiver of stolen goods and bore an excellent reputation in the trade.

Ma Bonn was already at her show window, giving a prominent place to the bracelet in a display of jewelry.

"Seven and a half," said Fat Ben. "Ma, that gadget set me back a grand. I give you my word. A judgment against me on a forfeited bond I wouldn't mind, but when it's against the company and no collateral put up, I got to make good."

He looked at his watch and hurried from the shop. He had an appointment for two in the afternoon with Counselor Ambrose Hinkle at his office in Centre Street, opposite the Tombs, and he did not care to keep the acidulous little shyster waiting. And at five minutes to two he was shouting "Hello, Tug, my old tomato; what's the word?" to the burly ex-bruiser who guarded the front door of the dingy little house on Centre Street.

"Time!" bawled Tug Gaffney, leaping back and putting up his hands for a burlesque attack on the bondsman. "Well, well, if it ain't Tiny Tim himself, all grown up! What do you know, Ben? Sure he's in. Right up the winding stair, bug."

"He's expecting you," said Moe Cohen, the managing clerk in the outer office on the floor above. "Go right in, Finkel."

Little Amby, standing at his window with his dapper little legs apart and his small paunch thrust out, staring into the gray of the great city prison across the street, glanced over a smartly tailored shoulder at Fat Ben, but voiced no greeting. Fat Ben seated himself beside a young man who was slouched down in a leather easy-chair. Whispering so as not to disturb the brooding genius of the place Fat Ben said, "Hello, Joe, my old tomato; how goes it?" And he seized Joe Devine's nearer thigh and shook it.

"Devine tells me he hasn't got the bonds," said Little Amby, his black eyes flicking Fat Ben.

"That's not what I heard last night," said Fat Ben, scandalized, and pulling away from the young man. "What's this we're hearing? Is he claiming he's been jobbed? Look here, young fellow, what about those two friends of yourn we dug up last night to give me a collateral bond? Are they a couple of phonies? Can they make good for ten thousand dollars? Tell me like a candid friend."

"Certainly they can," said Joe Devine, somewhat confused by the shifting of the inquiry. "What Mr. Hinkle means is that you told him I had confessed to robbing my aunt. That's not so. I'm absolutely innocent."

"Oh, that's all right about being innocent," said Fat Ben comfortably. "It don't make any difference to the International if you are guilty or innocent, so long as your bond is solvent. In fact they would even rather have you innocent."

He looked at Little Amby, coughed, and said hastily, "But that is only for purposes of the bail, Joe, you understand! For the purposes of a lawyer, he would rather have you guilty, and then you got fall money."

"Dry up," snapped Little Amby, halting what promised to be a frank exposition of the principles of the law business as carried on in the little house on Centre Street. He stalked back to his huge, brass-bound desk of gleaming mahogany, lit a gold-tipped cigarette that he took from an onyx case, and tossed the match, with a twinkling of diamonds from the several rings on his hand, into a box of Russian brass from Allen Street. "Why were you in your aunt's house last night, Devine?"

The young man—he was about twenty-five, long and weedy, and with a manner subdued by fright—sat up quickly in his chair, as if he had been called to order. "Why, it was about the bonds, sir. I thought she ought to reinvest the money."

"And you quarreled about that?"

"We didn't quarrel. You see, the money really belongs to me. My aunt is the trustee of my mother's estate—she's my mother's sister—and she is supposed to take care of the money until I'm thirty. Under my mother's will I got ten thousand dollars when I was twenty-one, twenty thousand just lately when I was twenty-five, and the rest, which is a little over forty thousand dollars, when I'm thirty. Naturally, being a woman, she knows nothing about business opportunities, and she leaves the money lying in these 4 per cent bonds. I thought she ought to invest the money in some good stock where there would be a chance to take a profit. Everybody knows the market is on the make just now."

"Are you in touch with the Street, Joe?"

"I've dabbled a bit, yes. Made money, too."

"Have you got it?"

"Well, I lost it again."

"What stock would you have liked your aunt to invest in?"

"South American mines are all the go on the Street just now, and I had a chance to get in on the ground floor of Golconda del Sur, which is said to be the biggest thing ever brought in from Colombia, particularly for emeralds. There's a limited amount of treasury stock being put out to finance the sales campaign to the general public, and I could have got some of that."

"Were you thinking of putting the whole forty thousand dollars into that stock?"

"I had to put it all in or none. As Mr. Flexman said—Flexman & Ritter, the big brokers and promoters—what he wanted was cash, and not the Tri-State Metals stock that I had, but in as much as I didn't want to hold the Tri-State Metals, he would take it at par in exchange for Golconda del Sur, if I would put up the balance in cash. So it was really my opportunity to make a wonderful investment and to work out of Tri-State Metals at the same time."

"Has this Tri-State Metals stock any value?"

"Not just now. It was worth a dollar a share when I bought it from Mr. Flexman, but just now it's a speculative stock. However, Mr. Flexman has still faith in it that it will go to a hundred dollars a share eventually, but he says that if I don't want to wait he will take it in exchange for shares in his new issue."

"What bonds are these your aunt has?"

"Interurban Transit. They're very good bonds indeed, but no speculation about them at all. Well, I say they're very good bonds, but from what the company just wrote me, they don't look so wonderful. You remember those forgers and counterfeiters that were caught up in Connecticut manufacturing a lot of Interurban Transit bonds? It was in the newspapers. Well, the company wrote me that these counterfeiters had floated a great many of the forged bonds, and for the sake of the honest bondholders and to aid the authorities, the company wanted the good bonds brought in and marked for identification. So they asked me to bring the bonds down to their Beaver Street office."

"I remember reading about that mob of forgers," nodded Little Amby, frowning. "They were arrested in Bridgeport, weren't they? Yes, I read that in the newspaper. The company wrote to you?"

"They probably didn't know that my aunt was my trustee. I sent her the letter. She wrote the people in Beaver Street that if they wanted to see the bonds, they could call on her in her own home but that she wouldn't go all the way downtown. She lives way up on West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street. So she got the bonds out of her box in the One Hundred Thirty-fifth Street Trust Company and had them in the house."

"You went around there last night, because you knew she had these bonds in the house?"

"Yes, and because we got that letter from the company. That made me think the bonds weren't so very safe and negotiable, and I thought it would be a good time to talk to her about Golconda del Sur—when she had the bonds out. You know how a woman is, you got to snap her up the minute she says yes."

"But she didn't say yes?"

"No."

"And that's why you quarreled with her."

"I didn't quarrel with her."

Little Amby surveyed the young man's cheap suit and wrinkled shoes. "How much money do you owe, Devine?"

"I don't owe any money."

"Not a dollar?"

"Well, maybe a few dollars to friends."

"Have you pawned anything lately?"

"No—well, just the few things the police found the tickets for in my pocket."

"Were the few things yours?"

"Certainly. What do you mean?"

"Including the silver teapot?"

"Why, yes. That was my mother's."

"And she left her entire estate to your aunt, in trust."

"Well, was I to go hungry?"

"Did you ask her for money?"

"Yes—no, not last night. We just sat and talked, and then I went home to my room up on White Plains Avenue."

"Why didn't you ask her for money?"

"She wouldn't give me any until it was due."

"How do you know?"

"Didn't I ask her? I mean, she told me so."

"And that's why you quarreled."

"We didn't quarrel, I tell you!"

"Don't equivocate about this, Devine. You're in the hands of your friends and we're going to pull you through, but we want you to come clean with us. Don't be ashamed or afraid; you won't say anything this room hasn't heard before. See here, one of the affidavits on which the information was laid was by your aunt's maid, and she swears she heard your threats to your aunt, and that is why she ran out to get a policeman. That's mighty strong evidence of the quarrel, Devine. That girl had no object in lying. She didn't know who you were. Miss Darrell, your aunt, had just hired her an hour before, so that she was a stranger to all of you. You'd have been taken in *flagrante delicto* if she hadn't been involved in some delay about getting the cop. As it was, it was too late. Your aunt was lying on the floor with a fractured skull and you had blown with the bonds."

"Mr. Hinkle," said Joe Devine, with a dry sob, "it's a lie. I don't know who that girl is or what her object is, but she's lying. I had no part in this. I didn't quarrel with Aunt Abbie. I didn't say one harsh word to her. I didn't. I didn't!"

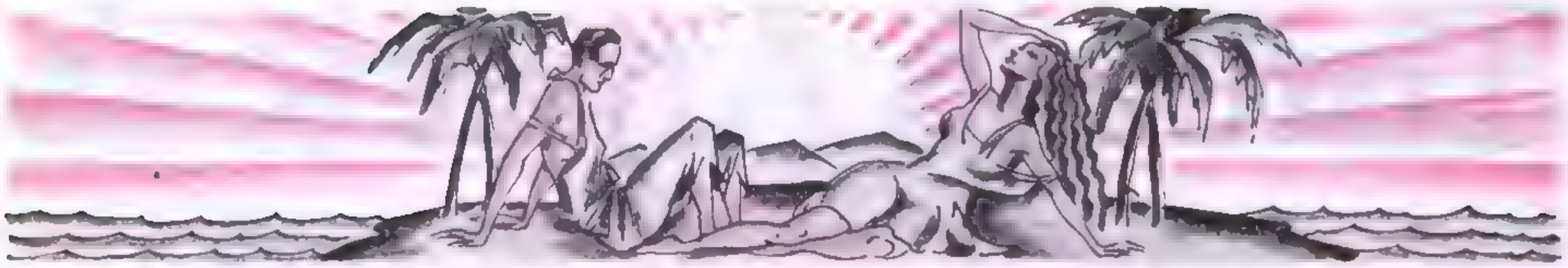
"Is that your story?" said Little Amby sternly. "Very well, Joe, we'll proceed on that basis."

He rose and strolled to the window, drawing Fat Ben after him by the flirt of an eyelid. Joe Devine slumped into an apathetic posture again. "How does that check up with his story of last night?" mumbled Little Amby.

"I only talked to him about the bond. It was my man Connors gave me to understand Devine had made admissions."

Fat Ben dismissed the Devine case with a condescending grin, and said: "But that reminds me of something I wanted to talk to you about. A party calls me up last night and wants to know will I go up to the station house and take out a couple of boys belonging to Stitch Cilian, a client of mine. Well, I go and take them out on the cuff, and then it turns out they are not Stitch's boys at all, and he didn't call. So we talk compromise, and one of these bums gives me a diamond and emerald bracelet, with the understanding that it is worth big money and I call it square. Just now I bring it over to Ma Bonn's to cash it and get back the grand I will be bit for when the bail bonds are forfeited, and she says it is fair value for seven dollars and a half. Am I a lobbygow that they do this to me? What can I do to those two bums when I dig them up? Look in the book, Amby. Can I put them in the big house?"

(Continued on Page 77)



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Gabriel's tremendous advance in public demand and the favor of motor car dealers was well-nigh inevitable.

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FOUR SPEED TRANSMISSION

FOUR WHEEL BRAKES LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC

$1595

(CHASSIS F.O.B. DETROIT)

(Continued from Page 72)

"Sing Sing? I'm afraid not, Ben. There's nothing in the book that applies to your case. It's like a bet with a welsher that can't be collected except with brass knuckles; it's a settled principle of law—*res adjudicata*, as you might say—not to adjudicate between crooks. Now, I know without asking that you gave those men a fearful trimming on their bonds, and charged them two or three times the legal 3 per cent, and that would look pretty poor in court. If you come up with them, surrender them and cancel the bonds, but don't expect to prosecute them. A jury would find it against public policy and the mind of the legislature to punish a man for beating a professional bondsman. It is what we call *damnum absque injuria*."

"That goes double!" said Fat Ben heartily, liking the sound of the Latin phrase.

Moe Cohen entered and went to the men by the window. He said, tendering his master a pleading in another case, "There's an order out to recommit Devine."

"The aunt is dead?" interpreted Fat Ben. "I'll take him right over to the Tombs and turn him in. Those sureties may be very good, but I would rather have my money than a very good lawsuit. I cannot afford to take chances. Come on, Joe."

"Your aunt ——" began Little Amby.

Joe Devine half rose, lifting himself by his arms. His mouth was open and his eyes were pitiful. But the blow fell on a surface already numbed, and his reaction was not clear; his emotion could have been read as mere terror. "She's—she's gone?" he quavered, putting out an uncertain hand.

"Yeah," said Fat Ben, slapping him on the back. "Gone she is, Joe, my old tomato. Where's your hat?"

"There's a man outside wants to talk to Devine about a policy of burglary insurance," said Cohen.

"He won't need a policy," said Fat Ben. "Where he is going there are lots of burglars, but he won't need insurance. Let's go, Joe."

III

A PRETTY Polish maid showed Little Amby to the door of the dwelling that had belonged, in her lifetime, to Miss Abbie Darrell, late of the County of New York, deceased.

"I want you to come down to my office on Centre Street tomorrow morning, Marie," he said.

"Yes," she said, smiling and nodding. "What?"

"Tomorrow—do you understand? Tomorrow."

"Yes!" she exclaimed again. "What?"

"Maybe you can hear through this," he said, drawing an ear trumpet from his pocket and offering it to her. The object plainly puzzled her. She put it to her eye, and then, laughing, said, "Fong?"

"No, it's not a phone," he said, apparently pleased; "but that's the best guess you've made yet. I'll be up here again with an interpreter and a megaphone."

On his way down to his office he stopped in to see Ma Bonn at Jefferson Market. They were old acquaintances. Seeing the lady reminded him of what Fat Ben had told him, and he spoke of the bondsman. Ma Bonn showed him the bracelet.

"Hello," said the little advocate, turning the bracelet about.

"You too?" said Ma Bonn curiously. "What's strange about that piece of pinchbeck? That young wop outside the window there has been looking in several times and he's been eying up that bracelet."

Little Amby looked through the show window and saw the two dark young men for whom Fat Ben had gone bail; their identity was, of course, unknown to the lawyer. They peeped furtively into the shop; their eyes followed Ma Bonn's motions as she replaced the ornament in the window.

The one who had called himself Tony Valent swaggered into the shop, followed, with some reluctance, by Frank Campola. "Let's see that bracelet," demanded Valent of Ma Bonn, who had walked away with Little Amby.

She said, under her breath, "Snipes," and went forward to wait on them.

"What do you want for it?" asked Campola.

"Thirty-five dollars," said Ma Bonn.

Valent said, "See?" and spread his hands. Campola looked at him with a sneering scowl. "Can we look at it?" he said.

They walked to the other show window and talked in suppressed tones. They were standing close together. Suddenly Valent sprang away with a choking cry of fear, and Campola turned and bolted from the shop. Valent recovered himself and ran after him, fell down the single step into Sixth Avenue and got quickly to one foot and one knee. Ma Bonn, looking through the show window, saw him point and fire a revolver after the vanished Campola, and then leap up and fly in pursuit.

She looked about for Little Amby and saw the lawyer coming from the rear of the shop. Always a physical coward, he had retired rapidly at the first sign of violence. He came forward, picked up the bracelet from the floor, and said, steadily enough, "You must offer wonderful values, Ma, when your customers try to kill each other. So this is what Fat Ben went a thousand dollars bail for, eh? Let me have it for a day or two, Ma, and I'll sell it for you."

"Here comes a flattie," she said warningly. "Better go out the back way if you don't want to answer questions. They have probably grabbed those two snipes."

Little Amby departed hastily by the rear as a uniformed policeman entered the shop. The lawyer went to Fat Ben's office and found the bondaman at his desk. Little Amby accepted a cigarette graciously, and said, "I was just over to Ma's. She showed me that phony bracelet that that scoundrel passed on you, Ben. A thing like that is enough to make a man's blood boil. Ben, if you ever come up with the villain that did that to you, give me the handling of the complaint just as an office of friendship."

"Then you think you can do more to them than curse them out like you said the other day?" inquired the bondsman. "Just a minute."

The telephone had rung. "Hello. . . . Yes, this is him. On the wire. . . . What's that last? . . . Oh, no, my boy. I say absolutely no! I don't write any bonds for Stitch Cilian unless he tells me so himself. You say you're over at the Mercer Street station house. What are you grabbed for? . . . The Sullivan Law, hey? Well, that's nice. Who are you and what's your name? . . . I can't hear you. . . . What do you mean, 'Never mind the name'? I want to know who you are . . . You say I know you? Well, then just a minute."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece of the instrument and turned a bright face to Little Amby. "Here's one of those two bums calling me up now! He's over in Mercer Street for packing a rod. Do you call that luck?"

"Play him," whispered Little Amby. "Tell him you'll take him out if Stitch will guarantee you. Get the goods on Stitch."

"I didn't get that name right, but never mind," said Fat Ben to the instrument. "Whatever Stitch says is good enough for me, but where is Stitch these days? I haven't seen him around lately. . . . How's that? Let me get this down."

He scribbled some notes on the back of a bond, promised to busy himself in the prisoner's behalf, and hung up.

"Here is the idea," he said, explaining his notes. "This man says he does not know where Stitch hangs out these days, but if I will go to the Merchants Central Building on Vanderbilt Avenue and ask the information desk for a Mr. Pumfrey, I will find out where Stitch is. And I will have just one thing to say to friend Stitch and that is to hand over to me that other little bum that jumped his bail; and then I will stick them both in the Mercer Street station house, and then I will talk business to them. Never again will I take Stitch's O. K. and let a man out on the cuff. Do you blame me?"

"I think you're dead right, Ben," said Little Amby. "Are you going right up to Vanderbilt Avenue? I'm going with you. I'm going to the front for you in this, Ben. Let's grab a cab."

"It is not like as if Stitch was a poor man and had to rob to get along," said Fat Ben injuredly, as they rode northward in the cab. "Why, what I hear, he is worth fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Maybe more. Well, he can put a little of it up as collateral now."

"We won't take his collateral immediately," said Little Amby. "We'll get the other fellow that you bailed out that night and when we have both of them in the coop and when Stitch admits they're his people, we will see about taking collateral."

The cab halted at the Merchants Central Building, an enormous new office building in the rapidly expanding Grand Central zone. They failed to find the name Cilian or Pumfrey in the wall directory of the building's twelve hundred tenants, and cast about for the information desk. "Room 2210!" snapped, instantly, the past master of mnemonics who ran the information desk for thirty dollars a week. They had asked for Mr. Pumfrey.

"Perhaps we had better not go up together," suggested Little Amby discreetly. "I believe this Stitch Cilian is a highly nervous individual. I'll wait for you down here."

He lit a cigarette and stood by the information desk. Fat Ben boarded an express elevator and was whisked up to the twenty-second floor, where he quickly located Room 2210. On the ground glass of the door was lettered Silas Pumfrey, Registrar of Bonds.

"What's this?" muttered Fat Ben. "Since when is Stitch bonding?"

He tried the door and found it locked, and then noticed a small card announcing that someone would be back in fifteen minutes. He waited.

The elevator doors clashed; he turned, expecting to see Stitch Cilian approaching. But the passenger who had alighted from the car was a little old lady in black silk and carrying a leather hand bag. She stopped when she came to Room 2210 and peered up at Fat Ben.

"Locked, ma'am," said Fat Ben. "He'll be right back."

"Is this the office of Mr. Pumfrey, the registrar for Interurban Transit bonds?" she asked carefully. "I wish to make very sure, because I have the bonds with me, and they're just the same as money, you know. They're negotiable. Do you know anything about it? Oh, dear, I hope he won't forget to come back, because I've come such a ways, and it makes me uneasy to carry these bonds around."

"You have them with you?" asked Fat Ben.

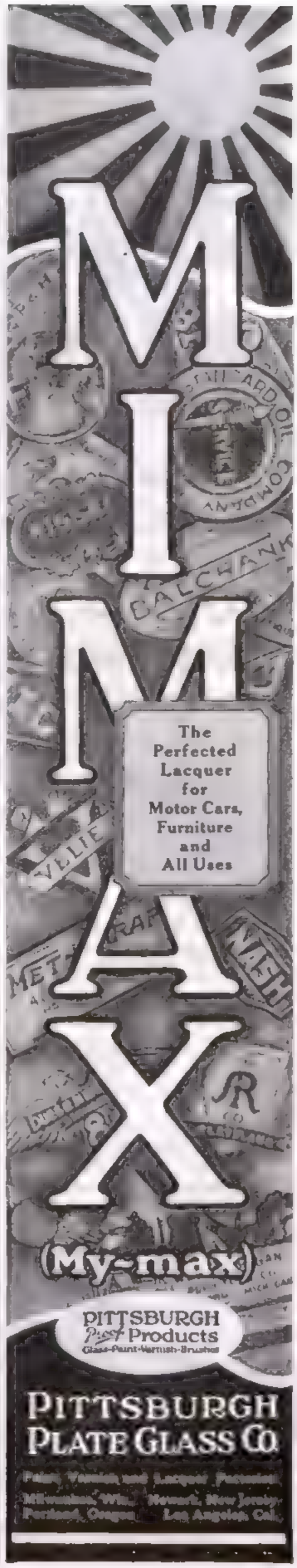
"Yes, here they are," she said, opening the bag, drawing out a package of bonds and putting them into Fat Ben's hands. "Oh, dear, I'm so glad I got here with them. I was told not to talk to strangers, but really one must talk to somebody, if only to ask one's way and explain what one is about. My daughter says that I tell my business to everybody." She laughed gently.

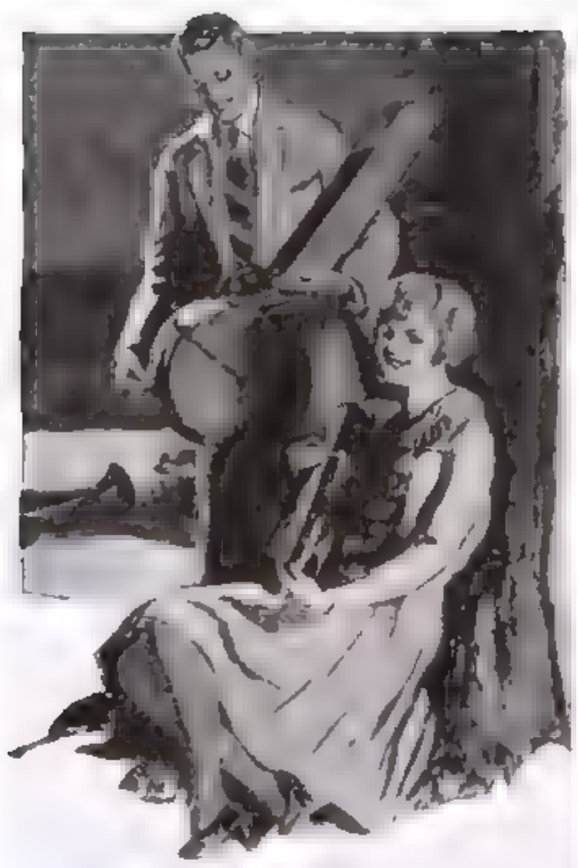
"Who was it told you to come here with them, ma'am?" asked Fat Ben. "You have quite a nice little group of bonds here."

"Twenty-four thousand dollars' worth," she said. "Why, I got this letter from the company, so I came right in." She handed Fat Ben an opened letter:

MRS. JANET CLEPHANE:

Dear Madam: Our books show you are a holder of our bonds to a considerable amount, and we are very anxious to protect you from any trouble. It has, maybe, come to your attention by the newspapers that a mob of forgers in Connecticut are putting down forged bonds of ours, and making trouble for lawful abiding holders like yourself. So as to help you and also the police authorities, we are arranging





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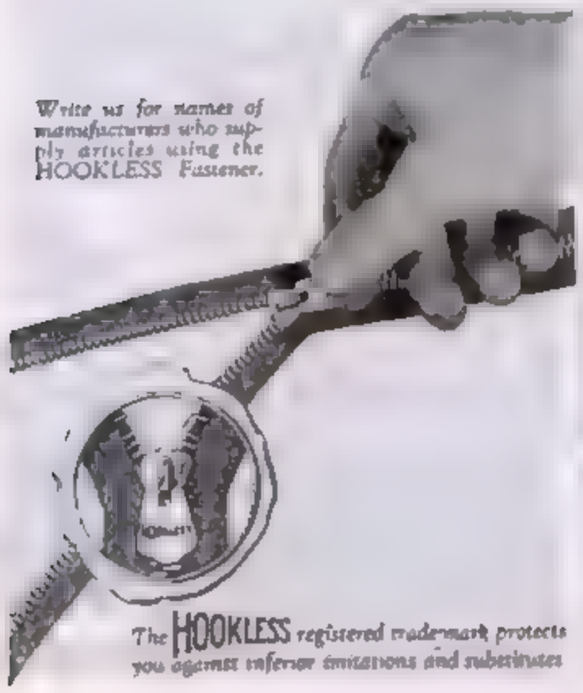

The HOOKLESS *registered trademark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes*

to identify all holders of our bonds and mark them for identification.

Please bring your bonds without fail, on or before Friday next, to the registrar for your district, which is in the Merchants Central Building on Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Ask for our Mr. Pumfrey at the information stand in the main hall and he will take care of you. Yours truly,

INTERURBAN TRANSIT COMPANY.

P. S. The greatest secrecy wants to be observed on this or the forgers will be alarmed. Tell no one, please.

Fat Ben put the bonds back in her bag and closed her skinny hand on it with a quick pressure of his great paw. He put his other hand on her shoulder and bent over her.

"You want a tip, ma'am?" he growled amicably. "Take your bonds and lam!"

"Lam?" she said.

"Yeah," he said. "Blow!"

Failing to convey his thought by language, he was resorting to gestures when Stitch Cilian arrived. "Here is your Mr. Pumfrey, now, ma'am," said Fat Ben. "Hello, Stitch, my old tomato. What do you say?"

Stitch looked at him without evidencing recognition, and said to the little old lady, "Who are you looking for, madam?"

"Mr. Pumfrey—about the bonds," she said hesitatingly. "Are you he? But this gentleman says ——"

"He doesn't know anything about it," he said brusquely. "Step in and I'll see you at once." He opened the door for her and she passed into the office. He closed the door behind her and said, "What is it, Ben?"

"The other night," said Fat Ben, making his points by tapping on the gang leader's chest, "I took out a couple of boys on your say-so, and when I went around to collect my premium, you disowned them. I want you to pay them premiums now, because there is one of the boys been grabbed again and he sends me to you. He is up in Mercer Street, if you want to know. So let me have my little sixty dollars and I will write that off the book. Stitch, I am surprised at you—I am surprised."

"I will tell you how that was, Ben," said the gangster apologetically, as he brought out a roll of bills. "I put these boys on a job and they gave the party the whole works. Absolutely unnecessary, and I was very sore about it, because it put me in awful bad. When I got the wire that they had knocked somebody off on this job, I didn't want any part of them, and that's why I denied them to you. I don't mind explaining about this to you, because I know it goes no further."

"I mind my own business," nodded Fat Ben with his eyes hungering for the roll of bills. "Stitch, give that another rub, will you? I'm telling you one of the boys is in Mercer Street for pulling a Sullivan. So rub another hundred and a half off of that roll and let me know where I can get you when I need money. I'm going to need it too; I can't do anything in Mercer Street."

"Can you think of anything else?" asked Stitch.

"Well, yes," said Fat Ben. "If you don't want to surrender that man Campola, you better pay me five hundred bucks."

"When your bond is forfeited," said Stitch knowingly. "When you can show me a satisfied judgment against you down in the county clerk's, I'll make good."

Fat Ben still lingered. "Well?" said Stitch, with his hand on the door knob.

"I make it a rule to mind my own blamed business," said Fat Ben, "but might I ask what is this racket of yourn here?"

"We won't go into that."

Fat Ben leaned his elbow against the door frame, crossed his feet and tilted his hat toward his eyes; his normally ruddy face took on a deeper hue.

"I was talking to that old girl that just went in," he said chattily. "She seemed like a nice old lady."

"Think so?"

"Absolutely. Stitch, you wouldn't pull any rough stuff on a poor old dame like that, would you?"

"You said something a while ago about minding your own affairs," said Stitch indignantly. "You mind yours and I'll mind mine. Be on your way."

Fat Ben shrugged his shoulders and moved to go. But he halted at once and said, "You got me there, Stitch. I certainly do believe in people minding their own business. But it is my business about that man Campola. Where is he? I'm not going to wait for no judgment against me. I want him right now."

His voice was getting loud. Stitch Cilian smiled at him coaxingly and said, "All right, you can have him. He's inside now. Wait down the hall for a few minutes, will you?"

"I won't wait," roared Fat Ben, pushing forward. The door opened with a crash and the two men were in the room. Stitch Cilian whipped something from his pocket and struck at Fat Ben, and promptly had his feet kicked from under him for his pains. The sweep of Fat Ben's arm that accompanied the kick upset Stitch, so that he came down on his shoulder. A door in the glass partition across the center of the office sprang open and Frank Campola jumped out; he arrived in Fat Ben's welcoming hands. It would seem that the redoubtable bondsman had plenty to do at the moment, and yet the terrified Mrs. Janet Clephane heard a deep organ note say "Blow!" She blew.

Her panicky flight was halted just outside the doorway by a wall of blue and brass. Two uniformed patrolmen, summoned by Little Amby, were advancing on the office of Mr. Silas Pumfrey. Little Amby, who had been at the information desk when Mrs. Clephane had asked for Mr. Pumfrey and who had been obligingly accorded a look at the letter, was marching behind the patrolmen.

They invaded the office and laid official hands on Stitch Cilian and Frank Campola. "Never mind him," advised Fat Ben when he was assured that he himself was not being apprehended for his disorderly conduct; he was pointing at Stitch. "He's all right! It's this other fellow you want to run in—this man Campola. He's the bail jumper."

"This is the man you're making the charge against?" a patrolman asked Little Amby.

"Against both," said the lawyer. "Take them with you. I'll go along and lay the information."

"What am I charged with?" snarled Stitch Cilian.

Little Falls of the Black River, Near Superior, Wisconsin

"Murder," said the officer grimly. "Come along."

Mrs. Clephane's eyes rounded in horror. "Murder," she gasped.

"You are accused," said Little Amby, watching him, "of the murder of Abbie Darrell on West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street during an attempt to rob her."

"Murder?" said Fat Ben. His big face blossomed into a smile; his eyes were friendly and amiable, and his beseeching hands went before him as he walked directly to Stitch Cilian. "Stitch, my old tomato," he said in a voice full of entreaty, "I want you to know I didn't know about this, or what I was letting you in for. There's no hard feelings, is there?"

"No," mumbled the quelled gang leader.

"Then," continued Fat Ben joyfully, "how about giving me the bond? It will take a lot of doing, Stitch, being that the charge is murder, but you know me and the International. We got influence. So if you are prepared to put up good collateral to maybe fifty thousand dollars, and slip me and the International—say, three grand by way of a premium, I will try and put it over. What do you say?"

"What do I owe you, Mr. Hinkle?" asked Joe Devine.

"Oh, two thousand dollars will do," said Little Amby. "I did very little work on the case. But, no—it will be two thousand and thirty-five dollars."

"What is the thirty-five dollars for?"

"For your aunt's bracelet. You want it, don't you? That's what I paid for it. That bracelet was the thing that tied the gunmen and Cilian to the murder. Cilian, being part of the conspiracy, is just as guilty as the others, although he wasn't even in the house and certainly never contemplated a murder. When your aunt refused to go to an address in Beaver Street where he was waiting for her, as he was waiting for old Mrs. Clephane in the Merchants Central, he sent the gunmen to rob her in her own house. One of them—it doesn't matter which—couldn't resist taking her jewelry and struck her down for it. They divided the loot on the spot, Campola taking the rings and Valent the bracelet. Valent lost the bracelet. All we know is that it was exposed for sale in the window of a Sixth Avenue shop for thirty-five dollars. Valent became aware of this, and learned for the first time that the bracelet was of such small value; he demanded that Campola make a new division of the loot. The rings were worth money; you yourself valued them for the insurance company at seventeen hundred dollars. I remember you put the bracelet in at fifty dollars—you're buying it back at a bargain. Campola refused, and there was some shooting, and a trail was opened that led to Stitch Cilian."

"How do you suppose those crooks knew of the bonds?"

"That's a loose end yet. The theory the district attorney is going on now is that Cilian got a tip from a bond house, from an employe of the banking house that floated those Interurban Transit bonds. But that's not at all important. Oh, by the by, your aunt was hard of hearing, wasn't she?"

"Very. She had to have an ear trumpet."

"I found it in the house, where, I dare say, your aunt mislaid it. She hadn't it with her that night, did she? And that's the reason you had to shout so. Marie Miaschinski, your aunt's maid, heard you yelling at poor Miss Darrell. Marie spoke no English and didn't know that your aunt was deaf, and supposed, with a show of logic, that you were mad with rage. Her testimony would have indicted you, at any rate. Spiking Marie's testimony must be my excuse for splitting the credit with Fat Ben Finkel."

"Fat Ben—you mean that big lubberly man who was in here that day?" inquired Joe Devine surprisedly. "Outside of bailing me out—for which I paid him too much—what did he have to do with the case?"

Quality

Half and Half—

A Wonderful Smoking Tobacco

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"The Better Shave" is kind to your face

A STUBBORN BEARD and a tender face—they go together. You scrape and pull the razor over the stiff stubble. You endure irritation and discomfort. Your face feels rough—the shave uneven.... But—*not if you know about "the better shave"!*

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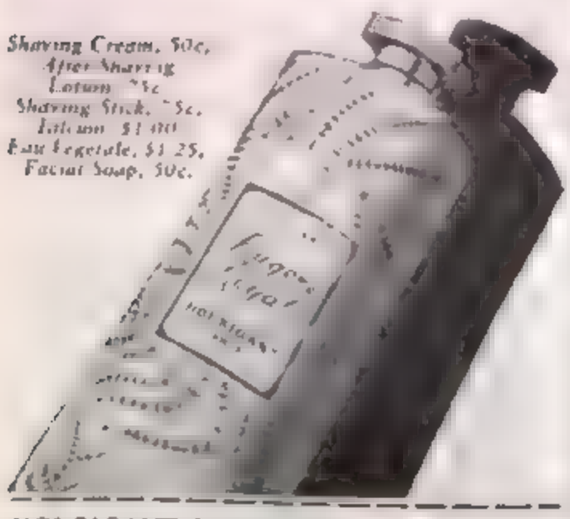

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Name

Address

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 29)

had heard, I rang the bell half mechanically and tried the door, as I wanted to explain to him about Mr. Conroy's visit in the morning. The door was locked."

"You had the key on the ring, hadn't you?"

"Yes; but I had no reason in the world for going in if the gardener wasn't there."

"You heard no sound from within?"

"Not a sound."

"And nothing from without?"

"Everything was perfectly quiet."

"No one could have passed you at any time?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"Mr. Thorne, would it have been possible for anyone in the cottage to have heard you approaching?"

"I think that it might have been possible. The night was very still, and the main drive down which I was walking is of crushed gravel. The little drive off it that circles the house is of dirt; I don't know how clear footsteps would be on that, but of course anyone would have heard me going up the steps. I have a vague impression, too, that I was whistling."

"Could anyone have been concealed in the shrubbery about the house?"

"Oh, quite easily. The shrubbery is very high all about it."

"But you noticed no one?"

"No one."

"What did you do after you had decided that the house was empty?"

"I put the keys under the mat, as had been agreed, and returned to the main house. As I got into my roadster I looked at my wrist watch by one of the headlights. I found that it was exactly ten minutes to ten."

"What caused you to consult your watch?"

"I'd had a vague notion that I might run over to see my sister for a few minutes, as I was in the neighborhood, but when I discovered that it was nearly ten I changed my mind and went straight back to Lakedale."

"Mr. Thorne, you must have been perfectly aware when the news of the murder came out the next morning that you had information in your possession that would have been of great value to the state. Why did you not communicate it at once?"

Douglas Thorne met the prosecutor's gaze steadily, with a countenance free of either defiance or concern. "Because, frankly, I had no desire whatever to be involved, however remotely, in a murder case. I was still debating my duty in the matter when my sister and Mr. Bellamy were arrested, and the papers announced that the state had positive information that the murder was committed between quarter to nine and quarter to ten on the night of the nineteenth. That seemed to render my meager observations quite valueless and I accordingly kept them to myself."

"And I suppose you fully realize now that you have put yourself in a highly equivocal position by doing so?"

"Why, no, Mr. Farr; I may be unduly obtuse, but I assure you that I realize nothing of the kind."

"Let me endeavor to enlighten you. According to your own story, you must have heard that scream between 9:30 and twenty-five minutes to ten, granting that you spent three or four minutes on the cottage porch and took ten minutes to walk back to the house. According to you, you arrived at the scene of action within three minutes of that scream, to find everything dark, silent and orderly. It is the state's contention that somewhere in that orderly darkness, practically within reach of your outstretched hand, stood your idolized sister. Quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

"It is quite a coincidence that that should be your contention," remarked Douglas Thorne, a dangerous glint in his eye. "But I know of no scandal attached to coincidence."

"Well, this particular type of coincidence has landed more than one man in jail as accessory after the fact," remarked the prosecutor grimly. "What time did you get back to Lakedale that night?"

"At 10:30."

"Did anyone see you?"

"My wife was on the porch when I arrived."

"Anyone else?"

"No."

"That's all, Mr. Thorne. Cross-examine."

Mr. Lambert approached the witness box at almost a prance, his broad countenance smoldering with ill-concealed excitement. "Mr. Thorne, I'll trouble you with only two questions. My distinguished adversary has asked you whether you noticed anything unusual in the neighborhood of the cottage. I ask you whether in that vicinity you saw at any time a car—an automobile?"

"I saw no sign of a car."

"No sign of a small car, for instance—of Mr. Bellamy's, for instance?"

"No sign of any car at all."

"Thank you, Mr. Thorne. That will be all."

Over Mr. Lambert's exultant carol rose a soft tumult of whispers. "There goes the state's story!" "Score 100 for the defense!" "Oh, boy, did you get that? He's fixed the time of the murder and run Sue and Steve off the scene all in one move." "The hand is quicker than the eye." "Look at Farr's face; that boy's got a mean eye."

"Silence!" sang Ben Potts.

The prosecutor advanced to within six inches of the witness box, his eyes contracted to pin points. "You assure us that you saw no car, Mr. Thorne?"

"I do."

"But you are not able to assure us that no car was there?"

"Obviously, if a car was there, I should have seen it."

"Oh, no, believe me, that's far from obvious! If a car had been parked to the rear of the cottage on the little circular road, would you have seen it?"

"I should have seen its lights."

"And if its lights had been turned out?"

"Then," said Douglas Thorne slowly, "I should probably not have seen it."

"You were not in the rear of the cottage at any time, were you?"

"No."

"Then it is certain that you would not have seen it, isn't it?"

"I have told you that under those circumstances I do not believe I should have seen it."

"If a car had been parked on the main driveway between the lodge gates and the cottage, with its lights out, you would not have seen that either, would you, Mr. Thorne?"

"Possibly not."

"And you don't for a moment expect to have twelve level-headed intelligent men believe that a pair of murderers would park their car in a clearly visible position, with all its lights burning for any passer-by to remark, while they accomplished their purpose?"

"I object to that question!" panted Mr. Lambert. "I object! It calls for a conclusion, Your Honor, and is highly ——"

"The question is overruled."

"Very well, Mr. Thorne; that will be all."

Mr. Lambert, who had been following these proceedings with a woebegone countenance from which the recent traces of elation had been washed as though by a bucket of unusually cold water, pulled himself together valiantly. "Just one moment, Mr. Thorne; the fact is that you didn't see a car there, isn't it?"

"That is most certainly the fact."

"Thank you; that will be all."

"And the fact is," remarked the grimly smiling prosecutor, "that it might perfectly well have been there without your seeing it, isn't it?"

"Yes, that also is the fact."

"That will be all. Call Miss Flora Biggs."

The prosecutor's grim little smile still lingered.

"Miss Flora Biggs!"

Flora Biggs might have been a pretty girl ten years ago, before that fatal heaviness had crept from sleazy silk ankles to the round chin above the imitation pearls. Everything about Miss Biggs was imitation—an imitation fluff of something that was meant to be fur on the plush coat that was meant to be another kind of fur; an imitation rose of a washed-out magenta trying to hide itself in the masquerading collar; pearls the size of large bone buttons peeping out from too golden hair; an arrow of false diamonds catching the folds of the purple velvet toque that was not quite velvet; nervous fingers in suède gloves that were rather a bad grade of cotton clutching at a snakeskin bag of stenciled cloth—a poor, cheap, shoddy imitation of what the well-dressed woman will wear. And yet in those small insignificant features that should have belonged to a pretty girl, in those round china-blue eyes staring forlornly out of reddened rims, there was something candid and touching and appealing. For out of those reddened eyes peered the good shy little girl in the starched white dress brought down to entertain the company—the good shy little girl whose name had been Florrie Biggs. And little Florrie Biggs had been crying.

"Where do you live, Miss Biggs?"

"At 21 Maple Street, Rosemont." The voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"Just a trifle louder, please; we all want to hear you. Did you know Madeleine Bellamy, Miss Biggs?"

The tears that had been lurking behind the round blue eyes welled over abruptly, leaving little paths behind them down the heavily powdered cheeks. "Yes, sir. I did."

"Intimately?"

"Yes, sir. I guess so. Ever since I was ten. We went to school and high school together; she was quite a little younger than me, but we were best friends."

The tears rained down quietly and Miss Biggs brushed them impatiently away with the clumsy gloved fingers.

"You were fond of her?"

"Yes, sir, I was awful fond of her."

"Did you see much of her during the years of 1916 and '17?"

"Yes, sir; I just lived three houses down the block. I used to see her every day."

"Did you know Patrick Ives too?"

"Yes, sir; I knew him pretty well."

"Was there much comment on his attention to your friend Madeleine during the year 1916?"

"Everyone knew they had a terrible case on each other," said Miss Biggs simply.

"Were they supposed to be engaged?"

"No, sir, I don't know as they were; but everyone sort of thought they would be."

"Their relations were freely discussed amongst their friends?"

"They surely were."

"Did you ever discuss the affair with either Mr. Ives or Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Not ever with Pat, I didn't, but Mimi used to talk about it quite a lot."

"Do you remember what she said during the first conversation?"

"Well, I think that the first time was when we had a terrible fight about it." At memory of that far-off quarrel Florrie's blue eyes flooded and brimmed over again. "We'd been on a picnic, and Pat and Mimi got separated from the rest of us and by and by we went home without them; and it was awfully late that night when they got back, and I told Mimi that she ought to be carefuler how she went around with a fellow like Pat Ives, and she got terrible mad and told me that she knew what she was

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doing and she could look after herself, and that I was just jealous and to mind my own business. Oh, she talked to me something fierce."

Miss Biggs' voice broke on a great sob, and suddenly the crowded court room faded. . . . It was a hot July night in a village street and the shrill, angry voices of the two girls filled the air. Once more Mimi Dawson, insolent in her young beauty, was telling little Florrie Biggs to keep her small snub nose out of other people's affairs. All the injured woe of that far-off night was in her sob.

"Did she speak of him again?"

"Oh, yes, sir, she certainly did. She used to speak of him most of the time—after we made it up again, that is."

"Did she tell you whether they were expecting to be married?"

"Not in just so many words, she didn't, but she used to sort of discuss it a lot, like whether it would be a good thing to do, and if they'd be happy in Rosemont or whether New York wouldn't work better—you know, just kind of thinking it over."

Mr. Farr looked gravely sympathetic. "Exactly. Nothing more definite than that?"

"Well, I remember once she said that she'd do it in a minute if she were sure that Pat had it in him to make good."

"And did you gather from that and other remarks of hers that it was she who was holding back and Mr. Ives who was urging marriage?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Biggs, and added earnestly, "I think she meant me to gather that."

There was a warm, friendly little ripple of amusement, at which she lifted startled blue eyes.

"Quite so. Now when Mr. Ives went to France, Miss Biggs, what did your circle consider the state of affairs between them to be?"

"We all thought they was sure to get married," said Miss Biggs, and added in a low voice, "Some of us thought maybe they was married already."

"And just what made you think that?"

Miss Biggs moved restlessly in her chair. "Oh, nothing special, I guess; only they seemed so awfully gone on each other, and Pat was always hiring flivvers to take her off to Redfield and—and places. They never went much with the crowd any more and lots of people were getting married then—you know, war marriages ——"

The soft, hesitant voice trailed off into silence.

"I see. Just what was Mr. Ives' reputation with your crowd, Miss Biggs? Was he a steady, hard-working young man?"

"He wasn't so awfully hard-working, I guess."

The distressed murmur was not too low to reach Patrick Ives' ears evidently; for a brief moment his white face was lit with the gayest of smiles, impish and endearing. It faded and the eyes that had been suddenly blue faded, too, back to their frozen gray.

"Was he popular?"

"Oh, everyone liked him fine," said Miss Biggs eagerly. "He was the most popular fellow in Rosemont, I guess. He was a swell dancer, and he certainly could play on the ukulele and skate and do perfectly killing imitations and—and everything."

"Then why did you warn your friend against consorting with this paragon, Miss Biggs?"

"Sir?"

"Why did you tell Mimi Dawson that she shouldn't play around too much with Pat Ives?"

"Oh—oh, well, I guess, like she said, I was just foolish and it wasn't none of my business."

"You said, a 'fellow like Pat Ives,' Miss Biggs. What kind of a fellow did you mean? The kind of a fellow who played the ukulele? Or did he play something else?"

"Well—well, he played cards some—poker, you know, and red dog and—well, billiards, you know."

"He gambled, didn't he?"

"Now, Your Honor," remarked Mr. Lambert heavily, "is this to be permitted to go on indefinitely? I have deliberately refrained from objecting to a most amazing line of questions ——"

"The court is inclined to agree with you, Mr. Lambert. Is it in any way relevant to the state's case whether Mr. Ives played the ukulele or the organ, Mr. Farr?"

"It is quite essential to the state's case to prove that Mr. Ives has a reckless streak in his character that led directly to the murder of Madeleine Bellamy, Your Honor. We contend that just as in those months before the war in the village of Rosemont, so in the year of 1926, he was gambling with his own safety and happiness and honor, and as in those days, with the happiness and honor and safety of a woman as well—with the same woman with whom he was renewing the affair broken off by a trick of fate nine years before. We contend ——"

"Yes. Well, the court contends that your questioning along these lines has been quite exhaustive enough, and that furthermore it doubts its relevance to the present issue. You may proceed."

"Very well, Your Honor. . . . When Mr. Ives returned in 1919, were you still seeing much of Miss Dawson?"

"No, sir," said Miss Biggs in a low voice. "Not any hardly."

"Why was that?"

"Well, mostly it was because she was starting to go with another crowd—the country-club crowd, you know. She was all the time with Mr. Farwell."

"Exactly. Did you renew your intimacy at any later period?"

"No, sir, not ever."

Once more the cotton fingers were busy with the treacherous tears, falling for Mimi, lost so many years ago—lost again, most horribly, after those unhappy years.

"Thank you, Miss Biggs. That will be all. Cross-examine."

Mr. Lambert's heavy face, turned to those drowned and terrified eyes, was almost paternal. "You say that for many years there was no intimacy between you and Mrs. Bellamy, Miss Biggs?"

"No, sir, there wasn't—not any."

"Mrs. Bellamy never took you into her confidence as to her feelings toward Mr. Ives after her marriage?"

"She never took me into her confidence about anything at all—no, sir."

"You never saw her after her marriage?"

"Oh, yes, I did see her. I went there two or three times for tea."

"Everything was pleasant?"

"She was very polite and pleasant—yes, sir."

"But there was no tendency to confide in you?"

"I didn't ask her to confide in me," said Miss Biggs. "I didn't ask her for anything at all—not anything."

"But if there had been anything to confide, it would have been quite natural to confide in you—girls generally confide in their best friend, don't they?"

"I guess so."

"And as far as you know, there were no guilty relations between Mrs. Bellamy and Mr. Ives at the time of her death?"

"I didn't know even whether she saw Mr. Ives," said Florrie Biggs.

Mr. Lambert beamed gratefully. "Thank you, Miss Biggs. That's all."

"Just one moment more, please." The prosecutor, too, was looking as paternal as was possible under the rather severe limitations of his saturnine countenance. "Mr. Lambert was just asking you if it would have been natural for her to confide in you, as girls generally confided in their best friends. At the time of this murder, and for many years previous, you weren't Mrs. Bellamy's best friend, were you, Miss Biggs?"

"No, sir, I guess I wasn't."

"There was very little affection and intimacy between you, wasn't there?"

"I don't know what you call between us," said Miss Biggs, and the pretty, common, swollen face was suddenly invested

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with dignity and beauty. "I loved her better than anyone I knew. She was the only best friend I ever had—ever."

And swept by the hunger in that quiet and humble voice, the court room was suddenly empty of everyone but two little girls, warm-cheeked, bright-eyed, gingham-clad—a sleek pig-tailed head and a froth of bright curls locked together over an ink-stained desk. Best friends—four scuffed feet flying down the twilight street on roller skates—two mittened paws clutching each other under the shaggy robe of the bell-hung sleigh—a slim arm around a chubby waist on the hay cart—decorous, mischievous eyes meeting over the rims of the frosted glasses of sarsaparilla while brown-stockinged legs swung free of the tall drug-store stools—a shrill voice calling down the street in the sweet-scented dusk, "Yoo-hoo, Mimi! Mimi, c'mon out and play." Mimi, Mimi, lying so still with red on your white lace dress, come on out and

"Thank you, Miss Biggs; that's all."

She stumbled a little on the step of the witness box, brushed once more at her eyes with impatient fingers and was gone.

"Call Mrs. Daniel Ives."

"Mrs. Daniel Ives!"

All through the court went that quickening thrill of interest. A little old lady was moving with delicate precision down the far aisle to the witness box; the red-headed girl glanced quickly from her to the corner where Patrick Ives was sitting. He had half risen from his seat and was watching her progress with a passion of protest on his haggard young face. Well, even the prosecutor said that this reckless young man had been a good son, and it could hardly be a pleasant sight for the worst of sons to see his mother moving steadily toward that place of inquisition, and to realize that it was his folly that had sent her there. He sat down abruptly, turning his face toward the blue autumnal sky outside the window, against which the bare boughs of the tree spread like black lace. The circles under his eyes looked darker than ever.

As quietly as though it were a daily practice, Mrs. Ives was raising a neat black-gloved hand to take the oath and setting a daintily shod foot on the step of the witness box. She seated herself unhurriedly, opened the black fur collar at her throat, folded her hands on the edge of the box and lifted a pair of dark blue eyes, bravely serene, to the shrewd coolness of the prosecutor. There was just a glimpse of silver hair under the old-fashioned black toque with its wisp of lace and round jet pins; there was the faintest touch of pink in her cheeks and a small smile on her lips, shy and gracious. The kind of mother, decided the red-headed girl, that you would invent, if you were very talented.

"Mrs. Ives, you are the mother of Patrick Ives, are you not?"

"I am."

The gentle voice was as clear and true as a little bell.

"You heard Miss Biggs' testimony?"

"Oh, yes; my hearing is still excellent." The small smile deepened for a moment to friendly amusement.

"Were you aware of the state of affairs between Madeleine Bellamy and your son at the time that war broke out?"

"I was aware that he was paying her very marked attention, naturally, but I was most certainly not aware that they were seriously considering marriage. Both of them seemed absolute babies to me, of course."

"Had your son confided in you his intentions on the subject?"

"I believe if he had had any such intentions he would have; but no, he had not."

"You were entirely in his confidence?"

"I hope so. I believe so." The deep blue eyes hovered compassionately over the averted face strained toward the window, and then moved tranquilly back to meet the prosecutor's.

"When this affair with Mrs. Bellamy was renewed in 1926, did he confide it to you?"

"Oh, no."

"Showing thereby that you were not entirely in his confidence, Mrs. Ives?"

"Or showing perhaps that there was nothing to confide," said Mrs. Daniel Ives gently.

The prosecutor jerked his head irritably. "The state is in possession of an abundance of material to prove that there was everything to confide, I assure you, Mrs. Ives. However, it is not my intention to make this any more difficult for you than is strictly necessary. How long ago did you come to Rosemont?"

"About fifteen years ago."

"You were a widow and obliged to support yourself?"

"No, that's hardly accurate. I was not supporting myself entirely and I was not a widow." The pale rose deepened a little under the black toque, but the voice was a trifle clearer than before.

"You mean that at the time you came to Rosemont your husband was still living?" The prosecutor made no attempt to disguise the astonishment in his voice.

"I do not know whether he was living or not. He had left me, you see, sixteen years before I came to Rosemont. I learned three years ago that he was dead, but not when he died."

"Mrs. Ives, I do not wish to dwell on a subject that must be painful to you, but I would like to get this straight. Were you divorced?"

"It is not at all painful to me," said Patrick Ives' mother gently, her small gloved hands wrung tightly together on the edge of the witness box. "It happened many years ago, and my life since has been full of so many things. We were not divorced. My husband was younger than I and our marriage was not happy. He left me for a much younger woman."

"It was believed in Rosemont that you were a widow, was it not?"

"Everyone in Rosemont believed me to be a widow except Pat, who had known the truth since he was quite a little boy. It was foolish of me not to tell the truth, perhaps, but I had a great distaste for pity." She smiled again, graciously, at the prosecutor. "False pride was about the only luxury that I indulged in, in those days."

"You say that you were supporting both your son and yourself?"

"No. Pat was doing any little jobs that he could get, as he had done since he sold papers on the corner when he was six years old." For a moment the smile faded and she eyed the prosecutor steadfastly, almost sternly, as though daring him to challenge that statement, and for a moment it looked as though he were about to do exactly that, when abruptly he veered.

"Were you in the garden the night of the nineteenth of June, Mrs. Ives?"

"In the rose garden—yes."

"Did you see Miss Page on her way to the sand pile?"

"I believe that I did, although I have nothing that particularly fixes it in my mind."

"Did you see your daughter-in-law?"

"Yes."

For a moment the faintest shadow passed over her face—a shadow of doubt, of hesitancy. Her glance went past the prosecutor to the place where her daughter-in-law was sitting, quietly attentive, and briefly, profoundly, their eyes met. The shadow passed.

"Which way was she going?"

"She was going past the rose garden toward the back gate of the house."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Ives. What is the distance between Mr. Ives' house and the Orchards?"

"Well, that depends on how you approach it. By road it must be almost two miles, but if you use the little footpath that cuts across the meadows north of the house it would be less than a mile."

"Do you know where that path comes out?"

"I believe that it comes out at a little summerhouse or playhouse on the Thorne estate."

"Far from the gardener's cottage?"

"Oh, no—Miss Page said that it was quite near it, I think. She had been using it to take the children over to the playhouse on several occasions and as it was quite without Mrs. Ives' knowledge, I spoke to my son about it."

"Did other members of the household make use of this path?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Now, Mrs. Ives, when Mrs. Patrick Ives passed you in the garden, did she speak to you?"

"Yes."

"Just what did she say?"

"As nearly as I can remember, she said that she was going to the movies with the Conroys, and that she wasn't sure whether she would be back before I got to bed. She added that Pat was going to play poker."

"Nothing more?"

"That is all that I remember."

"Did you see her again that night?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell us when?"

"I saw her twice. Not more than two or three minutes after she passed me in the rose garden, she came back and went toward the house, almost running. I was at the far end of the garden by then, working on some trellises, and I didn't speak to her. She seemed in a great hurry and I thought that she had probably forgotten something—her bag, or a scarf for her hair, perhaps. She wasn't wearing any hat. A minute or so later she came out of the house and ran back down the path to the back gate."

"Was she wearing a scarf on her hair?"

"No."

"Had she a bag?"

"I don't remember seeing a bag, but she might well have had one."

"She did not speak to you?"

"No."

"And those were the two times that you refer to?"

"Oh, no," corrected Mrs. Ives gently. "I thought of those occasions as forming one time. I saw her again, a good deal later in the evening."

Once more the court room was filled with that strange stir—the movement of hundreds of bodies moving an inch nearer to the edges of chairs.

"Good Lord!" murmured the reporter devoutly. "She's going to give the girl an alibi! Look out, you old fox!"

The prosecutor, thus disrespectfully and inaudibly adjured, moved boldly forward. "At what time did you see your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ives?"

"You've got to grant him nerve," continued the reporter, unabashed. "Or probably he's betting that the old lady wouldn't perjure herself even to save her son's wife. I'd rather bet it myself."

Mrs. Ives, who had been sitting silently studying her linked fingers, raised an untroubled countenance to the prosecutor's, but for the first time she spoke as though she were weighing her words: "It is difficult for me to give you the exact time, as I did not look at a clock. I had been in bed for quite a little while, however, and had turned out the light. I should say, roughly, that it might have been half-past ten. It was quite dark when I came into the house myself, I remember, and I believe that it stayed light at that time until long after nine."

"It was your habit to work in the garden until it was dark?"

"Yes; gardening is both my recreation and occupation." Mrs. Ives' tranquil eyes smiled at the prosecutor as though she expected to find in him an understanding soul. "Those hours after dinner were a great happiness to me, and often after it was too dark for any further work I would prolong them by sitting on a bench in the rose arbor and thinking over work well done. It was generally dark before I came in."

"And was on the night of the nineteenth of June?"

"Oh, yes; it had been dark for some time."

"Did you go straight to bed when you came in?"

Continued on Page 87

Today

Get a full-sized tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at the drug store on the way home.

Tonight

Brush your teeth and gums with Ipana, then massage your gums gently for a few minutes with Ipana on your finger-tips.

Tomorrow

Rouse your gums with another brushing and massage with Ipana, then see how much better your whole mouth feels!

CARRY out the simple routine above for one full month. Your teeth will become whiter, your gums firmer and healthier, and Ipana's delicious taste will make the whole process a pleasure!

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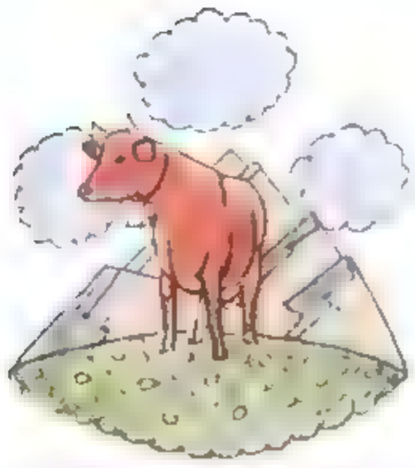

IN MANCHEM LANDE WIRD SOGENANNTER
"SWISS CHEESE" HERGESTELLT, ABER DER ECHTE, FEINE GESCHMACK
FINDET SICH NUR IM "SWITZERLAND CHEESE"

Many nations make so-called "Swiss Cheese," but the rare, true flavor is found only in "Switzerland Cheese"

"IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE." . . . You hear it across the counter or read it on the menu. But before you accept, ask—"Imported from where?" Do you realize that every dairy country in the world makes so-called "Swiss Cheese"? Much of it is exported. The genuine, however, comes only from the land of its origin—Switzerland, and is thus marked on the rind.

No nation can give the flavor and richness to its product that Switzerland gives to its cheese. For no other nation has the same mile-high pastures—spicy grass and hay—pure, soft water from eternal snows—to create this superior quality. What's more, the Swiss cheese-maker has inherited the skill of his ancestors and never varies from their high standards.

Famous hotels and restaurants which search the world for unusual foods and delicacies serve Switzerland Cheese—by itself or as the ideal ingredient in fondues, Welsh rarebit, soups and exquisite dishes which only a great chef can create. Fastidious hostesses insist on Switzerland Cheese because they know it is above the commonplace and always in accord with the distinctive atmosphere of their social events.

It's a gorgeous cold-cut platter that Roger Cretaux serves at the Roosevelt in New York. Slices of tongue, ham, beef, chicken and sausage . . . garnished with sprigs of cress or parsley . . . and always generous portions of Switzerland Cheese.

Try Switzerland Cheese. Have it for dessert with toasted crackers and the demi-tasse; or with fresh fruit. Serve it with salads—in soups—with cold meat. It blends deliciously with all foods and accentuates their flavors.

The identifying mark of this rare cheese is found on the rind . . . countless imprints of the word "Switzerland." Look for this word before you buy. There is but one quality of Switzerland Cheese, although it varies in its natural color from a cream to a butter-yellow. This is due to the season of the year in which it is made. The eyes also may be larger in some cheeses than others, but the rare, true flavor of Switzerland Cheese never varies. The best way to buy Switzerland Cheese is in pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent pieces instead of sliced thin. Swiss Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

A Swiss cheese-maker takes a cheese to market on his head

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH COUNTLESS IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

A homestead in the homeland of Switzerland Cheese

(Continued from Page 85)

"No; I stopped for a moment in the flower room to put away the basket with my tools and to tidy up a bit. Gardening is a grubby business." Again that delicate, friendly smile. "Just as I was coming out I saw Melanie, the waitress, turning out the lights in the living room, and I remember thinking that it must be ten o'clock, as that was the time that she usually did it if the family were not at home. Then I went on up to bed. It wasn't very long after I had turned out the light that I heard the front door close, and thought, 'That must be Sue.'"

"It didn't occur to you that it might be your son?"

"Oh, no; Pat never got in before twelve if he were playing cards."

"You say that you saw Mrs. Ives. Did she come straight up to your room?"

"No; about five minutes after I heard the door close, I imagine. My room is in the left wing of the house, you understand, and I always leave my door a little ajar. Sue came to the door and asked in a whisper, 'Are you awake, mother?' I said that I was and she came in, saying, 'I brought you your fruit; I'll just put it on the stand.'"

"Was she in the habit of doing that?"

"No, not exactly in the habit—that was Pat's task, but Sue is the most thoughtful child alive, and she had remembered that Pat wasn't there." Once more her eyes, loving and untroubled, smiled into Sue's.

"Did you turn on the light, Mrs. Ives?"

"No."

"Weren't you going to take the fruit?"

"Oh, no; I am not a very good sleeper, and I saved the fruit for the small hours of the morning."

"You were not able to see Mrs. Ives clearly, in that case?"

"I could see her quite clearly; there was a very bright light in the hall."

"You noticed nothing extraordinary in her appearance?"

"Nothing whatever."

"She was wearing the clothes that you had last seen her in?"

"She was wearing the dress, but she had taken off the coat, I believe."

"Ah-h!" sighed the court room under its breath.

"What kind of a coat, Mrs. Ives?"

"A little cream-colored flannel coat." Not by the flicker of an eyelash did Mrs. Ives admit the sinister significance of that sigh.

"Did she say anything further?"

"Yes. I asked her whether she had enjoyed the movie, and she said that she had not gone to Rosemont, as she had met Stephen Bellamy in his car on her way to the Conroys' and he had given her a lift. He told her that the picture in Rosemont was an old one that they had both seen, and suggested that they drive over by the River Road and see what was running in Lakedale. When they got there they discovered that they had seen that film, too, so they drove around a little longer and then came home."

"That was all that she said?"

"She wished me sweet dreams, I believe, and kissed me good night."

Under the gentle directness of her gaze the prosecutor's face hardened. "Where was the fruit that you speak of usually kept, Mrs. Ives?"

"I believe that it was kept in a small refrigerator in the pantry."

"Was there a sink in that pantry?"

"Yes."

The prosecutor advanced deliberately toward the witness box, lowering his voice to a strangely menacing pitch: "Mrs. Ives, during the space that elapsed between the closing of the front door and Mrs. Patrick Ives' appearance in your bedroom, there would have been ample time for her to have washed her hands at that sink, would there not?"

"Oh, surely."

There was not even a second's hesitation in that swift reply, not a second's cloud over the lifted, slightly wondering face; but the little cold wind moved again through the court room. Over the clear, unfaltering syllables there was the sound of running water—of water that ran red, as Sue, the thoughtful, cleansed the hands that were to bear the fruit for the waiting mother.

"That will be all, Mrs. Ives," said the prosecutor. "Cross-examine."

She turned her face quietly toward Lambert's ruddy one.

"I'll keep you only a minute, Mrs. Ives." The rotund voice was softened to one of friendliest concern. "Mrs. Ives seemed quite herself when she came into the room?"

"Absolutely herself."

"No undue agitation?"

"She was not agitated in the slightest."

"Mr. Farr has asked you whether your son ever confided to you that he was having an affair with Mrs. Bellamy. I ask you whether he ever intimated that he was unhappy."

"Not ever."

"Did Mrs. Ives?"

"Never."

"What was your impression as to their relations?"

"I thought ——" For the first time the clear voice faltered, broke. She forced it back to steadiness relentlessly. "I thought that they were the happiest people that ever lived," said Patrick Ives' mother.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ives," said Mr. Lambert gently. "That will be all."

"Want me to bring back a sandwich?" inquired the reporter hospitably, gathering up his notes.

"Please," said the red-headed girl.

"Sure you don't want to trail along? That drug store really isn't half bad."

"I'm always afraid that something might happen to me and that I mightn't get back," explained the red-headed girl. "Like getting run over, or arrested or kidnaped or something. . . . One with lettuce in it, please."

She sat contemplating the remaining occupants of the press seats about her with fascinated eyes. Evidently others were agitated by the same fears that haunted her. At any rate three or four dozen were still clinging to their places, reading or writing or talking with impartial animation. They looked much nicer and less impersonal scattered about like that, but they still made her feel dreadfully shy and incompetent. They all knew one another so well; they were so casual and self-contained. Hurrying through the corridors, their ribald, salty banter broke over her in waves, leaving her drowned and forlorn.

She liked them awfully—that lanky, middle-aged man with the shrewd, sensitive face, jabbering away with the opulent-looking young creature in the sealskin cap and cloak; that Louisville reporter with her thin pretty face and little one-sided smile; that stocky youngster with the white teeth and the enormous vocabulary and the plaid necktie; that really beautiful girl who looked like an Italian opera singer and swore like a pirate, and arrived every day exactly an hour late in a flame-colored blouse up to her chin and a little black helmet down to her eyebrows.

"Here's your sandwich," said the reporter—"two of 'em, just to show my heart's in the right place. The poisonous-looking pink one is currant jelly and the healthy-looking green one is lettuce. That's what I call a balanced ration! Fall to!"

The red-headed girl fell to obediently and gratefully.

"I do like the way newspaper people look," she said when only a few crumbs of the balanced ration remained.

"Ten thousand thanks," said the newspaper man. "Myself, I do like the way lady authoresses look."

"I mean I like them because they look so—so awfully alive," explained the red-headed girl sedately, keeping her eyes on the girl in the flame-colored blouse lest the cocky young man beside her should read the unladylike interest that he roused in her.

"Ah, well, in that case, not more than one thousand thanks," said the reporter—"and those somewhat tempered. Look alive, do we? There's a glowing tribute for you! I trust that you'll be profoundly ashamed of yourself when I inform you that I meant nothing of the kind when I extolled the appearance of lady authoresses. Dead or alive, I like the way their hair grows over their ears, and their discreet use of dimples, and the useless length of their eyelashes. Meditate on that for a while!"

The red-headed girl meditated, while both her color and her dimples deepened. At the end of her meditations she inquired politely, "Is it true that Mr. Bellamy's counsel broke his leg?"

"Couldn't be truer. Fell down the Subway stairs at 11:45 last night and is safe in the hospital this morning. Lambert's taking over Bellamy's defense; he and those two important, worried-looking kids that sit beside him at the desk down there reading great big enormous law books and are assistant counsel—whatever that means. . . . Ah, here's Ben Potts! Fine fellow, Ben. . . . We're off!"

"Mr. Elliot Farwell!"

A thickset, broad-shouldered individual, with hair as slick as oiled patent leather, puffy eyes and overprominent blue jowls, moved heavily toward the witness box. An overgaudy tie that looked as though it came from the ten-cent store and had actually come from France; a waistcoat that made you think vaguely of checks, though it was quite guiltless of them; a handkerchief with an orange-and-green monogram ramping across one corner—the stuff of which con men and race-track touts and ham actors and men about town are made. The red-headed girl eyed him severely. Thus she was wont to regard his little brother and big brother at the night clubs, as they leaned conqueringly across little tables, offering heavily engraved flasks to limp chits clad in shoulder straps and chiffon handkerchiefs.

"Mr. Farwell, where were you on the afternoon of the nineteenth of June at about five o'clock?"

"At the Rosemont Country Club."

Not a pleasant voice at all, Mr. Farwell's; a heavy, sullen voice, thickened and coarsened with some disreputable alchemy.

"What were you doing?"

"I was just hanging around after golf, having a couple of drinks."

"Did you see Mrs. Patrick Ives?"

"Yes."

"Talk with her?"

"Yes."

"Will you give us the substance of your conversation?"

Mr. Farwell shifted his bulk uneasily in his chair. "How do you mean—the substance of it?"

"Just outline what you said to Mrs. Ives."

"Well, I told her ——" The heavy voice lumbered to silence. "Do I have to answer that?"

"Certainly, Mr. Farwell." Judge Carver's voice was edged with impatience.

"I told her that she'd better keep an eye on her husband," blurted Mr. Farwell desperately.

"Did you give her any reason for that?"

"Of course I gave her a reason."

"Well, just give it to us, too, will you?"

"I told her that he was making a fool of himself with Mimi."

"Nothing more specific than that?"

"Well, I told her that they were meeting each other secretly."

"Where?"

"At the gardener's cottage at the Orchards." Those who were near enough could see the little beads of sweat on Mr. Farwell's forehead.

"How did you know that?"

"Orsini told me."

"And who is Orsini?"

"He's the Bellamys' man of all work—tends to the garden and furnace and all that kind of thing."

(Continued on Page 89

Pipe Smoker Finds Price Does Not Determine Tobacco Satisfaction

Starting with expensive tobaccos he finally came down to one that is now his favorite

Apparently in selecting a certain tobacco, smokers suspend the rule: "The more you pay, the better you'll like it."

After all, satisfaction is a matter of taste, not of price. For that reason the quality and flavor of Edgeworth have never been changed. If you like Edgeworth today you will like it ten years from today—unless your taste changes.

Here is an interesting letter from a young man who shows signs of becoming a life member of the Edgeworth Club:

Chicago, Ill.
February 17, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm just a young man—less than thirty. About five years ago I switched from cigarettes to a pipe. Why? Because I found that a pipe required the least attention and also interrupted me in my work the least.

At first I only smoked the more expensive brands of tobacco. Then I tried the less expensive blends. I guess I tried them all. Finally I tried Edgeworth. I liked it at the start—and repeated, and repeated.

For the last four years I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth except when I was unable to obtain it. And, whenever I couldn't get it and had to substitute, I was glad to return to Edgeworth as soon as possible. Now I smoke about two cans of Edgeworth every four days.

No other tobacco can take the place of Edgeworth in my pipe.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Johnston

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length, 254.1 meters, 1180 kilocycles.

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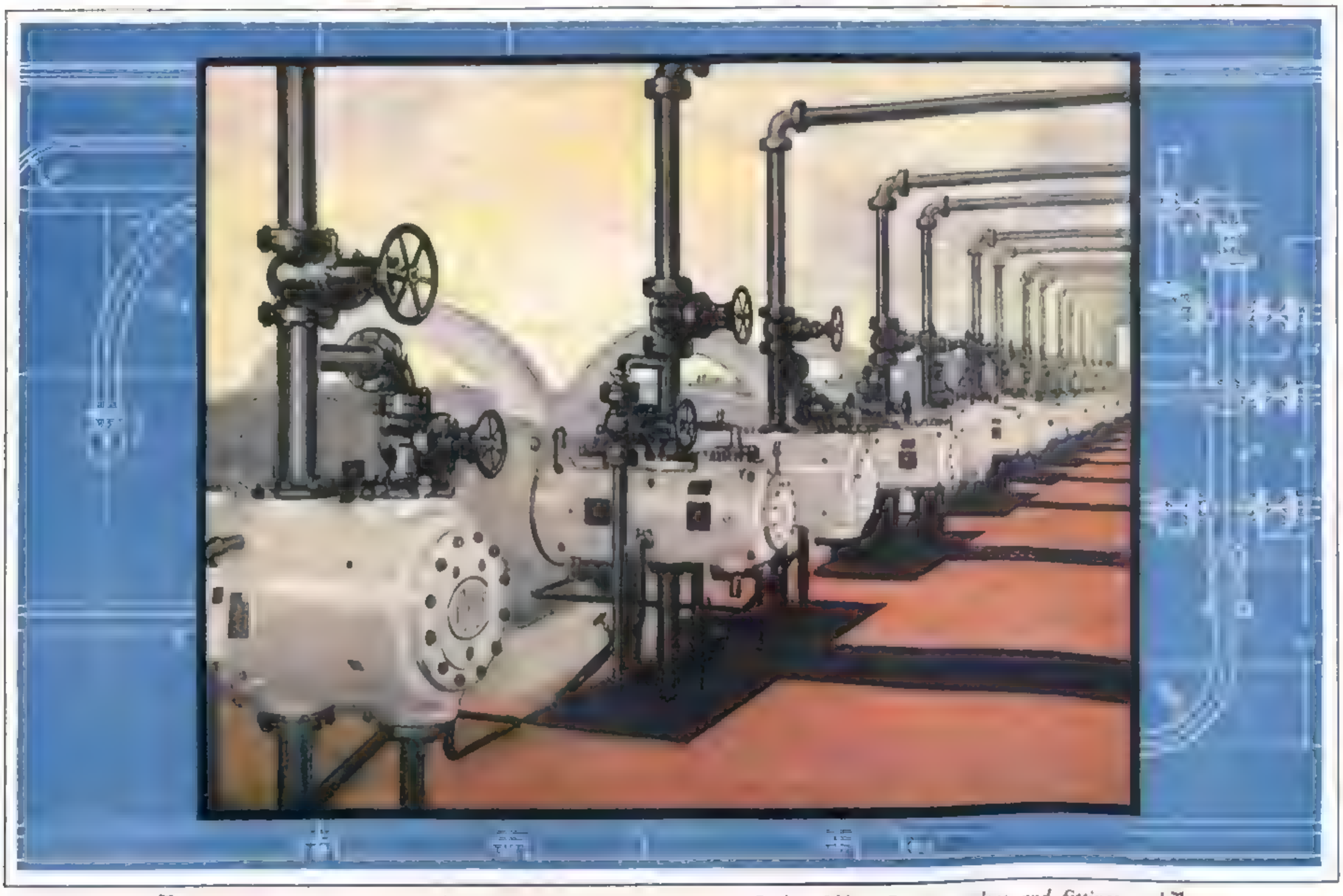

Gas booster pumping station of the SINCLAIR OIL & GAS CO., *Garber, Okla.* CRANE *valves and fittings used throughout; chosen for their standard of quality, characteristic of all* CRANE *products down to the humble sink faucet*

The battle of Benninghoff Run

Through the sucking mud of Oil Creek valley, primitive tank wagons by the thousand slithered, sank hub deep, creaked on unendingly. It was 1865, and oil was on the move from the wells to the refineries.

Looking at the straining horses, mules, and oxen, in that Pennsylvania quagmire, a dreamer visioned a more practical, economical way to transport oil. Why not, he reasoned, send it through pipes like water?

The completion of his first pipe-line, from Benninghoff Run to Shaffer, marked an uprising of thousands of teamsters whose livelihood it threatened. They overpowered the lines' defenders, burned down the storage tanks, tore up the pipes.

But they could not destroy the power of that "new-fangled idea." It was rooted too deeply in economic necessity. Today, these arteries of the oil industry are over 85,000 miles long. Through forest and swamp, hanging from canyon walls, over hills and under rivers, they carry 2,000,000 barrels of crude oil daily. And another 161,800 miles of pipe-lines, aided by booster stations, convey many billion cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas.

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Continued from Page 87

"Well, just how did Orsini come to tell you about this, Mr. Farwell?"

"Because I'd twice seen Mrs. Bellamy take the Perrytown bus, alone, and I told Orsini that I'd give him ten dollars if he found out for me where she was going. He said he didn't need to find out—he knew."

"Did he tell you how he knew?"

"Yes; he knew because it was he that loaned her the key to the cottage. She'd found out that he had the key, and she told him some cock-and-bull story about wanting to practice on the cottage piano that the gardener had there, and he used to loan it to her whenever she asked for it, and generally she'd forget to give it back to him till the next day."

"How did he happen to have it?"

"The Thornes' gardener was a friend of his, and he left it with Orsini when he went off on his vacation to Italy, because he'd left some kind of home-brew down in the cellar and he wanted Orsini to keep an eye on it."

"Did you know when she had last borrowed it?"

"Yes; she'd borrowed it round noon on the nineteenth. I went by her house a little before one to see if she would take lunch with me at the club, and Orsini was fixing up the gate in the picket fence. He told me that Mimi had left about half an hour ago in their car, asking for the key, as she said she wanted to go to the cottage to practice. So I went after her."

"To the gardener's cottage?"

"Yes."

"Was she there?"

"No."

"How did you know that she wasn't there, Mr. Farwell?"

"Because there wasn't any car, nor any music either."

There was a surly defiance in Farwell's tone that the prosecutor blandly ignored.

"Did you go into the cottage?"

"No; it was locked."

"What did you do then?"

"It started to rain while I was standing on the porch and I stopped and tossed up a coin as to whether to go on to the club, hoping it would clear up enough for golf, or to go back to the bungalow. It came tails, so I waited for a minute or so and went on to the club."

"Who did you find there?"

"Mrs. Bellamy, Dick Burgoyne, the Conroys, the Dallases, Sue Ives—all the crowd. It cleared up after lunch and most of us went off to the links. Sue made up a foursome with the Conroys and Steve Bellamy, who turned up on the two o'clock train. Mimi played a round with Burgoyne and I went with George Dallas. We all got round within a few minutes of each other and sat around, getting drinks and gabbing."

"Was it then that you told Mrs. Ives about this affair of her husband's?"

"It was around that time."

"Was Mr. Ives there?"

"No; he'd telephoned that he couldn't get out till dinnertime."

"Just what made you tell Mrs. Ives this story, Mr. Farwell?"

Elliot Farwell's heavy jowls became slightly more prominent. "Well, I'd had a drink too many, I guess, and I was good and fed up with the whole thing. I thought Sue was a peach, and it made me sick to see what Ives was getting away with."

"What did Mrs. Ives say?"

"She said that I was out of my head, and I told her that I'd bet her a thousand dollars to five cents that Mimi and Pat would tell some fairy stories about what they were doing that evening and meet at the cottage. And I told her that I'd waited behind the bushes at the lodge gates the week before when Sue was in New York, and seen both of them go up the drive—Mimi on foot and Ives ten minutes later in the car. That worried her; she wasn't sure how sober I was, but she cut out telling me I was crazy."

He paused and the prosecutor lifted an impatient voice: "Then what, Mr. Farwell?"

"Well, a little while after that George Dallas came over and said that if Sue wanted him to, he'd stop on the way home and show her how to make the new cocktail that he'd been telling her about, so that she could surprise Pat with it at dinner. And she said all right, and we all piled into our cars and headed for her place—all except Mimi and Bellamy. They'd left a few minutes before, because they had dinner early."

"Did you have any further conversation with Mrs. Ives on the subject?"

"Not anything that you'd call conversation. There was a whole crew jabbering around there at her place."

"Well, did she mention it again?"

"Oh, well, she came up to me just when I was going—I was looking around for my hat in the hall—and she said, 'Elliot, don't tell anyone else that you've told me about this, will you?' And I said, 'All right.' And she said, 'Promise. I don't want it to get back to Pat that I know until I decide what to do.' And so I said sure I'd promise. And then I cleared out."

In the hushed court room his voice sounded ugly and defiant, but he kept his face turned stubbornly away from Sue Ives' clear attentive eyes, which never once had left it, and which widened a little now, gravely ironic, as the man who had promised not to tell sullenly broke that promise.

"Oh," whispered the red-headed girl fiercely—"oh, the cad! He's trying to make it look as though she did it—as though she meant to do it even then."

"Oh, come on now!" remonstrated the reporter judicially. "Give the poor devil his due! After all, he's on oath, and the prosecutor's digging into him with a pickax and spade. Here, look out, or we'll miss something!"

"And after you and Mr. Burgoyne had dined, Mr. Farwell?"

"Well, I had a rotten headache, so I decided that I wouldn't go over to Dallas' for the poker game after all, but that I'd turn in and read a detective story that I'd brought out with me. I called up George to ask if he'd have enough without me, and he said yes, so I decided that I'd call it a night and went up to my bedroom."

"Did you see Mr. Burgoyne before he left?"

"Yes, he stuck his head in the door just as I was putting on my bathrobe and asked if there was anything he could do, and I said nothing but tell George I was sorry."

"Have you any idea what time that was?"

"It must have been round quarter to nine; the party was to start about nine, and he was walking."

"Did you read for long after he left?"

"Yes, I read right along; but about half-past nine I got up for a cigarette, and I couldn't find a match, so I started hunting through the pockets of the golf suit I'd been wearing, for my lighter. It wasn't there. I remembered that I'd used it on the way over to the cottage—I kept it in my pocket with my loose change—and all of a sudden it came back to me that I'd pulled a handkerchief out of that pocket when I was getting that coin to toss up on the porch and I'd thought I heard something drop, and looked around a little, but I didn't pay much attention to it, because I thought probably it was just some change that had rolled off the porch. I realized then that it must have been the lighter and I was sore as the devil."

"Will you tell us why, Mr. Farwell?"

"Because I didn't want anyone to know I'd been hanging round the cottage, and the lighter was marked on the inside."

"Marked with your name?"

"Marked with an inscription—Elliot, from Mimi, Christmas, 1918."

The coarse voice was suddenly shaken, the coarse face suddenly pale—Elliot, from Mimi, Christmas, 1918.

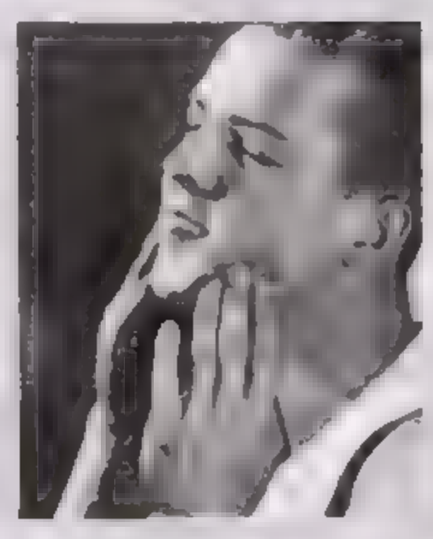
"What did you do after you missed the lighter, Mr. Farwell?"

"Well, I cursed myself good and plenty and went on a hunt for matches downstairs. There wasn't one in the whole

WASH ONCE . . .

WASH AGAIN . . .

AND . . .



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You can buy a jar of Pompeian at any toilet goods counter for 60c. We'd rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this message.

Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free

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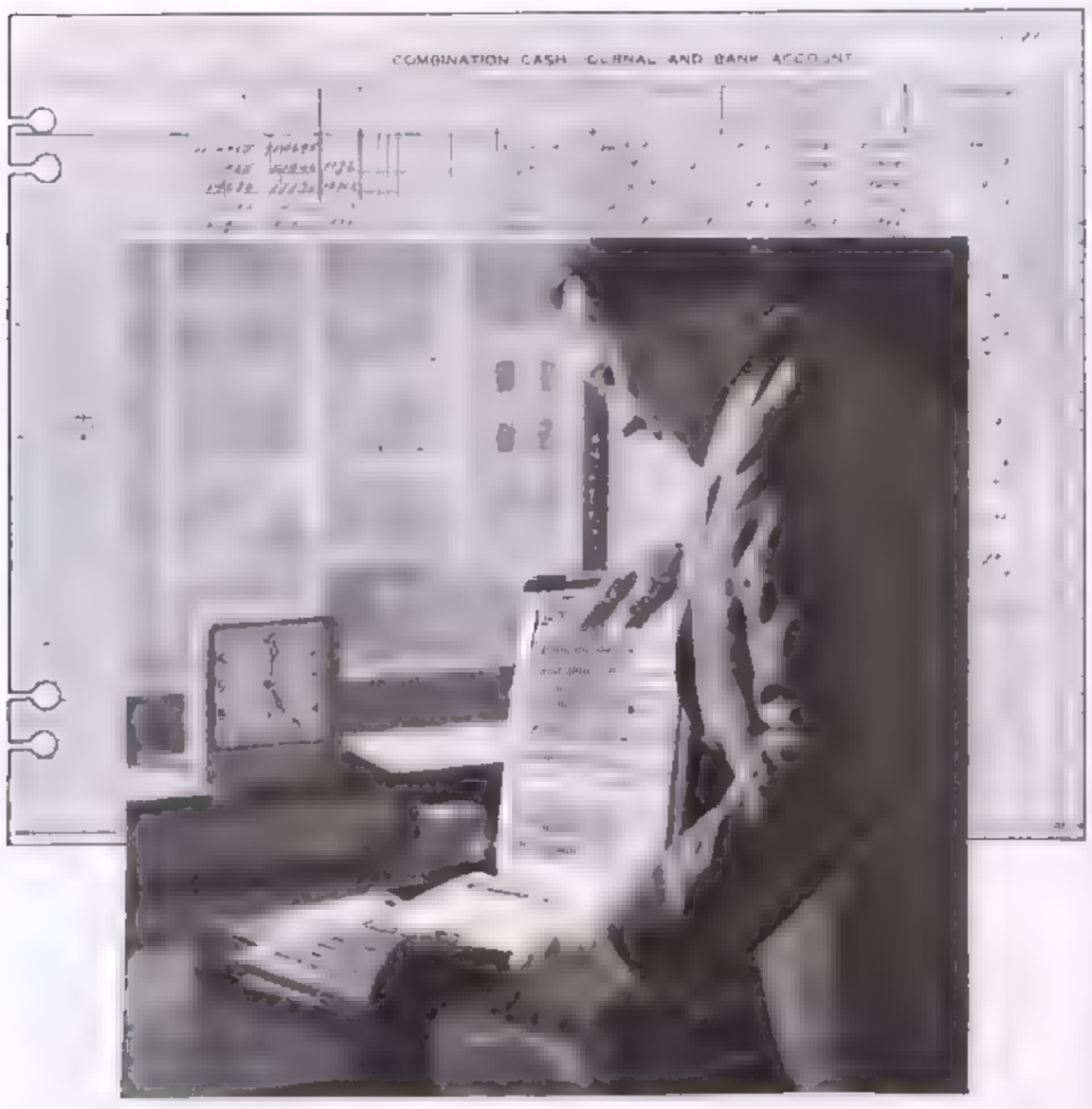

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darned place and I was too lazy to get into my clothes again, so I called up Dick at the Dallases' and asked him to be sure to bring some home with him."

"What time did you telephone?"

"I didn't look at the time. It was half-past nine when I started to look for the matches. Quarter to ten—ten minutes to, maybe."

"Did you go back to bed?"

"Yes; but I went on reading for quite a while. I'd dozed off by the time Dick came in, though the light was still burning."

"What time was that?"

"A little after half-past eleven."

The prosecutor stood eying the heavy countenance before him speculatively for a moment, and then, with a quick shake of his narrow, sleek, finely poised head, took his decision. "Mr. Farwell, when did you first tell the story that you have been telling us?"

"On June twenty-first."

"Where did you tell it?"

"In your office."

"At whose request?"

"At ——"

Mr. Lambert, who had been sitting twitching in his chair, emitted a roar of protest as he bounded to his feet that effectually drowned out any information Mr. Farwell was about to impart. "I object, Your Honor! I object! What does it matter whether this witness told his story in the prosecutor's office or the Metropolitan Opera House? The point is that he's telling it here, and anything else is deliberately beside the mark. I ——"

"The court is inclined to agree with you, Mr. Lambert. What is the object of establishing when, where and why Mr. Farwell told this story, Mr. Farr?"

"Because, Your Honor, it is entirely owing to the insistence of the state that Mr. Farwell is at present making a series of admissions that if misinterpreted by the jury might be highly prejudicial to Mr. Farwell. There is not one chance in a hundred that the defense would have brought out under cross-examination the fact that Mr. Farwell was at the gardener's cottage on the nineteenth of June—a fact that I have deliberately elicited in my zeal to set all the available facts before the jury. But in common fairness to Mr. Farwell, I think that I should be permitted to bring out the circumstances under which I obtained this information."

Judge Carver paraded his fine, keen old eyes meditatively from the ruddy full moon of Mr. Lambert's countenance to the black-and-white etching of the prosecutor's, cold as ice, for all the fever of intensity behind it; on farther still to the bull-necked and blue-jowled occupant of the witness box. There was a faint trace of distaste in their depths as they returned to the prosecutor. Perhaps it was that distaste that swung back the pendulum. Judge Carver had the reputation of being as fair as he was hard.

"Very well, Mr. Farr. The court sees no impropriety in having you state those circumstances as briefly as possible."

"May I have an objection to that, Your Honor?" Lambert's face had deepened to a fine claret.

"Certainly."

"On the morning of the twenty-first of June," said Mr. Farr, "I asked Mr. Farwell to come to my office. When he arrived I told him that we had information in our hands that definitely connected him with this atrocious crime, and that I sincerely advised him to make a clean breast of all his movements. He proceeded to do so promptly, and told me exactly the same story that he has told you. It came, frankly, as a surprise to me, but it in no way altered or modified the state's case. I therefore decided to put Mr. Farwell on the stand in order to let you have all the facts."

"Was the information that you possessed connecting Mr. Farwell with the crime the cigarette lighter, Mr. Farr?" inquired Judge Carver gravely.

"No, Your Honor; it was Mrs. Ives' telephone conversation with Stephen Bellamy, asking whether Elliot had not told him anything. There was no other Elliot in Mrs. Ives' circle of acquaintances."

"Is the lighter in the possession of the state at present?"

"No, Your Honor," remarked the prosecutor blandly. "The state's case would be considerably simplified if it were."

His eye rested, fugitive but penetrating, on Mr. Lambert's heated countenance.

"That is all that you desired to state, Mr. Farr?"

"Yes, Your Honor. No further questions, Mr. Farwell. Cross-examine."

"What kind of a cigarette lighter was this, Mr. Farwell?" There was an ominous rumble in Lambert's voice.

"A little black enamel and silver thing that you could light with one hand. They brought a lot of them over from England in '17 and '18."

"Had anyone ever suggested to you that this lighter might possibly prove a dangerous weapon against you if it fell into the hands of the defense?" inquired Mr. Lambert, in what were obviously intended to be silken tones.

"No," replied Mr. Farwell belligerently; "no one ever told me anything of the kind."

Mr. Farr permitted himself a fleeting and ironic smile in the direction of his adversary before he turned a countenance lit with splendid indignation toward the jury.

"Mr. Farwell, you told the prosecutor that you had had a couple of drinks before you confided this story about her husband to Mrs. Ives. Was that accurate, or had you had more?"

"I'd had three or four, maybe—I don't remember."

"Three or four after you came off the links?"

"Well, what of it?" Farwell's jaw was jutting dangerously.

"Be good enough to answer my question, Mr. Farwell."

"All right, three or four after I came off the links."

"And three or four before you started?"

"I don't remember how many; we all had something at lunch."

"You had had too many, hadn't you, Mr. Farwell?"

"Too many for what?"

"Too many for Mimi Bellamy's good, let us say." Mr. Lambert caught a menacing movement from the chair occupied by the prosecutor and hurried on: "Would you have been quite so explicit to Mrs. Ives if you had not had those drinks?"

"I don't know whether I would or not." The little beads of sweat on the low forehead were suddenly larger. "I'd been thinking for quite a while that she ought to know what was going on."

"I see. And just what did you think was to be gained by her knowledge?"

"I thought she'd put a stop to it."

"Put a stop to it with a knife, Mr. Farwell?" inquired Mr. Lambert, ferociously genial.

And suddenly there leaped from the dull eyes before him a flame of such raw agony that Mr. Lambert took a hasty and prudent step backward.

"What do you take me for? I thought she'd make him cut it out."

"And it was absolutely essential to you that he should cut it out, wasn't it, Mr. Farwell?"

"What?"

"You were endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Bellamy to divorce Mr. Bellamy and marry you, weren't you, Mr. Farwell?"

Mr. Farwell sat glaring dumbly at his tormentor out of those strange eyes.

"Weren't you?"

"Yes." As baldly as though Mr. Farwell were stating that he had tried to get her to play a game of bridge.

"How long had it been since your affection for her had revived?"

"It hadn't revived. My affection for her, if that's what you want to call it, hadn't ever stopped."

"Oh, I see. And at the time of the murder you were not convinced that it was hopeless?"

"No"

Continued on Page 92

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Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

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PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 90)

"I see. But you were a good deal disturbed over this affair with Mr. Ives, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you went home you had a few more drinks just to celebrate the fact that you'd fixed everything up, didn't you?"

"I had another drink or so."

"And when you went up to bed with the detective story you took a full bottle of whisky with you, didn't you?"

"I guess so."

"And it was three-quarters empty the next morning, wasn't it?"

"How do I know?"

"Wasn't it found beside your bed almost empty next morning, Mr. Farwell?"

"I don't know. I'd taken a good deal of it."

"Mr. Farwell, are you sure that you didn't find that you had lost that cigarette lighter before 9:30—at a little after nine, say?"

"No, I told you that it was 9:30."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I looked at my watch."

"And just why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted to know the time."

"Why?"

"I don't know—I just wanted to know."

"It was very convenient that it happened to be just 9:30, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean; it wasn't convenient at all, if it comes to that."

"You don't? And you don't see why it was convenient that you happened to call up the Dallas house at about ten minutes to ten, assuring them thereby that you were safe at home in your pajamas?"

"No, I don't."

"You have a Filipino boy who works for you, haven't you, Mr. Farwell?"

"Yes."

"Was he in the house after Mr. Burgoyne went on to the poker party?"

"No; he goes home after he finishes the dinner things—around half-past eight usually."

"So you were absolutely alone in the house?"

"Absolutely."

"Your car was outside, wasn't it?"

"It was in the garage."

"It never entered your head when you missed that lighter, the loss of which concerned you so deeply, to get into that automobile and take the five or ten minute drive to the Orchards to recover it?"

"It certainly didn't."

"You didn't do anything of the kind?"

"Look here, I've already told you about twenty times that I didn't, haven't I?" Mr. Farwell's voice was straining perilously at the leash.

"I didn't remember that I'd asked you that before. At what time did you first hear of this tragedy, Mr. Farwell?"

"You mean the—murder?"

"Naturally."

Once more the dull eyes were lit by that strange flare of stupefied agony. "At about twelve o'clock Sunday morning, I guess—or half-past eleven—I don't know—sometime late that morning. George Dallas telephoned me. I was still half asleep."

"What did you do?"

"Do? I don't know what I did. It knocked me cold."

Mr. Lambert suddenly thrust his beaming countenance into the stolid mask before him. "However cold it might have knocked you, Mr. Farwell, don't you remember that within three-quarters of an hour of the time that you received this news you locked yourself in the library and tried to blow your brains out?"

"Yes," said Elliot Farwell, "I remember that."

"You didn't succeed because your friend Richard Burgoyne had previously emptied the pistol?"

"Correct."

"And your Filipino boy, looking for you to announce luncheon, noticed you through the window and set up the alarm, didn't he?"

"So I understand."

"What did you say to Mr. Burgoyne when he forced his way into the library, Mr. Farwell?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember that you said, 'Keep your hands off me, Dick; after what I've done, there's no way out but this'?"

"No, I don't remember it, but I probably said it. I don't remember what I said."

"What explanation do you offer for that remark, Mr. Farwell?"

"I'm not offering any explanations; if I said it, I said it. What difference does it make what I meant?"

"It makes quite a difference, I assure you. You have no explanation to offer?"

"No."

"Mr. Farwell, for the last time I ask you whether you were not at the gardener's cottage at the Orchards on the night of June nineteenth?"

"No."

"At about 9:30?"

"No."

Mr. Lambert, the ruddy moon of his countenance suddenly alive with malice, shot his question viciously into the tortured mask: "It was not your laugh that Mr. Thorne heard coming from the cottage, Mr. Farwell?"

"You ——"

Over the gasp of the court room rose the bellow of rage from the witness box, the metallic ring of the prosecutor's voice, the thunder of Judge Carver's gavel and Ben Potts' chant:

"Silence! Silence!"

"Your Honor, I would like to ask one question: Is Mr. Farwell on trial for his life here, or is this the case of the People versus Bellamy and Ives?"

"This court is not given to answering rhetorical questions, Mr. Farr. Mr. Lambert, Mr. Farwell has already told you several times that he was not at the Orchards on the night of June nineteenth. The court has given you great latitude in your cross-examination, but it does not propose to let you press it farther along those lines. If you have other questions to put, you may proceed."

"No further questions, Your Honor." Mr. Lambert's voice remained buoyantly impervious to rebuke.

"One moment, Mr. Farwell." The prosecutor moved swiftly forward. The man in the witness box, who had lurched to his feet at that last outrage from the exultant Lambert, turned smoldering eyes on him. On the rim of the witness box, his hands were shaking visibly—thick, well groomed, insensitive hands, with a heavy seal ring on one finger. "You admit that you had been drinking heavily before you spoke to Mrs. Ives, do you not?"

"Yes—yes—yes."

"Did you regret that fact when you returned home that evening?"

"I knew I'd talked too much—yes."

"Did you regret it still more deeply when you received the news of the murder the following morning?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't that the reason for your attempted suicide?"

A long pause, and then once more the heavy tortured voice: "Yes."

"Because you realized that harm had come to her through your indiscretion?"

"Yes, I told you—yes."

"Thanks, that's all. Call Mr. Dallas."

"Mr. George Dallas!"

A jaunty figure in blue serge, with a smart foulard tie and curly blond hair just beginning to thin, moved briskly forward Mr. Dallas was obviously a good fellow; there was a hearty timbre to his rather light voice, his lips parted constantly in an earnestly engaging smile over even white teeth, and his brown eyes were the friendliest ever seen out of a dog's head. If he had not had thirty thousand dollars a year he would have been an Elk, a Rotarian and the best salesman on the force.

He cast an earnestly propitiatory smile at Sue Ives, who smiled back, faintly and

(Continued on Page 95

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JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
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Direct friction . . .
infallible control

WATSON STABILATORS

(Continued from Page 92)

gravely, and an even more earnestly propitiatory one at the prosecutor, who returned it somewhat perfunctorily.

"Mr. Dallas, you were giving a poker party on the night of the nineteenth of June, were you not?"

"I was indeed."

Mr. Dallas' tone implied eloquently that it had been a highly successful party, lacking only the prosecutor's presence to make it quite flawless.

"You were present when Mr. Farwell telephoned Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Oh, yes."

"The telephone was in the room in which you were playing?"

"Yes, sir."

"About what time did the call come in?"

"Well, now let's see." Mr. Dallas was all eager helpfulness. "It must have been about quarter to ten, because every fifteen minutes we were making a jack pot, and I remember that we'd had the first and another was just about due when the phone rang and Dick held up the game for a while."

"Did you get Mr. Burgoyne's end of the conversation?"

"Well, not all of it. We were all making a good deal of a racket—just kidding along, you know—but I heard Dick say, 'Oh, put on your clothes and come over and we'll give you enough of 'em to start a bonfire.'"

"Did Mr. Burgoyne make any comments after he came back?"

"He said, 'Boys, don't let me forget to take some matches when I go. Farwell hasn't got one in the house.'"

"What time did he leave?"

"Oh, around 11:15, I guess; we broke up earlier than usual."

"Did you call Mr. Farwell up the following day around noon?"

"Yes, I did." Mr. Dallas' jaunty accents were suddenly tinged with gravity.

"Can you remember that conversation?"

"Well, I remember that when Elliot answered he still sounded half asleep and rather put out. He said, 'What's the idea waking a guy up at this time of day?' And I said, 'Listen, Elliot, something terrible's happened. I was afraid you'd see it in the papers. Mimi Bellamy's been murdered in the gardener's cottage at the Orchards.' He made a queer sort of noise and said, 'Don't! Don't!' Don't—don't over and over again, as though he were wound up. I said, 'Don't what?' But he'd hung up, I guess; anyway he didn't give me any answer."

"He seemed startled?"

"Oh, rather—he seemed absolutely knocked cuckoo."

The voice hung neatly between pity and regret, the sober eyes tempering the flippant words.

"All right, Mr. Dallas—thanks. Cross-examine."

As though loath to tear himself from this interesting and congenial chatter, Mr. Dallas wrenched his expressive countenance from the prosecutor and turned it, flatteringly intent, on the roseate Lambert.

"Did other people overhear Mr. Burgoyne's remarks, Mr. Dallas?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure that they must have. We were all within a foot or so of each other, you know."

"Who was in the room?"

"Well, there was Burgoyne, and I had Martin and two fellows from New York who were out for the week-end, and—let's see——"

"Wasn't Mr. Ives in the room at the time?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Dallas, a curious, apprehensive shadow playing over his sunny countenance. "No, he wasn't."

"I see. What time had he arrived, Mr. Dallas?"

"Mr. Ives?"

"Yes."

Mr. Dallas cast a fleeting and despairing glance at the white-faced figure in the corner by the window, and Patrick Ives returned it with a steady, amused, indifferent air.

"Oh—oh, well, he hadn't."

Mr. Lambert stopped, literally transfixed, his eyes bulging. "You mean that he hadn't arrived at a quarter to ten?"

"No, he hadn't."

For the first time since the trial opened, Sue Ives stirred in her seat. She leaned forward swiftly, her eyes, urgent and imperious, on her stupefied counsel. Her lifted face, suddenly vivid with purpose, her lifted hand, cried a warning to him clearer than words. But Mr. Lambert was heeding no warnings.

"What time did he get there?"

"He—well, you see—he didn't get there."

Mr. Dallas again turned imploring eyes on the gentleman in the corner, whose own eyes smiled back indulgently, a little more indifferent, a little more amused.

"Had he let you know of this change of plans?"

"No," said Mr. Dallas wretchedly. "No, he hadn't exactly."

"He simply didn't turn up?"

"That's it—he just didn't turn up." Mr. Dallas' voice made a feeble effort to imply that nothing could possibly be of less consequence between men of the world.

Mr. Lambert, stupor still rounding his eyes, made a vague gesture of dismissal, his face carefully averted from Sue Ives' sternly accusing countenance.

"No further questions."

Mr. Dallas scrambled hastily to his feet, his ingenuous gaze turned hopefully on the prosecutor.

The expression on the prosecutor's classic features, however, was not calculated to reassure the most optimistic. Mr. Farr was contemplating the amiable countenance of his late witness with much the look of astounded displeasure which must have adorned Medusa's first audience. He, too, sketched a slight gesture of dismissal toward the door, and Dallas, eager and docile, followed it.

The third day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STORMY

(Continued from Page 9

Don't wear anything but a cloth around their middles and their bodies are like black statues. They keep their hair bobbed square, just a little above their shoulders, so they can shake it over their eyes and protect 'em from the sun.

We slipped the sixteen dugouts up through the lock we'd made in the dam and let 'em tie up just south of the aeroplane hangar for the night. It was too late to bother about unloading. Instead, we broached one drum to get enough gas to start our machinery going an' let the rest stay there until morning. At least we intended to let it stay there.

Well—"God love us an' save us," said ol' lady Davis—along about one o'clock in the morning that shipment of gas started going bang to heaven. One o' the natives probably dropped a match where we'd spilt some gas while we were broaching that one drum. Anyhow, we later found pieces of what used to be a native.

For a minute it looked as though the whole camp was going. The flames were shooting up about fifty feet. Two drums had exploded and the rest of 'em were going just as soon as they got hot enough. The explosions had knocked the dugouts loose from their moorings. All of 'em were on fire.

There was just one thing to do, an' do it quick! That was to give the dam a shot of dynamite and let the whole works go downstream. Freddy had the same idea and we cracked our heads together at the powder house. It's a wonder we didn't drop a fulminate-of-mercury cap an' blow the whole dang thing and ourselves to pieces. Funny how calm you get when there's a pinch. I fixed the fuse while Freddy lashed six sticks of dynamite together with wire. Then we beat it for the dam.

Freddy took the dynamite and wades in under the shelter of the dam. He yells, "How much did you give her?"—meaning the fuse.

"Three feet!" I yells.

"Get 'em back!"

I hollered to the natives to beat it. They knew what dynamite was, because we used to blow off a quarter of a stick for fish now and then.

I saw the flash of Freddy's match at the fuse—he had a box of matches between his teeth—then he cut and ran for shore, ran as far as he dared and flopped on his face, trusting to luck that whatever went up wouldn't come down on top of him. He counted it pretty well. In the light of the gasoline flames I could see him flop, an' two seconds later the powder went off—bang! Like to blow your eardrums in.

It was a grand sight watching that pond go out. The surface of the water was burning from floating gasoline. A regular lake of fire started downstream with a rush, taking boats with it.

One drum gave us a farewell salute as it left, shooting gas over a vacant storehouse. The thatched roof went up like flash-light powder and we had our work cut out saving the house next to it. Lucky for us, there was a little breeze in our favor. After about thirty minutes there wasn't anything left to do but scratch our heads and say "Well, I'll be damned!"

Then we noticed that Culbertson wasn't with us. We found him on the ground, gasping for air. His heart was in bad shape and he was all tuckered. But he'd been right with us until the last spark was out. After a few minutes he was able to sit up.

We were sights, especially Freddy. His hair, eyebrows and eyelashes were all singed. We were as black as minstrel-show coons. My mustache looked like nothing you've ever seen or heard of.

Anyhow, we'd got enough gas out of those sixteen drums so that the ice machine was working, and we laid into the cold highballs like a bunch of kids at a picnic. There's mighty few things you can't laugh off if you've got a good bunch of men with you.

The next morning Freddy and I had a council of war. Mike Taintor, by the way, was up in the jungle with the surveyors, so he didn't know what had happened until I got a runner to him. We decided that since we didn't have any gas left to run the aeroplane not to speak of having no pond for her to take off from one of us would have to go to San Fernando by dugout.

Freddy volunteered to make the trip, and a sweet trip it was too! One day downstream to Barrio, then three in the blazing sun, riding the open sea in a dugout, with two natives rowing you from sunup to sundown.

He certainly must of looked wild an' woolly by the time he got there. Hair, eyebrows and eyelashes burned, a four-day beard and his clothes filthy dirty. You can work up a pretty good thirst on a trip like that, an' Freddy must of been a walking thirst by the time he hit the jetty in San Fernando. Anyhow, he stowed away about a dozen rum punches before he even got to the hotel. By that time he not only looked like he'd been chewed up an' spit out but he was tight in the bargain. Just tight enough to be ornery.

And who should be sitting there at a little table in the shade of the hotel, looking as pretty as can be in her nice cool dress, but Stormy! Yes, sir, it was Mike's kid

(Continued on Page 98)

AS the swift hand of the stenographer flits across the page of the note book she realizes how much a good pencil has to do in the making of a good letter. The best stenographers "just love" their Conklin Endura pencils In Sapphire Blue, Verd (green), Mahogany, Red, and Black. Know it by annular rings in contrasting color on barrel. The short model shown, fitted with ring cap, sells for $3.50. The long model is $4.00. Concealed, replaceable eraser is standard equipment. Capacious magazine holds lots of leads. Other Conklin pencils $1.00 and more. All colors, all models.

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ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

Get more for your money!

WHEN you hear that there is "Plenty of Rubber" in U. S. Royal Cords, you may perhaps wonder why every tire manufacturer does not announce the same policy.

This Company holds a unique position.

We own and operate enormous *Rubber Plantations.* One of them is the largest producing rubber plantation in the world.

We invented and control the process of making *Sprayed Rubber*—which is the purest and most uniform rubber known.

We invented and control Web Cord—the process for putting plenty of rubber *between* and *around* the cords of a tire.

From the planting of the trees, *right through* to the tires on the wheels of your car—plenty of rubber.

United States Rubber Company

BUD-GRAFTING

Question: What difference does it make to me that the United States Rubber Company grows and controls its own supply of rubber?

Answer: It makes a lot of difference to you. Good tires must start with plenty of the right kind of rubber. The right kind of rubber starts with the right kind of rubber trees. Among other methods for producing plenty of superior rubber latex, bud-grafting—to make better trees—has been practised on the United States Rubber plantations for ten years.

If you ride on U. S. Royals you get the benefit. If you do not ride on U. S. Royals you are missing something extra good. Either way, it makes a lot of difference to you.

PLENTY OF RUBBER IN

U.S.ROYAL

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

CORDS

Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 95)

Only she wasn't a kid any more. She was almost twenty-one.

III

THAT was when the trouble started. I've never seen it fail. Women are all right, I suppose. Anyhow I haven't anything against 'em if they'll let me shinny on my side while they shinny on theirs. But the minute you bring a woman into a camp of men there's trouble afoot. A bunch of men can get along together pretty smooth generally; they get to think alike an' work alike. Then bring a woman in and there's hell to pay. She's just what a mercury cap is to dynamite, whether she wants to be or not. They can talk about the refining influence of a woman, but tell that to your ol' grandmother. I'm as refined as I want to be.

Remind me some other night to tell you about the time we were drilling for oil in Chiriqui and Mrs. Robinson shows up—"God love us an' save us," says ol' lady Davis!

Well, anyhow, you don't expect to see a white girl, looking like she'd just stepped off Fifth Avenue, in San Fernando. Freddy asked who she was and the proprietor of the hotel told him she was Mike Taintor's daughter and that she was waiting to take the Santa Anna. She was going to join her father at camp.

So Freddy, having all that rum under his belt and forgetting how he looks, decides that he has to do the honors and welcome her to Central America. I suppose the sight of a real live white girl looked pretty good to him, not having seen what you'd call a regular girl in five months. Out he goes an' starts to introduce himself.

Stormy was mighty pretty. Slim—not much to her as they weigh 'em down in these countries—and with a sort of whirlpool of blond hair on her head. She had a lot of that nervous energy that thoroughbred horses have. She was quick on the trigger too.

Well, Freddy got about two words out of him when she just froze up solid and told him to get out of her sight. Stormy wasn't her mother's daughter for nothing. She knew how to make the thermometer drop for ten yards around her.

Freddy ought to of realized that a girl like Stormy isn't going to let a drunken beach comber—that's what he looked like come up an' talk with her. But he didn't realize anything. Drunk or sober, he was just trying to be polite and offer his services. So he got insulted and roaring mad. He turned around short and went to his room and yelled for the clean clothes he always left in town. After he got washed up he went out an' finished what he'd started—a good party. Stormy told me later she could hear him from a block away when he rolled into the hotel that night.

The next day he had a hang-over and he was still sore about the way she'd treated him. Stormy was in a pretty bad mood herself; she'd had a scrap with her chaperon, and instead of going to Europe she'd cut loose and grabbed a boat for Central America. That was where she'd wanted to go all along, to be with Mike, but Mike wouldn't take her. One word from Mike and she did whatever she dang pleased. She landed in Panama and then took a ratty tub to San Fernando.

Now she was waiting for the Santa Anna, which was lying in the harbor, already three days overdue to sail. Stormy had been there five days.

San Fernando isn't much of a town. There's a big mud flat that is a bay when the tide is in and a bad smell when the tide is out. There's a line of huts on the water front, most of 'em belonging to Chink traders, and a few hundred tumble-down houses where the natives live. There's just one hotel.

What made Stormy maddest was that nobody knew and nobody cared when the Santa Anna was going to leave. They'd always tell her *mañana*, but she wasn't used to that *mañana* stuff.

When she saw Freddy all shaved an' dressed in his whites she was sorry she been so quick about calling him down. He would at least have been somebody she could talk to, for she couldn't speak a word of Spanish. And she wondered if, mebbe, he couldn't tell her when the Santa Anna really was going. Of course she didn't know he belonged to her old man's company. But she was too stiff-necked, just like her mother, to try to make up with him.

So those two dang young fools sat there in the dining room of the hotel, dusting away the flies from their food an' not saying a word to each other. That went on for two days while Freddy was busy getting our supplies together and aboard the boat. One morning the hotel proprietor tells her that the Santa Anna is going to sail. He took her and her luggage down to the landing an' Stormy goes out in a rowboat to get aboard.

Well, until you've traveled on the Santa Anna you don't know what a passenger boat can be. She used to be a dump boat when we were building the canal and she was junked two years before the canal was opened. The Spig who bought her poured concrete in her hull to close up her bottom where she used to open an' let her load of dirt out. They use that space now for bringing cattle up the coast, and it smells like it. There's two big cabins for men an' women mixed, eight bunks each, and signs in the cabins saying that passengers must take their shoes off before going to bed. Like most signs, they don't mean anything. Any Spig who owns a pair of shoes isn't going to be fool enough to take 'em off and have 'em stolen while he's asleep. Then there's one fair-sized room you might call the salon, where all the Spigs who can't afford a bunk sleep on the floor. The smell of the mud flats is perfume compared with the smell below decks.

Can you imagine Stormy, straight from all the swell life she's known in New York City, gettin' aboard that boat? There wasn't a soul in sight except two deck hands, one of 'em sprawled out in the shade of the bridge while the other was searching between his toes with a needle, digging out jiggers—those little sand bugs that burrow in. They looked at her, gabbled in Spanish an' then didn't pay any more attention to her. The boatmen threw her luggage on deck and headed back for town.

Stormy, feeling pretty sick about things, sits down to wait. The hours roll by and she follows the shade of the smokestack around. Then pretty soon comes a bump-bump-bump and the Santa Anna is resting her backbone on the mud. In another hour she was sitting in a regular sea of mud, black an' smelly.

Finally Stormy goes over to one of the sleeping deck hands an' gave him a poke in the ribs with her shoe. She managed to get it through his dumb head that she wants to know when the boat is shoving. But all she got out of him was "*Quien sabe?*"—Who knows?

When the sun started down over the horizon the men began to prepare dinner. One of 'em came out with a tin plate of chow for her. I know what that chow is aboard the Santa Anna—greasy rice that's been cooked with a big hunk o' lard in it and a couple of strips o' bad beef. It's as vile a mess of slum as I've ever taken a smell of. Of course Stormy couldn't eat it. All she'd had all day long since breakfast was some milk chocolate and some tepid water out of the boat's water breaker.

She was just about done in—hot, tired, dirty, hungry, thirsty, not to speak of mad. So she lay down on a bench and finally dropped off to sleep. An hour or so later she was awakened by a hubbub o' voices, people coming aboard and more freight being heaved on deck.

Then Freddy came over the side, followed by a new Chink servant he was bringing to camp and a couple of natives carrying boxes. Stormy just sat there an' looked at him, stunned-like and thankful. I guess that was about the time when she began to fall in love with him.

Freddy didn't even look at her. He opened one of these canvas deck chairs and shoved it over to her. "There's a chair for you," he said.

You've never seen so much noise an' confusion as when the Santa Anna shoves off. The native passengers, most of 'em drunk as lords, run around as if they were crazy, the men singing an' taking swigs out of everyone else's bottles, the women shrieking and trying to keep their brats an' their baggage together. And all the brats are bawling. Added to what's left of the stink of the mud flats, there is the worse smell that comes up from the cabins, the smoke that belches out o' the stack and the stench of that perfume the Spig ladies buy for one dollar Mex a quart. Then one o' the brats gets lost and its mother has hysterics because she's sure that it's gone overboard. When the kid is found it gets licked. Then the whistle blows and the engine starts shaking the boat like a dog shaking water off.

Five minutes after the boat is under way the whole mob gets seasick. That's one blessing, because they all go below and roll into their bunks, getting worse and worse every time the old tub heaves herself over a wave. Oh, well, figure it out for yourself what it's like below decks.

Right in the middle of all the smell and confusion was Freddy, laughing an' talking with the natives, not paying any attention to Stormy. He was clean and fresh in his whites, and she felt sort of dirty and wilted, sitting there in the chair he'd given her, wondering who he was and what was going to happen next.

Before the boat started he took a rope and barred off part of the deck for her and part for himself on the other side, so that the natives couldn't run over them. Then he had the Chink unpack his gear and break out a little kerosene stove that we had for such trips. By the time the Santa Anna pulled up her mud hook they had a chicken frying. Stormy was just about stove in by the smell of that chicken, and she wasn't sure she was going to get any of it either, which made it worse.

Finally Freddy went over to her. "If you'd like to wash up before dinner," he said, "I'll take you to the captain's cabin. You can sleep there if you want, but you'll probably find it more comfortable on deck."

"Are you with my father's company?" asked Stormy.

"Yes."

"I wish I'd known that," says Stormy.

"It seems to me," says Freddy, "I tried to tell you."

That made her mad. "At least," she says, "you might have kept me from being put aboard this ship in the morning, when you knew you weren't going to leave before night!"

Freddy just bowed politely. "Don't hesitate to bawl me out whenever you want to," he tells her. "I'm only one of the hired men." Then he coughed and put his hand over his mouth to hide a laugh.

Mad? Say! Stormy was so mad she was speechless.

As a matter of fact, Freddy didn't even know she was aboard that morning until he went to the hotel for lunch. Then it was too late to rescue her, so he couldn't do anything more than curse the proprietor out for a stupid half-breed.

She followed him, just as stiff-necked as could be, to the skipper's cabin, which was on deck and didn't smell so bad as the rest of the boat. He told her she had the run of the place. So did a bunch of cockroaches and miscellaneous bugs. But it gave her a place to change her clothes, and there was a washroom, so she didn't have to go below. The captain, a big porky Spanish nigger, always slept on the bridge because it was cooler.

When dinner was ready the Chink came over with a plate of good chow and a cup of tea. And there those two ornery young fools sat back to back, her on the port side and him on the starboard, scoffing up their dinner. Finally they went to sleep. The next morning the deck hands woke her up by spreading a tattered awning; then Freddy and the Chink stirred into action, an' there was coffee, bacon an' eggs an' soda crackers.

Most of the day he spent on the bridge with the captain or talking Spanish with the natives. Every couple of hours he'd have the crew wash down her section of the deck with a hose, just to cool it off, but he didn't even look at her.

In the trip down the coast the Santa Anna bumps in and out of eight ports, all of 'em little places squeezed in between the jungle and the water. Spigs get on an' Spigs get off, and if there's an offshore wind the mosquitoes eat you alive. For no reason at all except that the skipper is ashore getting drunk with his friends, the boat'll stay anchored for hours. If the passengers don't like it they can walk.

After three days of this—just as long as it takes in a rowboat—the Santa Anna snorted into Barrio and let go her hook. All the natives came out in their dugouts, yelling and waving to Freddy, each one trying to get *el pájaro*—the bird—to use his boat. They used to make a regular little tin god of Freddy. He picked out the biggest one and had it draw alongside, then he told Stormy to follow him down the ladder. Of course the Santa Anna was heaving in the swell and the dugout was bobbing up and down, so he had to hold her in one arm and drop her into the arms of an almost naked Indian.

Freddy stayed aboard, seeing that his gasoline and supplies were unloaded, then he came off with the skipper. There was Stormy on the beach, sitting on her trunk—she had two of 'em—brushing off flies and mosquitoes, surrounded by about three hundred Indians wearing nothing but loin cloths. They were gawkin' at her and giggling like a bunch of yahoos in the side show of a circus looking at the freaks. She was the first white woman they'd ever seen.

Pretty soon down the river comes more dugouts. The upcountry Indians had heard the Santa Anna's whistle and they knew there was business. Then there was a big to-do about loading boats, with Freddy bossing the job. Everything like that is a social function in this part of the world, and you can't hurry 'em any more than you could yell out to your guests at a dinner party "For God's sake, eat faster!"

He came over to her after a while. "We'll go ahead," he told her, "and strike camp a few miles up the river. It gets pretty mosquitoey here at night."

"I thought I saw one a moment ago," she says, brushing a dozen off her arm.

"You must have been mistaken," says Freddy.

That—so help me—was the only human conversation that pair had from San Fernando to the head of the Cucuta River.

He stowed her in a dugout, taking another for himself, and they started up the river, with two Indians poling each of them. Twenty-one strokes a minute, hour after hour, while you lie there in the sun, broiling and watching the jungle go by. Sometimes you see a boa snake sunning himself and you can't take a pot at it with your automatic, but that's all there is to do.

After four hours they came to a little open beach and struck camp. Freddy sent the four Indians and the Chink upstream to catch fish and hunt for iguanas and iguana eggs, and after they'd gone he told Stormy that he'd look the other way if she wanted to take a swim, which she was dying to do. You can imagine, after the Santa Anna. After she was out he went in. When the others came back they cooked dinner, and then at dusk they laid down on the sand and went to sleep. Freddy spread his blanket out and shared it with Stormy. Pretty intimate life for two people who are hardly speaking to each other, isn't it?

The next day they made an Indian settlement where the chief lived and they slept—eighteen people—on the floor in the chief's house. Nice people, those Indians. Clean and kind and very happy. At first when they saw a white girl, all the women

Continued on Page 103

Actual size

Rob.t Burns Quality in a Ten-Cent Cigar

THOSE who believe that Rob! Burns quality bespeaks a high price will be pleased to learn that they can now get the famous Rob! Burns FULL Havana filler in Staples (perfecto shape) for ten cents. Staples give you five full inches of complete smoking satisfaction at a price no more than for blended cigars.

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Other Rob! Burns sizes (all with FULL Havana filler of identically the same quality) • PERFECTO-GRANDE (*foil-wrapped*) 2 for 25c • PANATELA 10c

Why *changed* motoring conditions dem

No. 15

Ten questions

HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

If you are looking today for long life for your car, and low cost-per-mile, here are ten questions which you should ask yourself about any oil which is poured into the crankcase of your engine.

THESE questions strike at the heart of automobile engine lubrication. Before reading the questions, please consider the following facts:

Today thousands—perhaps millions—invite serious damage to their engines.

For new risks have been brought in by recent marked changes in engine design and driving conditions.

Today's high-speed, high-heat, high-compression engines call for an entirely new margin of safety in lubrication.

Today's improved inter-city highways have brought express train driving speeds for hours at a stretch. Today's congested city streets have multiplied starts and stops.

Many of even the "best" oils of a few years ago are breaking down under these new conditions.

* I *

Is the oil you use made by lubricating specialists who know how to cope with the 1927 problems of engine design and driving conditions?

Probably not. Only a small part of the oil offered today is made by refineries specializing in lubrication.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is made by the organization which has specialized longest and most intensively in lubrication. The Mobiloil offered today is produced especially for today's driving conditions. It is produced to special specifications set up by the Mobiloil Board of Engineers who are in personal touch with every automobile plant in the country. For over 60 years the makers of Gargoyle Mobiloil have specialized in lubrication.

* II *

Is the oil you use made from crude oils chosen specially for lubrication value—not gasoline yield?

Most oils are not.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is. It is made from selected crudes chosen for the special qualities desired in the manufacture of high quality oils.

* III *

Are you sure of getting oil of the right BODY for your engine?

You are not if you ask merely for "light," "medium," or "heavy" oil. Some "heavy" oils are as light as other "light" oils. Wide variation exists between oils classed as "medium." If you buy oil in this loose way, you can never be sure that its body is suited to the lubrication system or the operating conditions of your engine.

182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks approve the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations because it assures correct BODY as well as high quality.

* IV *

Is the oil you use made by processes which conserve or enhance the lubricating value of the crude stock?

Many oils are not. Today, in many cars improperly or carelessly refined oils are forming heavy sediment or sludge which in extreme cases may clog the lubricating system and result in burned-out bearings, scored cylinders and expensive repairs.

Extra care and extra steps in producing Gargoyle Mobiloil remove all products of incomplete refining likely to produce sediment or sludge. This gives Mobiloil the qualities necessary to resist the oxidizing effect of exposure to intense heat, air and gasoline vapors for long, continuous periods, which oil encounters in today's engines.

* V *

Is the oil uniform?

Tests show that there is considerable variation in some grades of the same brands of oils.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is noted the world over for its uniformity. That is one reason why Mobiloil was used by the U. S. Army Round-the-World Fliers who were supplied with Mobiloil right from stocks in Japan, China, India, through Asia, into Europe, then in Iceland, Greenland and back to the United States.

* VI *

Is the price fair, quality considered?

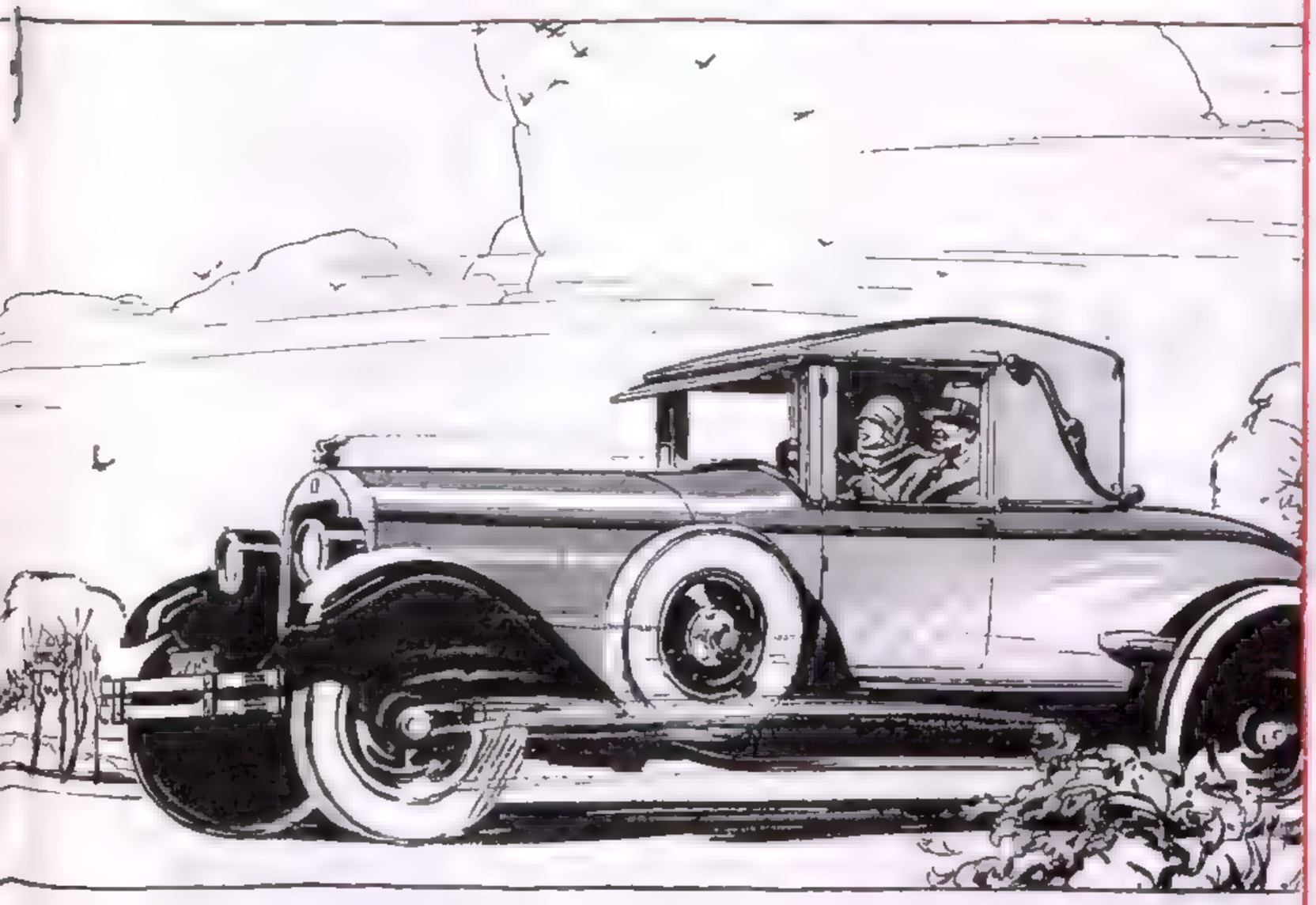
Many oils cost less than half as much to produce as Mobiloil. Yet many oils are sold for only 5¢ a quart less than Mobiloil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN
Det

Other branches and distributing

and a new margin of safety



MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66	...	...	A	A	A	A		
" 6-63 & 8 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case Y	...	...	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Cleveland 8			A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" 6 cyl. models			A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Dodge Bros. (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar (4 cyl.), 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.						
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Fageol	A	Arc.						
Federal FW, X2, X5, Y2, 1 1/2 ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" UB6, 3-3½ ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight 80, 2t.	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Fiat	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T20, T40, T50, 1, 2 ton	A	Arc.						
Gardner (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford 1½–1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International S, SD, 33, 45, 63, 105	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 8	A	Arc.			A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Kissel (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile (6 cyl. & Jr. 8)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc.	A	A				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard Six	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 60, 80 and 8	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic 11X, 12, 20, 2, 3, 5 ton					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 25-6 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.			A	A
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Stewart 6					Arc.	Arc.		
" 21, Red Stewart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
White Sixty Six	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
White Knight (4 cyl.)			B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
White 15, 20 & 20D, ¾ and 2 ton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

✲ VII ✲

Is the oil you use economical?

Lindbergh used Mobiloil and found it to be so.

In hundreds of tests Mobiloil has been proved *cheaper-to-use* than competing oils which sell at lower prices.

Don't confuse price-per-quart with cost-per-mile. In the recent Lindbergh New York-to-Paris flight, the nine-cylinder Wright Whirlwind air-cooled engine of the *Spirit of St. Louis* consumed less than 5 gallons of Mobiloil—less than a quart per hundred miles.

✲ VIII ✲

Is the oil you use approved by automobile manufacturers and engineers?

Gargoyle Mobiloil is recommended by more automobile manufacturers than any *three* other oils combined. It is by far the most-used oil among automobile engineers.

✲ IX ✲

What do users say about oil?

Four out of every five car owners who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil.

✲ X ✲

Is the oil easy to buy?

No other oil is more convenient to buy than Mobiloil. Mobiloil has universal distribution. It is sold in bulk by the quart, in 1-quart and 1-gallon cans for touring. The 5-gallon can (in tipper box) and the 10-gallon steel drum (with faucet) are especially convenient for your home supply.

TODAY there is more to lubrication than buying oil by body, color, or crude stock. Yes, even more to lubrication than watching your oil gauge and saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

The thoughtful motorist is discovering this fact. Especially in these days when a new margin of safety is imperative in lubrication.

That is why he asks by name for the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for his car in the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations.

BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, it, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

rehouses throughout the country

Exide STEPS INTO THE FUTURE

AN ACHIEVEMENT IN POWER UNIT ENGINEERING

An "AB" socket power unit with the unequalled advantage of storage batteries . . . here it is perfected at last! The ideal in radio power, developed by Exide engineers so that through a single unit you can always have ample "A" and super "B" power with full, automatic control from your set switch.

So ingenious is this Exide unit that there is nothing to get out of order or cause trouble and annoyance. And it is positively safe. You simply connect it up to your set and plug it in base plug or light socket.

After that your radio power supply—for both "A" and "B" circuits—takes care of itself. Its operation is as simple as operating an electric light in your living-room—all you have to do is snap your set switch on and off. When you are receiving a program the unit furnishes the current. When you cut off your set, the power previously consumed is automatically replaced through your house lighting supply.

What the unit contains

The unit contains four major parts: 1—The "A" power supply, consisting of a very large capacity Exide Battery in a glass container. 2—A super "B" Power supply, including electrolytic rectification . . . no bulbs or tubes. 3—A duo-rate charger. 4—A specially designed automatic relay master control switch—exclusively Exide.

This Exide switch is so designed that you have full, automatic control from the single switch on your set. When you bring in a program the necessary power is automatically supplied by the unit. When you finish and snap off the set switch the charger instantly starts restoring the power supply at a high rate.

This continues until the battery comes up to a state of approximately full charge, when automatically the charging rate reduces to a low trickle value, consuming very little current. This low rate continues until the set is again placed in operation.

On the front of the unit is a panel containing an ammeter and two control knobs. The ammeter indicates the rate at which the "A" Battery is being charged. The control knobs enable you to vary the "B" detector voltage and the "B" amplifier voltage to suit the requirements of your set.

The Exide Power Unit is a handsome piece of equipment, containing all that is most highly developed in radio power supply. Sold by Exide dealers everywhere or at your neighborhood radio store. These dealers also handle a complete line of Exide "A" and "B" Radio Batteries.

A notable endorsement of Exide Radio Batteries is their exclusive use in Briggs & Stratton "Basco" Power Units

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

(Continued from Page 98)

dug out their extra pieces of calico and wrapped them around their breasts—not out of modesty, just to dress up. But a half hour later they were all naked again except for their loin cloths. The chief came and offered Stormy an egg, and Freddy explained to her that the egg was a sign of welcome. When Freddy first joined us with the plane the Indians from miles around brought eggs to him.

Freddy amused himself in the afternoon by learning to talk Indian, while Stormy played with the babies. Then before dinner Freddy shot off a quarter stick of powder in the river and the whole settlement went overboard for the fish. Nothing pleases the Indians more than that. At dinner, Stormy, Freddy and the chief all sat around the big pot with their gourds, scooped their food out and ate it with their fingers; then the others ate. Like it? Did Stormy like it? Say, she was having the time of her young life!

The next afternoon they came poling up to our camp. Mike had come down from the basin and we went out together when we heard the shouting. He'd just been telling me how Stormy was safe in Europe by this time and how glad he was that he had money enough to give her all the nice 'n' comfortable things in the world. And who should step out of the dugout but Stormy herself, looking like nothing on earth!

Except for the fact that Stormy can't help being pretty, she was a ratty-looking female. She was wearing one of those cheap native sun hats that was too big for her, she didn't have any stockings on and her white dress was a sight from sleeping in it for a week. Over her shoulders she had a piece of cheap blue calico that Freddy had got from an Indian woman. Her face and arms were peeling with sunburn and plastered with ointment. I'll be damned if she didn't look pretty all the same!

Mike let a squawk out of him like he'd been stabbed in the back and made a run for her. "You little son of a gun!" he kept repeating between hugs an' kisses. "Well, you crazy little son of a gun!"

IV

YES, sir, I could smell trouble a mile off. I've never seen it fail when a woman hits camp.

It's only natural to suppose that two people who've made a trip like that will either be good friends or ready to cut each other's throats. I noticed that Freddy, just as soon as he put foot on land, went off to mind his own business without another look at Stormy. He was polite enough, but that's all. Mike didn't notice anything. He was too tickled to think that she'd made the trip, just to see him, even if he had forbidden her to do it.

Generally, after dinner, we'd sit around and chin, mebbe play a couple o' rubbers, have a few drinks. But a bunch of men can't enjoy talking if they dassent let a curse out of them. Pretty soon Freddy said good night and went to his own house; then Culbertson and Ryan left us.

"What I can't see," said Mike, "is why Lane let Stormy come down on that dirty Santa Anna, when he could have gone back for her in the plane and had her here four hours later."

Stormy just shrugged. I said that he probably wasn't sure the dam was rebuilt. That was a pretty good catch-as-catch-can excuse. I knew there was something wrong and I wanted to keep Mike off the subject until I could find out what it was.

"What's Mr. Lane's full name?" asked Stormy.

I told her—Frederick Blesson Lane.

"Oh!" she said, as though that meant something to her. But she didn't say any more.

After a while I drifted out. I could hear Freddy's phonograph in his house, so I went over to see him. We talked about work for a few minutes. Finally I asked, "What's the trouble between you and Stormy?"

"No trouble," he snaps back. "Why? Is she kicking because I didn't bring her down in a yacht?"

"No, but Mike was wondering why you didn't leave her in San Fernando and go for her in the plane."

"He is, is he?" said Freddy, giving me a hard look. "Well, you tell Mike to read the contract we signed and tell me if there is anything in it about passenger work and buggy rides. If he doesn't like it tell him to go to San Fernando himself the next time we run out of gas!"

I'd never seen Freddy lose his disposition before. Generally he was smiling and good company. But he sure did rise to the bait that night.

He was right about the contract. All he had to do was photographic work and it was up to us to keep him supplied with everything he needed. He didn't have to go up to San Fernando chasing gasoline and mail and supplies. He didn't have to drop my messages to the surveyors, and he didn't have to run the whole camp for me while I was in the jungle.

I handled him pretty gentle, an' pretty soon I got him soothed around. We had a cold highball and then he began to tell me the whole yarn about the trip on the Santa Anna and how Stormy called him down.

He wound up by saying: "One reason I'm down here is that I want to stay clear of women, and I'm not going to let the first pretty little snip of a girl who comes along wipe her feet in my face. If Mike doesn't like it he can have the fun of taking her back the way she came. It's not my job."

I had to get him soothed down again.

The next one I had to soothe was the Chink cook. He was sore because Stormy came into the kitchen looking for something to eat instead of ringing the gong. The next day Culbertson came down with a bad attack of homesickness and blues, probably because the sight of a white woman made him think of his wife and wonder what she was doing. Then Culbertson and Ryan decided that they would have their meals in the laboratory instead of with us. That night Ryan got drunk.

In the morning the gasoline engine for the lights and the ice machine got out of order. I went to the hangar and told Ryan about it. He was sitting in the shade, looking pretty down on life.

"Who cares?" he says. "If Mr. Lane tells me to fix it, I'll fix it."

More of that contract stuff. So I went to Freddy. He said: "Ryan's got a grouch and a hang-over. He's been drinking that native rotgut. I'll fix it myself." After about fifteen minutes' work he had the engine going. That gave Ryan more of a black Irish grouch than ever—just because we hadn't given him a good chance to bellyache about what he thought of the camp. An hour later he told Freddy to cable for another mechanic. He said he didn't expect to come down to Central America and work in a damn hen party—that if he wanted women around there were plenty of better jobs in the States. That made Freddy blow off again.

These hot countries do funny things to men. They get peevish like a bunch o' kindergarten brats, they fly off the handle an' have the sulks—especially if there's a woman around.

Then Mike and I had a set-to. He was supposed to be following the work of the Number 1 Surveying Party, but he didn't want to go out and leave Stormy. I asked him whether we were running a exploration of Cucuta Basin or a rest camp for society girls. He said he didn't give seven hoots in Hades about Cucuta Basin compared with Stormy, so I told him to send her back home, take her back, take her into the jungle with him or leave her with me, but for the love o' heaven let's get some work done before the rainy season sets in. Finally he agreed to leave her with me.

That night when we wanted Culbertson to go over a section of the mosaic with us he sent word that he was sick. Freddy and I went to look at him. He was in bed. He didn't have a fever and he said that his heart was troubling him again, but that he'd be better the next day. He looked pretty peaked.

The next morning Mike shoved off mule-back, with a pack train of supplies for the Number 1 Gang. Culbertson seemed a little better. Ryan was still grouching. Freddy couldn't take any pictures because Culbertson wasn't well enough to develop them. A dark room in the tropics is no easy place to work in. It wasn't a good idea to take pictures unless they could be developed right away, because the film spoiled pretty rapidly once it was out of its air-tight cans. So Freddy just made one flight, to check up on the surveyors and drop a message at the Number 1 Camp that Mike was on his way.

Stormy, Freddy and I had dinner together that night, and just as soon as he could Freddy shoved off for his own house. Stormy sat there at the table for a long time, chin in her hands, not saying a word. I thought she was lonely for Mike.

"Uncle Elmer," she says finally, "what would you say if I told you I was head over heels in love with Freddy Lane?"

I told her I'd say she was crazy with the heat.

"No, it isn't that," she says. "I know what I want when I see it—and I'm in love with Freddy." She went on to say that she'd known lots of men and that he was the first really to get under her skin. For some reason I couldn't help but think of the time Stormy wanted that watch of mine and how she raised hell until she got it.

I told her I didn't think that Mike'd like the idea of her marrying a man who was just an aviator. Mike hadn't said as much, but I knew he wanted her to make a pretty swell match.

"Aviator?" says Stormy, and she laughed. "Freddy isn't just an aviator. He's one of the best polo players in California." That didn't mean anything to me. "What's more," she says, "his father is the Lane who owns most of the timber in the world and at least half the salmon fisheries."

Naturally I wanted to know why he was running an aeroplane for pay. Stormy said that he and his old man had had a fight when Freddy fell in love with a pretty little chit of a girl an' got engaged to her. Then the girl threw him over because the old man announced that he wouldn't leave Freddy a cent unless he married a certain other girl. So Freddy told 'em all to go chase 'emselves and cut loose on his own. The only thing useful he knew how to do was to run an aeroplane and so that's the kind of a job he got.

It was the first I'd heard of it. Freddy was pretty close-mouthed about himself. I asked her if she was sure.

"Of course I'm sure!" she says. "I went to school with the girl he was engaged to. She was a pretty little fool. And I know a half dozen people he knows. Everybody knows Freddy Blesson Lane, except in a God-forsaken country like this."

I told her she'd better go up north and think it over, and she came right back at me by saying she wouldn't go home, that she liked it where she was an' that she was going to stay. She looked at me with the same expression Mike used to have when he'd get his ears pinned back like a Missouri mule's.

"Well," I says finally, "I can't see that Freddy is very much in love with you." She just looked at me and laughed.

Nothing much happened for a couple of days. I sort of expected to see Stormy warm up to him. That's the natural thing for a girl to do when she's in love with a man, isn't it? But not Stormy. It didn't seem to make any difference to her whether he stayed or went. But I noticed that she was taking mighty good care to look as pretty as she could. Stormy was always dressed as though she was at one of these country clubs.

Four nights later we were playing a three-handed game of bumble-puppy bridge, when a runner came from the surveyors. I looked the message over and stuffed it in my pocket. It was that Mike was very sick and they wanted me to come at once, bringing medicine. They didn't say what was wrong with him, but I supposed it was fever.

We went on playing bridge until I finally stretched and said, "Well, I guess I'll take a run up an' see the Number 2 Party tomorrow, so I'd better be getting to bed."

I gave Freddy the high sign that I wanted to talk with him. I went over to his house an' showed him the message. We decided not to say anything to Stormy, and that I was to hit the trail the next morning, taking the medicine chest with me. We got up before dawn and Freddy gave me a roll of small cable—the kind they use for the control wires of a plane.

"Stretch this as high as you can between two trees," he tells me, "with the message can on one end and a weight on the other. Hang a piece of white cloth over the center so I can spot it. I'll try to pick it off with a grappling hook."

We loaded the medicine chest and the cable on the pack mule and I headed into the basin with two natives, planning to reach Mike the next evening.

An hour later I saw the plane headed for the Number 1 Camp with a message I was coming. That boy Freddy knew how to use his noodle. In the same message he told all hands to stand clear an' get pails ready, because he was going to drop ice for Mike. Down comes a bomb made of a cake of ice, wrapped in paper an' tied in four thicknesses of gunny sacking. Of course when the ice smacked against the ground it busted into ten million pieces, but it was ice anyhow. He made four trips that day, each time delivering a cake.

That night Freddy and Stormy had dinner together. They'd no sooner finished eating than there was a yell and a big hullabaloo from the native camp down the river. It sounded like trouble, so Freddy jumped up, grabbed his pistol and went out.

He found that cursed fool Ryan on the ground, all cut up with a knife—six stabs—and a half dozen Indians holding another Indian. Well, the long and short of it was that Ryan was drunk again on native rum and he tried to start something with one of the Indian women. Her man cut loose with a knife. Same old story.

Freddy had 'em carry Ryan to the office an' bring the Indian who'd stabbed him. Just as luck would have it, I had the whole dang medicine kit with me, of course. So Freddy and Stormy had to dress the cuts, with nothing to dress 'em except some absorbent cotton and sheets torn into strips. There was just one wound that was bleeding badly and that was a slash in the forearm—the others were straight stabs. They had to stay up with him all night, opening the tourniquet on his arm and bathing his head.

Culbertson was still sick and so he wasn't any help. They didn't even tell him what had happened, because they were afraid the excitement might affect his heart.

Ryan didn't suffer much, because he was too full of rum and too weak.

Freddy tied the Indian hand and foot and had six others guard him until he could get the chief up from the settlement. It was always better to let the chief handle his own people when there was any trouble. They're pretty quick on justice, those people. For instance, if one of 'em murders another they bury the murderer alive in the grave with the victim.

When it was dawn Freddy let his plane down into the water, got the motor turning over and then loaded Ryan aboard to take him to San Fernando. There's a Spig doctor there who runs a sort of shanty hospital. Inside of three hours Freddy was back at camp, filling the tanks with gasoline. Fifteen minutes later he was headed for Number 1 Camp with more ice for Mike.

V

I SWEAR I think Mike might have died if it wasn't for that ice. When I reached him that evening I thought he was a goner.

(Continued on Page 106

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Woolens exclusively Kuppenheimer—loomed for strength and beauty. Imported *Tigertwist,* a sturdy, wear-resisting fabric. *Trojan Weave,* a firmly woven superweight worsted full of life. Both in masculine designs and new colorings.

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If it isn't stamped "Sealright" on the bottom, it isn't a Sealright and hasn't the sure protection of Sealright's patented construction.

(Continued from Page 103)

Some kind of poisoning that was making his legs puff up. He was running a fever and he couldn't keep anything on his stomach.

I built a sweat bath out of a piece of canvas and put him over the cookstove. By midnight we had the fever pretty well broken up. He was as weak as a sick cat. He slept for a couple of hours, but then he started to have pains in his legs and his belly turned as hard as a board. He kept hold of my hand, sweat running down his face. Once he said, "Elmer, it's killing me." And I thought it was.

His heart action was pretty strong, so I decided to give him a shot of morphine. Well, sir, when I looked in that medicine chest, all I could find was one tube of morphine, instead of four tubes that were supposed to be there, and no hypodermic syringe. So I gave him two tablets to swallow, which eased him off quite a bit.

An hour after sunup we heard the noise of Freddy's plane. I had the cable, with a message in the can at one end and a weight on the other, strung up between the two highest trees. On the ground we laid out strips of canvas like an arrow pointing to it. He swooped down and let another hunk of ice smack into the clearing. Then he spotted the cloth hanging from the cable, circled a couple of times, letting out a small grappling hook.

One more turn an' he picked off that cable as pretty as could be, climbing and hauling it in. Next he came over the clearing and let go the cable so we'd have it for the next message.

I had written that Mike was in serious condition and that if he wasn't better by noon Freddy was to try to get the Spig medico to come down by plane. Also, I told him to look through the stores and see if he could find that hypodermic.

Freddy signaled O.K. and headed back for camp.

Mike's heart was still pumping along pretty strong, so I decided to give him another sweat bath, using the ice to bathe his head.

When Freddy landed he found Stormy at the hangar, wanting to know if it was true that Mike was sick. He admitted that it was true and asked how she learned it.

This is how she found out: She went to the office and discovered Culbertson there, rummaging around. He said he was looking for some medicine.

"The chest was sent out to the surveyors," Stormy told him.

"All of it?" he yells. "Did they have to send your father all the medicine?"

Stormy said she thought he was going to break down and cry. He hung to the edge of the table, swaying. Finally he went back to his laboratory moaning "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" like something awful had happened.

Freddy told her that Mike wasn't very sick—a touch of fever, he said—and started straight off to the laboratory. Culbertson was lying face down on the bed, hands gripping the sides.

"Give me that hypo an' give it to me quick!" says Freddy.

Culbertson didn't say a word. After a couple of seconds he ran his hand under the mattress and dug it out, never daring to look up and face Freddy. The poor devil probably started hitting the dope again when he got so blue and homesick. I suppose he'd swiped the stuff one tube at a time, trying to let himself down easy, and was after the last tube when Stormy found him.

"You'll stay in this room until I come back," says Freddy. Then he went out and found Stormy waiting for him. She announced that she had decided to go up into the jungle and be with her father.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," says Freddy. "I haven't got a guide I'd trust with you."

"How dare you," says she, "tell me what I'll do an' what I won't do?" In her highest and mightiest fashion she told him to give her the best guide he had—and to do it quick. I think if I'd been there I would of spanked her.

Freddy just looked at her for a minute, eyes squinted up and jaw sticking out. Mebbe Freddy couldn't look mean when he had a mind to! Then he told her that he was bossing the camp an' that she would come mighty near doing as he said, like it or not like it. Also, he says, she'll either give him her word of honor not to leave camp or he'll have a guard put over her and keep her there.

"I am going to join my father!" says Stormy.

"You'll go in the house and stay there!" says Freddy.

She must of been so mad she was hopping. She stood there facing him, daring him.

"And what's more," says Freddy, "I haven't time to waste on you. You'll go in that house or I'll carry you in!"

She wouldn't move. He waited about ten seconds, then he grabbed her by the arms, pinning 'em to her sides, and starting her on a turkey walk towards the house.

"Take your hands off me!" says Stormy.

"Get inside then!"

For the first time in her young life Stormy was up against it—and she knew it. She turned around and walked into the house without another word.

The chief had arrived from his settlement earlier in the morning to see about the Indian who had stabbed Ryan, so Freddy sent for him and Long Bill, the interpreter, and had Indian guards put over both Stormy and Culbertson. His orders were that they were not to leave their quarters under any circumstances; that the Indians were to use force if necessary.

Then he went into the house and found Stormy in the office. She glared at him. "I've put you under guard until I return," he told her. "If you want the guard removed, you can give me your word of honor. Otherwise you'll be held here. Take your choice."

She wouldn't even answer him. So he sat down and wrote a message to me, wadded it and the hypo into a message can. Then he went out and got in his plane and headed back for Number 1 Camp again.

By that time, after the second sweat bath, Mike was more comfortable. The message I had strung up on the cable was that if Mike continued to improve I was going to start with him for camp on a stretcher, but that I wouldn't leave unless we could make the first *rancho*—that's just a clearing—by sundown.

When Freddy landed back at camp he found the shutters of the laboratory all closed tight, just as though Culbertson was developing pictures. A dozen Indians were squatting around the house, a dozen more around the office quarters, with the chief watching 'em. Freddy got suspicious and went to the laboratory. The door was bolted and Culbertson didn't answer. There wasn't a sound inside. He got an ax and knocked the lock off. In the darkness he couldn't see a thing, but he caught a smell that was like peach seeds and he knew what had happened. Culbertson had taken cyanide of potassium.

As Freddy told me later, he felt just like sitting down an' bawling. For three days he had been flying, worrying and losing sleep. He was just about all in.

He closed the laboratory and went to see Stormy. Her eyes were swollen and he knew she'd been crying. It was a pretty tough situation for her—not knowing but what Mike was dying and not able to get to him.

"Your father's out of danger," he said, and showed her my message to prove it. Of course that bucked her up and she forgot all about being mad with Freddy.

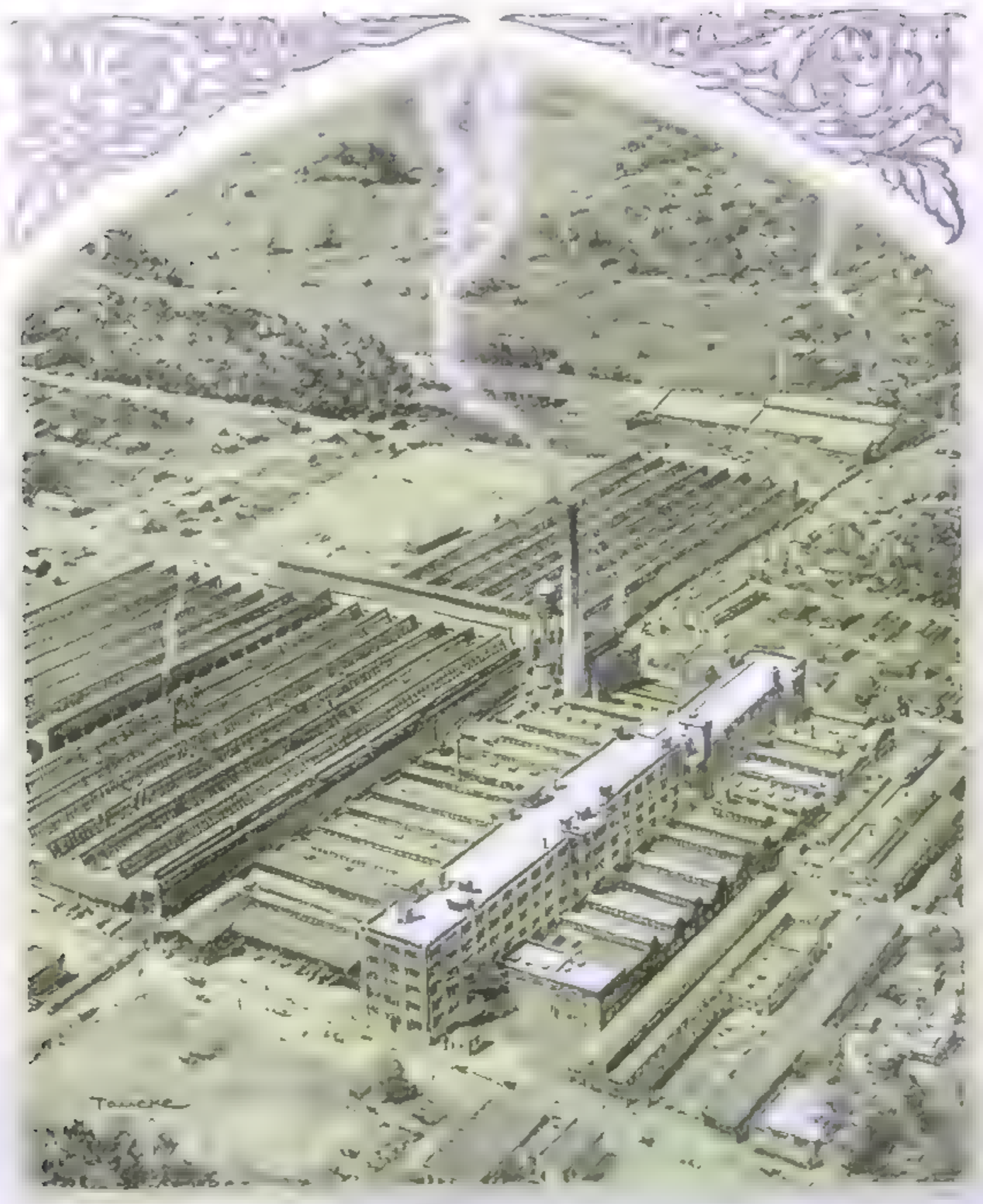
"Are you going out again?" she asks.

Freddy told her he was going out in about an hour, after he'd had a swim and something to eat.

"Will you take me with you—please?" says Stormy.

That was a good chance to have the Indians bury Culbertson without her

(Continued on Page 109)



Main Plant of Delco-Remy at Anderson, Indiana

Delco-Remy Plant at Dayton, Ohio

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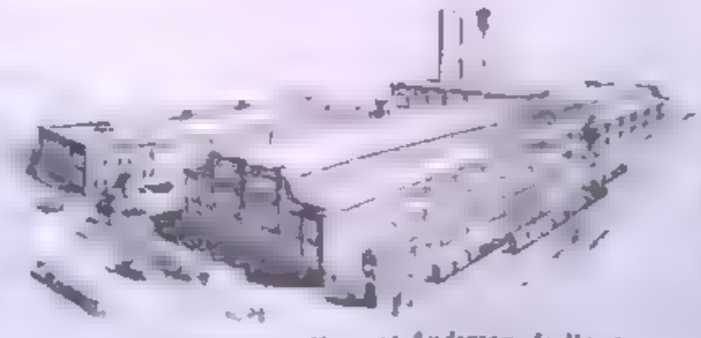

Delco-Remy Plant No. 3 at Anderson, Indiana

To build better . . . to build more durably . . . to build more dependably . . . these are the aims of the Delco-Remy organization. And it is these aims, faithfully upheld, that have made Delco-Remy motor products the ultimate in quality.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

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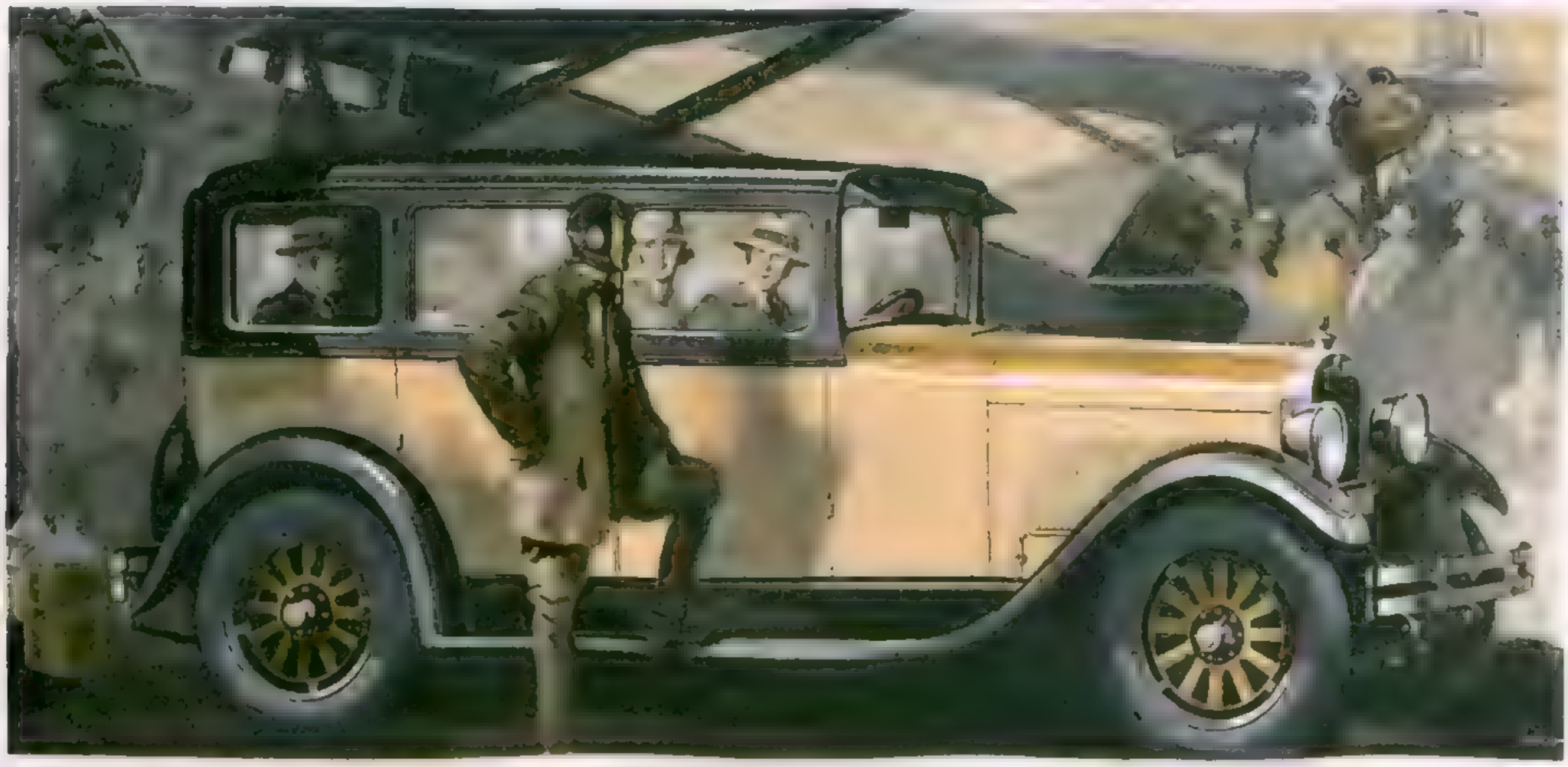
MILE-A-MINUTE PERFORMANCE WITH GENUINE LUXURY

HIGH speed is effortless for this new Dodge Four. High speed hour after hour—with ample reserves for the occasional spurt. Thrilling acceleration. Dogged power.

Bodies remarkably spacious without excess weight or bulk. Seats as comfortable as your favorite chair. Room to stretch your legs. Plenty of head clearance.

From cadet visor to stop and tail lights—a *smart* car. Smart in line—smart in finish—smart in fittings. The most costly and luxurious upholstery on any car under a thousand dollars.

Inspect and drive this brilliant Four. You'll discover many features heretofore unheard of in a car so low in price.



DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOURS

(Continued from Page 106)

knowing anything about it. He didn't want her to get more upset than she already was. So he said he'd take her.

"I'm sorry I had to be so rough with you," says Freddy. And he explained to her that, under the circumstances, he couldn't let her go into the jungle—mebbe get lost.

"I suppose so," agrees Stormy. She's pretty subdued by this time.

She decided that she'd go in for a swim too. They got into their swimming clothes and went into the pond. Stormy asked why the laboratory shutters were closed, if Culbertson was well enough to work. Freddy told her he was having the sulks.

After they were dressed again Freddy got the chief and told him what had happened. And he told him to bury Culbertson just as soon as the plane left. They had some lunch, then Freddy got another cake of ice ready and they went to the plane. While they were climbing to make altitude he looked down and saw the Indians around the laboratory, making ready to bury poor old Culbertson. You couldn't help feeling sorry for the fellow. He'd had a pretty tough deal out of life. Mebbe he was better off dead.

They headed over Cucuta Basin, with Freddy yelling in her ear, explaining where the surveying parties were and how far our concession extended. When they went over us we were about six miles toward the first *rancho*, with four men carrying Mike and eight more tagging along to relieve them.

Of course they couldn't see us, so he headed for the camp of the Number 1 Party and spotted the message I'd strung up for him. He snagged it off the tree and hauled it aboard. The message was that Mike was much better and that we planned to hit the *rancho* by five o'clock.

Freddy turned the plane around to see if he couldn't find us on the trail and also to heave the cable into the *rancho* in case we might need it again. He came right down along the trail, not three hundred feet high, found us and dropped the ice. It went a ways in the bush and it was almost all melted by the time the boys cut through and found it. But there was enough for Mike to suck on for a few minutes.

As they were climbing up again, with Stormy waving to Mike, I thought I heard the engine sputter, but I wasn't sure. There was something in the way that Freddy suddenly cut for home that seemed to say he was having trouble. Usually he'd play around for a few minutes. Of course I didn't say anything to Mike, but I was worried.

They were fifteen hundred feet up, Freddy told me later, when the engine started to go bad and threaten to cut off entirely. There wasn't anything around them for miles except solid, unbroken jungle. He struck out for home, trying to keep as much altitude as possible. Then the engine got worse—just running fast enough so they could stretch out their glide.

Freddy turned to Stormy. "We're in for a crash," he told her. She just nodded. "I'm going to try to hit the clearing of the *rancho*," he said. "We'll have to trust to luck."

"Anything I can do?" asked Stormy. She didn't bat an eyelash or let a whimper out of her. It's no nice sensation to know you're going to crash—mebbe kill yourself, mebbe break your bones and lie there for hours, suffering before anybody comes.

He told her to duck her head while he knocked the glass out of the windshield.

Freddy told me later that he figured his chances of landing were a little bit better at the Number 1 Camp, because the clearing was longer, but that he knew we were coming to the *rancho*. Also, we had the medicine chest. It was a case of wrecking wherever he landed. It's a hell of a job to have to make a choice like that—especially when you're responsible for the life of a woman. I wouldn't have been in that boy's boots for anything.

Well, when they were drawing close to the *rancho*—and for a while he thought he wouldn't be able to stretch their glide out long enough to make it—Freddy reaches over and sees that Stormy's belt was secure around her. He told her not to loosen the catch until the wreck was finished. Stormy nodded and gave him a little smile.

With that he cuts the engine off and give a pull on the rip panel of the gasoline tank. All the gas poured out under them.

"Here goes!" says Freddy.

He brought the plane in so close over the edge of the clearing that the pontoons dragged over the trees; then he yanked her nose up a bit to check her speed. They were headed straight for the wall of jungle on the opposite side.

He gave the rudder a final kick, swinging her nose so that she rammed right between two big trees that were about a yard and a half apart. Just an instant before they struck he slammed the control stick forward so it couldn't stab through him, threw his left arm back against Stormy's face so her head couldn't strike the cowling and braced himself with the other arm. Then—crash! It must have sounded like the world coming to an end.

The trees cut the wings off and the body of the plane starts shooting into the jungle. The pontoons caught in a bunch of creepers, throwing them forward and down so hard that the fuselage broke in the middle, opening the cockpit. What was left of the plane, with them strapped to it, dived into a mess of creepers that took up the shock.

Freddy found her belt catch and opened it. He pulled her to her feet. Except that Freddy had wrenched his shoulder and Stormy had a cut in the calf of her right leg, they weren't hurt. Bruises and scratches galore, of course, but nothing serious.

They scrambled through the opening the plane had cut in the jungle and sat down—plunk!—in the clearing.

There they were when we came into the *rancho*. I was never more surprised in my life than when they hobbled over to meet us. You can bet your life they weren't enemies any more. It was Stormy this an' Freddy that.

While Stormy and Mike were talking Freddy and I went down to look at the wreck. He told me everything that had happened at camp while I'd been gone. He hadn't said a word about Culbertson and Ryan in his messages. Pretty soon Freddy went over to see that the natives got us something decent for dinner and Stormy joined him. She sat on the medicine chest, talking and laughing with him, gay as could be, and Freddy was smiling all over his face.

I told Mike the news I'd heard from Freddy.

"Elmer," he says, "he's a great boy—a great boy! I don't know as I've ever seen a boy with more guts an' gumption than Freddy has, and I'm in favor of giving him a good slice of this concession if he'll stay with us."

I said it was all right with me, and I thought to myself that it was dang lucky Mike felt that way about it, since he was pretty likely to have Freddy as a son-in-law. There wasn't any doubt about it—Freddy was hooked.

Yes, sir, it does beat all what a pretty girl can do!

Elmer Brand interrupted himself by clapping his hands. "Boy! Boy! Bring some more of that drinkin' whisky. It makes a man thirsty to talk. . . . Yes, sir, it does beat all!"

"Did they get married?" I asked.

"Of course they did! Freddy's running the whole Cucuta Basin concession now and she's down there with him. Well, the old camp isn't what it used to be, but so long as they're happy I guess it's all right. Anyhow Mike and I are too old to go batting around the jungle like we were colts. . . . Here's how!"

THE INTRODUCTION

Yesterday — Today

The Blades Men Swear By-not At

EITHER SET ~ $1.50 With Two 50¢ Pkgs of Blades

Interchangeable Blades 50c for package of 5

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham-Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—*cutting* your beard instead of scraping it off.

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Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25 cents.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada, 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred.

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I prefer Long Handled Type ... Safety Type

AUBURN SHATTERS

All American STOCK-CAR RECORDS

for fully equipped stock cars

5,000 miles at 63.695 m.p.h. in less than 4,710 min.

10,000 miles at 63.302 m.p.h. in less than 9,479 min.

—then one car after running 10,000 miles made 1,000 miles at 72.512 m.p.h., less than 828 min. and made 24 hours at 72.192 m.p.h., and 2500 miles at 71.194 m.p.h., and finished 12,558 miles at 63.09 m.p.h.

15,000 miles at 61.377 m.p.h. in less than 14,664 min.

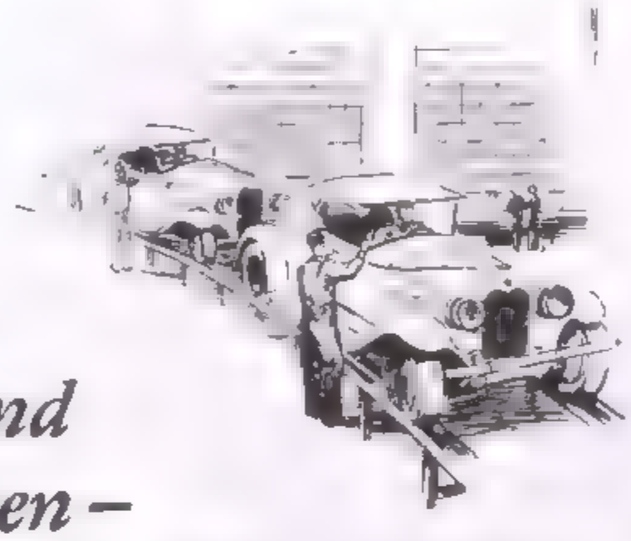
Breaks all records from 5 to 5,000 miles for fully equipped stock cars

Sets new records from 5,000 to 15,000 miles in one continuous run!

Stock Straight Eight

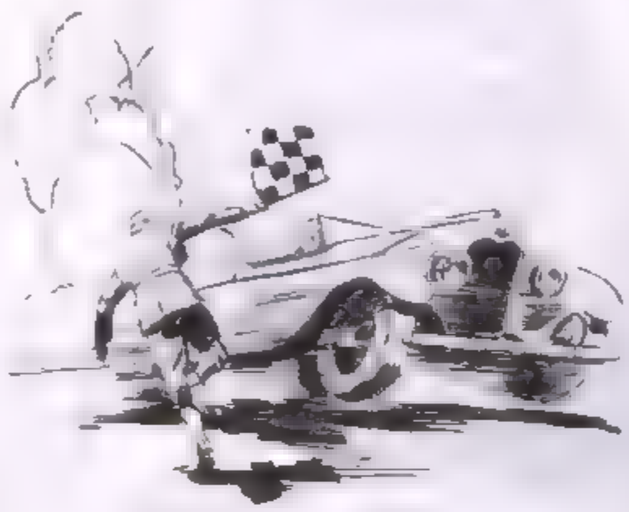
We purchased an 8-88 sedan from a private owner in Philadelphia

and then –



We took two 8-88 roadsters from end of our factory assembly line

and then –



To prove Auburn stock car supremacy we conducted the world's hardest tests on the Atlantic City Speedway

DARING and unprecedented. Far in excess of any official test ever imposed on stock cars. Not done behind padlocks and timed by factory employees, but publicly, under American Automobile Association sanction and supervision.

We decided to go to extremes never before undertaken by any manufacturer in order to completely, conclusively, and overwhelmingly prove Auburn is a faster, more efficient and more durable stock car.

We decided to entirely silence competitive claims by letting the finer engineering, the stronger structural strength and the wonderfully greater value of the Auburn Straight Eight *speak for itself.*

And what a thrilling and eloquent story these three cars tell—

Over 42,000 miles of continuous driving at high speed. To do that required utmost confidence in every part of the cars. Through blinding fogs; through downpours of rain, every night but one; under the hottest sun in years; 28 thousand times around the 1½-mile track on slippery boards; never have men and machines endured such abnormal strains!

Nine drivers, working relays days and night, could not overtax the endurance and speed of the Auburn cars. Old records completely smashed from 5 to 5,000 miles. New records at every revolution of the wheels from 5,000 to 15,000 miles for fully equipped stock cars. Never before had anyone dared to attempt such sustained speed and prolonged performance. The speed was phenomenal . . . 34 new stock car records . . .

GRIND! GRIND! GRIND!

No flags! no bands! no holiday crowds! It was a serious, determined business. Yet full of thrills every second.

Cyclonic winds and veritable cloud bursts at midnight! Flashes of lightning. Weird glimpses of flying phantoms over wet boards. Fingers of light from head lamps feeling their way through the inky nights. The cars wearing out the drivers, daring them to fathom their limits of speed and endurance. Also wearing out the track. Workmen repairing the 2x4 boards as cars whirled past better than a mile a minute. The elements, battling men and machines as men and machines battled time and distance. Epochal!

BUT WHAT OF IT?

We knew all along that Auburn cars are that fast. But, it is not Auburn's proven speed superiority that is most significant . . . frankly, that was easy and incidental. What IS important is the fine character of car necessary for all three cars to survive such speed.

HOW'S THIS FOR PROOF?

After one of the roadsters had run the unequalled distance of 10,000 gruelling miles in less than 9,479 minutes, at an average speed of over 63 miles per hour, it was taken off the track—thoroughly checked—necessary replacements made —tuned and greased. Then the driver was told to "step on it" (just as though it had not already been driven at what he thought was the extreme limit for 10,000 miles).

Then for 1000 miles, the 11th-thousand of its run, this car spurted forward at over 72 miles per hour. It did 24 hours at 72.192 m.p.h. And 2500 miles at 71.194 m.p.h. And finished 12,558 miles at 63.09 m.p.h. That proves reserve power, speed and endurance unknown in motor cars until now. Here is another thriller—

After 2,637 miles, the sedan running at about 70 miles an hour speed during a rain storm in the middle of the night, turned over on the wet track, slid on its top for about 50 feet and then crashed into the railing. Two doors and three fenders were torn off, radiator and windshield smashed. It was dragged off the track and considered out of the test until one of the mechanics (who knew the sturdiness of Auburn construction) crawled under the car and declared it in perfect mechanical condition. Seven hours were spent for photographs, radiator and other body repairs and the car went back on the track with the same driver, who had not been even scratched in the accident. It caught up with the other cars, and finished the 15,000 miles at over 62 miles per hour speed. That proves the strong construction and endurance of Auburn cars, although, because in the accident it lost three fenders and two doors, its entire distance cannot be counted as an official A. A. A. record, but was officially timed by the A. A. A.

TRIPLE PROOF

It would have been perfectly startling if one car had broken all these records, but three Auburn cars were in this test—and all three of them did honor to the name of Auburn.

6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195; 6-66 Cabriolet $1295; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Cabriolet $1595; 8-77 Sedan $1695; 8-88 Roadster $1995; 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Cabriolet $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195; 8-88 7-Passenger Sedan $2595. Freight, Tax and Equipment extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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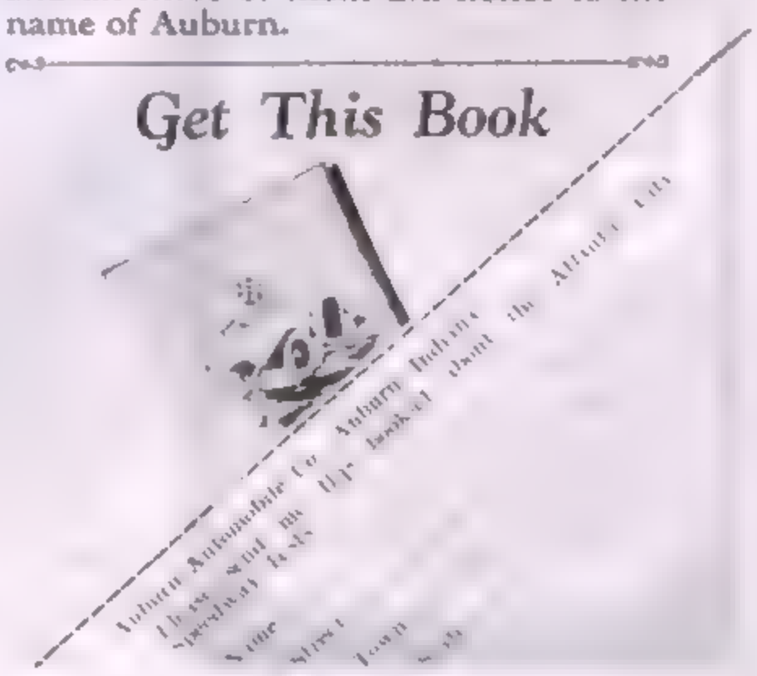

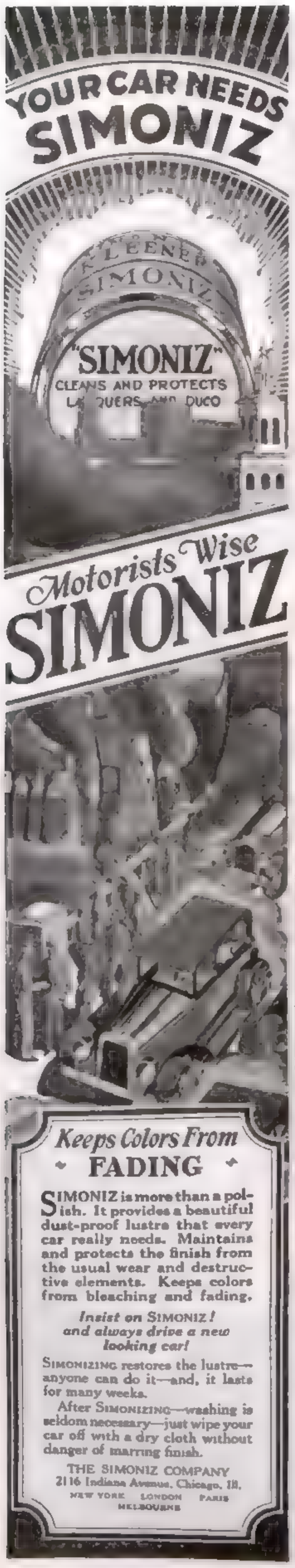
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THE SELECTION OF MEN

(Continued from Page 10)

This emotionalism is to my way of thinking a natural aftermath of the old-fashioned idea that business was a race, instead of a part of the general life. Our ideas of business today would sound strange in the ears of the most farseeing men of fifty years ago, and we are changing more rapidly now than ever before in history. Service, once a by-product, is now becoming the only excuse for a business. At first this was something that was offered the customer in the way of a bonus to induce his purchase. It was something for nothing. But the idea of it today is that it is an essential part of every sale. More than that, it is increasingly recognized that service to the customer is not enough. A business to live must also serve its workers.

All this furnishes more reasons why it is impossible for anyone to lay down a plan for training men. A new generation is coming, with new and more advanced definitions and ideas and visions. This new generation will do its own thinking and creating; it will simply discard any system of ours that attempts to maintain outworn theories and methods. Progress has been slow in the past because each new generation thought that it must repeat the experience of the old. And besides that, there was a feeling that experience could be gained only by failure. We have learned that success, too, is valuable and necessary experience. A man with no actual experience of success can hardly be said to be experienced.

A Bequest to the Next Generation

Every man of mature years is aware of the tremendous speeding up which has marked American life during the past quarter century. And some are wondering whether we can stand the pace and where it is going to land us. Any pace set by men can be followed by men; this modern pace is wholly human in its tempo. It will not be the destruction of human nervous force, for the simple reason that it is the creation of human nervous force. As to the statisticians' fear of overproduction, we need not worry about that until we come within sight of adequate supply, and only a very small part of the earth's population has anything like that. And before anything like adequate supply can be universally had there must be improvements in our systems of distribution and exchange. But the very pressure of production will probably bring that about. Not long ago it was the fashion to suggest that the desired condition could be reached if all wealth were equally divided. It was assumed that we had all the wealth we were ever going to have and that if everyone got his share it could only be by division. We know better now—the solution must come by such a multiplication of the facilities of life that no one can avoid having his share. Production must be examined in this large light as a pressure against artificial and easily removable limitations. That is one advantage of having new generations constantly arriving on the scene; they are not staggered by our achievements as we ourselves sometimes are; they have achievements of their own in mind which shall far outstrip ours.

Our great bridges and skyscrapers and factories are tremendous things to the men who built them, but they do not look so big to the young men now coming into maturity, and they will look smaller and smaller as time goes on. The majority of our population today would not submit to the inconveniences of even twenty-five years ago. The generations just growing up will refuse to stand for things that we accept today without question as the last word in refinement. The skyscraper was built to enable men to work together. But the men of the future may find it an interruption rather than a help, through the development of transportation.

Many persons go up in airplanes today only in search of a thrill, or for an emergency journey. There will be no more thrill in flying for the new generations than we get today out of motor cars. Airships will be used to the same end—to get somewhere and to increase human contacts. It was chiefly to keep our own minds in touch with this new and expanding mental influence that we went into the building of airplanes some years ago. Unless a man makes an effort to keep pace today, he is soon left behind and loses touch. The world gets so far ahead of him in a little time that he does not know where it is going.

On the earth, as well as in the air, we are only beginning to use mechanical power. One need only look where laborious handwork is still the rule to discover where mechanical power will be applied. And then wages will increase. Tools—the use of mechanical power—extend the creative powers of the worker, and therefore increase his earning power. The machine, instead of throwing men out of work, makes room for more men and permits higher wages by increasing production. Increased production lowers costs, and lowered costs widen the market. Men's labor becomes easier, their leisure longer, their standard of living higher. And the greatest effect of these advances is not on the men themselves but on their children who will move forward from the position their parents occupied. Thus we are bound to accept the next generation into partnership with our works, and if we can bequeath them our wisdom of going on, that is about the best we can do for them.

A Straight-Jacket on Progress

One very refreshing tendency in recent years is the decided reversal of young men's attitude toward the white-collar occupations. Young men go into the shops today because they sense the fact that the shop is the place of opportunity and the cradle of power. The former desire for white-collar jobs was the result of misunderstanding about business. The office is merely a minor adjunct to the shop—a sort of paper clearing house. It is in the shops that the problems arise, and it is in the minds of the shop-wise that they are solved. Business has suffered more in the past than it will ever do again from the fallacy of office superiority.

To one who will look fairly into the future I think it will be clear that to fit men to jobs is merely to attempt to put a strait-jacket on progress. We may help to direct young men, but we cannot limit them. Hope in one generation is demand in the next. The vision which crosses our minds today as half a dream will be the commonplace utility of tomorrow.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

Albuquerque

A Ballad
Another One Out of the Geography

WAY out in New Mexico
Where the sage and cactus grow,
And the other crops are raised by irrigation,
Where the men are really men,
And the girls are five-foot-ten,
And there's lots more land than there is population,
You will find the little city
That's the subject of my ditty:

CHORUS

On the banks of Rio Grande stands Albuquerque—
You can get there if you'll take the Santa Fe—
There the skies are very seldom dark or murky
And the sun shines pretty nearly every day.
There the climate makes you radiant and perky
And as snappy as a brand-new rubber band,
In the city that is known as Albuquerque,
Situated on the banks of Rio Grande!

Is my girl still waiting there
Till I earn my railroad fare?
Will she stick around for me until I get there?
Well, I doubt it quite a bit,
For I might as well admit
That there isn't any girl I ever met there;
Which is really quite a pity
But it needn't stop my ditty:

CHORUS

On the banks of Rio Grande stands Albuquerque,
And so far as I can see it's gonna stay.
If they moved the town to China or to Turkey,
That would certainly be pretty far away!
And I guess they'd find the going pretty jerky
And the cost would be too great, I understand,
So you still will find the town of Albuquerque
Situated on the banks of Rio Grande!

—*Berton Braley.*

Ask Somebody Else

Being a Glossary of Questions and Answers That We All Have to Face Some Time or Other

1. Is it hot enough for you?
2. Whose tiddy iddums is oo?
3. What's the matter with oughty-nine?
4. Can you get it here?
5. Who the hell do you think you are?
6. What's the good word?
7. Is that so?
8. Where have you been all my life, good-lookin'?
9. Who called the piccolo player a ——?
10. Junior, will you stop beating that drum?
11. Where the devil is my dress shirt?
12. Have you backaches, headaches, spots before your eyes?
13. Would the lady of the house be interested in an electric sewing machine on trial?
14. Whither are we drifting?
15. How many times must I tell you I want Main 00000, not Schuyler?

ANSWERS

1. *!!!bzxxx!*
2. I's dreat big boofums man's tiddy iddums!
3. She's all right.
4. Yes.
5. That's all right who I am!
6. Swell; how's everything with you?
7. Yes, that's so!
8. Tee-hee-hee!
9. Who called the —— a piccolo player?
10. Ah-h-h-h!
11. Right where you left it; in the second drawer of the chifforobe under your handkerchiefs—under the handkerchiefs. UNDER the handkerchiefs, I said!
12. Inclosed please find five dollars for six bottles of Doctor Kydne's Pam-Cre-O Liver Prescription.
13. We have one.
14. I should worry!
15. Main 00000. Excuseitplease.

—*Baron Ireland.*

NEW!

An oversize, first quality pen in your favorite color, unconditionally guaranteed, for only

$5

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CRUSADE

(Continued from Page 5)

wearing rings and had taken them off and concealed them. He noticed egg on the Hungarian's whiskers, and his own hunger of a convalescent began to clamor. He wished he could pull his waistband tighter. . . . So his highness had been a prisoner of the Saracen! In chains! No! Free! Well, it was good to be a knight! So his highness was well treated! The Hungarian edged closer. Did his highness see the Arab women? The merchant's tongue went over his lips. Of course, he didn't know himself, but he had heard travelers' tales. They were free and lively, the women of the Saracen, and most vicious. They did this. They did that. Did his highness have any adventures in his captivity? He leered.

"I don't know if you understand me, merchant, but your conversation seems to me of a singular filthiness."

Oh! His highness was a good knight, a holy knight! The merchant was so relieved. One heard such stories of the license in Palestine. Such things were said of the knights ——

"Let me give you one word of advice," warned O'Neill, "that may save you your goods, your liberty, and maybe your life. Curse God if you wish in the street of El-Kuds—of Jerusalem, I mean—but say no word against the Templars."

So! Oh, he was glad to hear that, the merchant said. Oh, he would not make a mistake like that for the crown of Barbarossa! Was his highness a Knight Templar?

"No," O'Neill said shortly.

Yes, a merchant couldn't be too careful, the Hungarian said. He must be friends with everybody. Of course, it was a secret, but he didn't mind telling his highness. Besides saving his soul in the Holy Land, there was an opportunity of making some profit. Did his highness know that the wines of Palestine were soft and sweet like honey? No! Well, they were—and did his highness know the price? No! One-tenth of what Tokay cost. He had in mind to buy and ship, in Joppa, wine for Pola, and there put it in bottles and sell it as Tokay in Venice. Venetians, accustomed to their harsh Italian wine, could not tell the difference. Oh, not nobles, not people like his highness, but burghers, traders, such as Venice was full of. Oh, his highness did not know how well a merchant could get on. Figure! Only this morning he had sold his horse to a Hospitaler at a great profit and bought this mule for the smallest possible trifle, because its back was skinned.

"Get off!" O'Neill reined up.

"But ——"

"Get off!"

The man slid off clumsily, speaking something in his tongue.

"Unbuckle the girths and remove the saddle!"

He looked at the mule's back and all but vomited. "You walk the rest of your way," he said. "Give me that bridle."

"But you have sworn to protect pilgrims," the man squeaked.

"Pilgrims, yes," O'Neill spoke furiously, "but not every damned scavenger who comes to profit in the land fertilized by crusaders' blood. Do you think it was for a louse paddock like you that Tancred and De Bouillon fought? . . . Oh, shout if you like. These barren rocks are laughing at you. . . . And now, five pieces of gold"

"For what?" The man stopped shouting and looked at him.

"For my comfort and sustenance."

"I have none."

O'Neill took his right foot out of his stirrup and caught the mule's bridle on it. He reached into his waistband and drew the beautiful Damascene blade, greater than dagger and less than sword, which was Abdallah's parting gift. "You will save me a lot of trouble by not arguing."

The man fumbled in his greasy breast. "God will strike you!" he threatened.

"Not at all," O'Neill smiled. "God will uphold me utterly." He put the blade between his teeth while he took the money. "And now, the nearest station of soldiers is fifteen miles from here. You had better get there before nightfall. There are mad lepers in the hills." And picking up his reins he trotted off.

It didn't bother his conscience much. He had done a hundred times more criminal things—raids against Bedouin tribes for horses and sheep, holding the Arab prisoners to ransom. It was a rough world. However, he had enough now to last him and his horse in dignity to Jerusalem. Five miles onward he sent the mule bucketing up the hills with a flick of his whip. He felt so weak now after his four days' ride that he was ashamed of himself. A trembling as of fever was in his knees and heels. And now, as he guided his mount down the narrow streets, he came under the shadow of the Temple, and the old unreasonable fear came into his heart. It was so quiet, so big, so deadly. Its power had overcome the mortal life of the Lord Jesus. Its riches had tempted Roman and Babylonian. The Romans and Babylonians were lighter now than desert dust. But the vast courses of masonry laid by Solomon and King Hiram and Hiram out of Tyre remained as foundations, and would remain, it seemed, forever. What toll of lives it had exacted! And what loyalty was given to it. Even now, as he passed the entrance, the mailed and mounted sentries had faces out of which all human kindliness had gone. They were hard as the granite of the Rock. They were aloof, mysterious as the Rock. In the Lord's time it was death to speak against the Temple. It was death today.

He rode past it down the narrow sook to the old Saracen house whither he had been directed. A vast Egyptian eunuch, bloated like a frog, sat in a niche by the nail-studded door.

"Is this Sir Odo Trelawney's house?"

"Yes," the door man said, and "sir," he added, as O'Neill kept his gray eye trained on the hideous obese face.

"I wish to see Sir Odo. Open your door!"

"But I cannot open, sir, until I know your business."

"The business of the holy cross. Open!"

The vast bulk padded in its heelless slippers, unloosening bolt and catch. He wheezed like some monstrous water animal. O'Neill rode into the courtyard. The place was dim and cobbled. It seemed darker than the dark streets. In a corner where a meager shaft of sunlight came, a man as young as himself, in black hose and a silk coat, was strumming at a Provençal guitar:

"Le Rommant de la Rose,
Où l'art d'amors est touts enclose."

"The Romance called the Rose," he sang, "whose verse all love's sweet stratagem enclose."

He had a blunt half-Saxon face and hair like flax. His hands, O'Neill saw, were never made for any musical instrument, nor his voice for any Norman song. A page boy came toward O'Neill's stirrup.

"I wish to see your master, boy. I am an Irish knight, Miles O'Neill of Lucan." While the boy hurried off, the man in the corner kept on with his song:

"Maintes gens dient que en songes
N'a se fables non et mensonges."

"So many say that in dreams' ecstasies, the clear-cut scenes are but the Foul One's lies."

"Mais l'en puet ——" "But I ——"

Both voice and music went off at grotesque angles. The player grinned and threw the instrument down. He strolled over toward O'Neill.

"Don't seem to get the swing of it." He smiled ruefully. "Never could handle these French songs." He was short and thickset, with a rough, kindly face. "You're Irish, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Kent man myself. From the Weald, as we call it. Josselyn my name is. Did I hear you say you were called Miles O'Neill?"

"You did."

"Got some cousins in Dublin myself." He grew embarrassed. "I say"—he looked at O'Neill—"wasn't—wasn't Miles O'Neill killed in a sort of a raid against Big Jenico Fitzpaul? Good while ago. About twenty years, or more"

"He was. I am the younger Miles O'Neill"

"I'm sorry." Josselyn blushed. "But you know what times are. You'd have been worried yourself, if you understand. . . . I say, won't you get down? Take it easy? I don't know if you noticed, but your horse has gone lame, I think."

O'Neill felt a faintness wash over him, like a slow curling wave. He put his hand to his forehead and was surprised to find the palm wet when he took it away.

"You fool!" he said. "You fool! Can't you see that if I get off this horse I shall fall?"

The Kentish man sprang forward to catch him in case he should drop. "Ho, Giles! Fulke! Henry!" His voice went like thunder through the courtyard. "Cross of God, where are you all? Fall in and help me with this hurt gentleman. No, not that way," he directed O'Neill. "Throw your right leg over the horse's neck and slide down. I'll catch. There! That's it. I've got you! Good!"

II

THOUGH he had very solemnly cursed Ireland from the deck of the Flemish merchant's boat as Two Rock and Three Rock Mountains became small purple islands and then faint clouds in the west, yet in the three years he had been in the Holy Land he felt his mind and heart going back there. The soft Erse of nurse and huntsman came to him more easily than the Norman tongue. He remembered the terrific fight outside Bethlehem two years before, when all seemed lost. The Saxon bowmen were falling back before the crash of Emir Yussuf's light cavalry, hampering De Lacy's Irish clansmen. De Lacy himself could do nothing. *"Pousses en avant!"* the big man was thundering. Some old strain in O'Neill gave out the Ulster battle cry. *"Lamh dearg!"* he called—the cry of the O'Neills. "Red Hand! Red Hand!" And the Irish had caught the trumpet of their native speech. Suddenly, in a gray-brown froth, they pressed forward like a pack of their own wolf dogs, baying like wolf dogs. *"Lamh dearg!"* they sobbed. "Red Hand! Red Hand!" The picked Arab cavalry could not withstand these battle-mad kerns. He would have liked his silent, fastidious, Norman mother to hear him then!

Not anything of the formal castle at Lucan came back to him, but of the country. Soft Liffey rolling toward the sea, the leap of a trout, the swirl of salmon, the banks edged with rushes, the lazy cawing of rooks in the high trees, the cattle of mottled brown and gold. The mountains of Wicklow, purple as a purple cloak. The little Danish city of Dublin, so neat, so precise. One would liken it to a little city of High Germany—small, compact houses, with beds of tulips, and little greens, where the Danes before their dispersion used to sit and drink ale, and the king of Dublin would come out, like any burgess, and sit and drink with them. A quiet town of high-gabled houses and florid merchantmen, and now the Normans, with their cold efficiency, were building castles and turning the dreaming city into a battlemented stronghold, with their blue-eyed, cold-mannered masons from Chartres and Rouen. Well, the Normans were better for the city, O'Neill thought, than his father's people. When they took Dublin from the Danes they ruined it. Dirt was everywhere. They cut

(Continued on Page 118)

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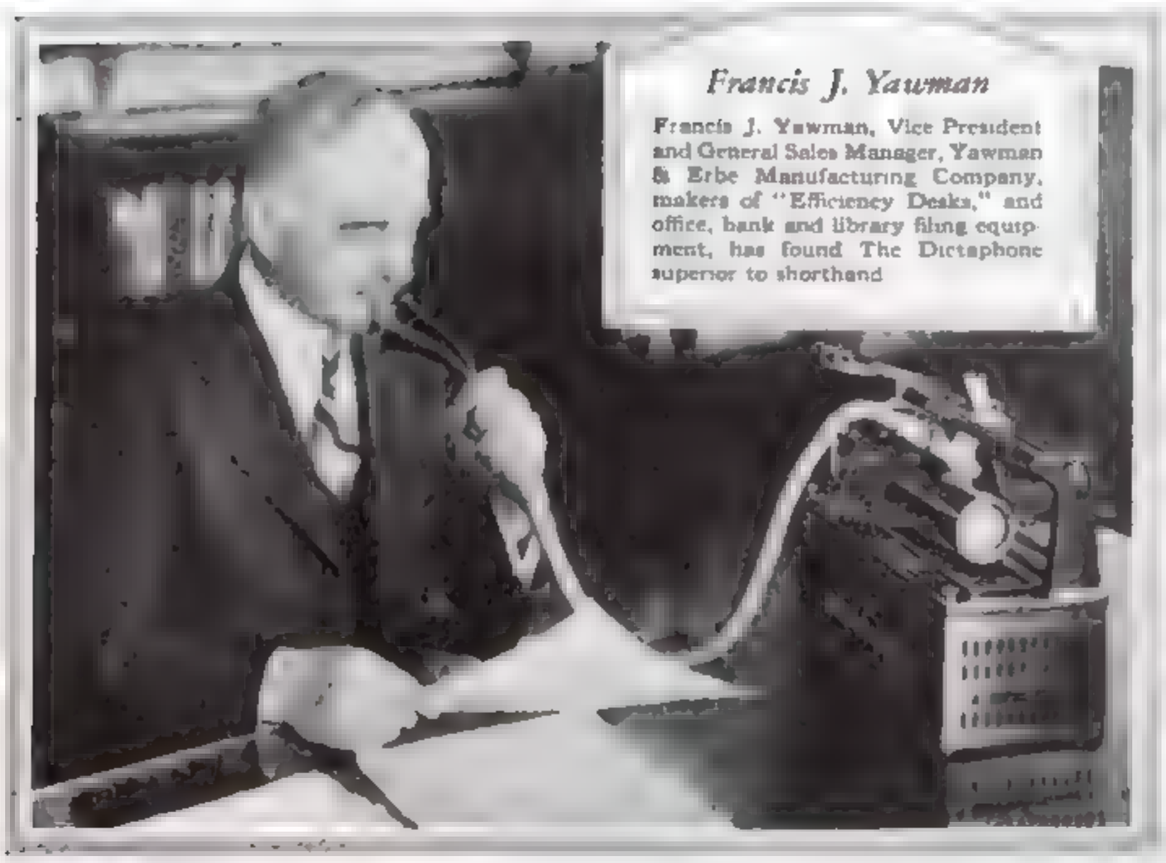

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down the growing trees for firewood, and the formal greens and beds of tulips were trampled into a farm midden. The quaint alleys were the peepholes of cutpurse and cutthroat. Of course, it was inevitable that the Normans should have come in, if civilization were to remain in the green land. But need they have been so cold, so superior, so ruthless? And their politics, their alliances? In their great Nordic frames, was there any heart?

Of the great house of Lucan he had none but memories which chilled him. There lived his mother, with her spare frame, tall and bare and uninviting as the high poplars that lined the roads of Normandy. She had hands white and fragile as the hands of a skeleton, and between them was always a Book of Hours. Her face was pointed like a fox's mask. Her chin was sharp. Her mouth was too small, too red. Her green eyes were rimmed with red. When she would be an old woman, she would resemble the popular concept of a witch. His uncle Jenico, whom his father had killed, and whose followers had killed his father, had been described to him as a great lumbering man, with a cruel twist to his mouth, and a harsh laughter, cold and grating like the east wind. His other uncles he hated the Abbot of Kells, more warrior than monk, who boasted that if he were lax in keeping the gates of heaven, the Irish or the Fitzgeralds who might think the gates of Kells were easy had only to come and try; his uncle Foulke, the hunchback with the absurdly beautiful face—absurd in its calm beauty above the horrible body.

The face of Foulke was not an index to his mind, but his hands were. They were crooked, predatory, covered terribly with light-brown hair. In that trait you could see the secretive, treacherous, the subtle spider. His life was dedicated to getting the better of the Fitzgeralds, to wresting the control of Leinster from them into the hands of the Fitzpauls. In his heart he saw himself, Miles knew, as that strange insect of building tradition, the Sharmah, drilling through the foundations of the edifice of good faith and kindliness the Fitzgeralds had built in Ireland. But the Fitzpauls would never get the better of the Geraldines, Miles knew. There was some strange bond of loyalty between the Fitzgeralds and the Irish. Indeed, the Geraldines were becoming, said the other Norman families, more Irish than the Irish themselves.

Himself, Miles knew now, so far was he from home and so easy was it for him to see at this distance in true perspective what at home was concealed from him by the tissue of half lies his relatives had spun, was the victim of a political marriage. His father had been a worse victim than he, but his father was dead now, and so far as his father's life went the Lord of Justice would exact a terrible accounting from the Fitzpauls

His father had been a younger son of the main family of O'Neill, kings of Ulster, the warlike northern clan who were overlords of the Gallaghers, and of MacSweeney of the Battle-Axes. Of all the northern families, they were the only one who accepted the European ranking of knight and esquire. Many of them had fought against the Saracen in Spain, sailing out of Donegal to Lisbon and Cadiz, and taking service with the king of Spain. They had little to do with England, their friendship being with the Scottish king. They were a difficult family, great fighters, great dreamers—Niall of the Nine Hostages had visioned a Celtic empire great as that of Rome, with Ireland, Scotland, Cornwall and Wales, and Brittany of France joined in an enduring brotherhood, but that needed politicians, and the O'Neills were not politicians; they were fighters. They were proud and self-sufficient

They never aimed at the high kingship of Ireland, but except at their invitation no high king could pass through the gap of the north at Newry, or over the Erne. Such great Norman knights as had fought their way through had been either forced to recognize the suzerainty of O'Neill or were driven back into the Pale. His father had had two estates, one on the windy slopes of Tanderagee in Down, now held by the MacSorleys, and the other at Lucan, a pleasant tumble-down place which had come into the family through a marriage with the Wicklow clan of O'Moore.

His father, Maelmorra Auling—Miles the Magnificent—as the native Irish had called him, had been a good-humored, various man. Great-framed, charitable, ready to match a falcon, or a deer or wolfhound, with anybody for a big stake, or race a Welsh pony up the slopes of Three-Rock against any Norman baron. The Abbot of Kells had proposed his sister to the elder Miles in marriage, pointing out the advantages of a union with the Fitzpauls. The abbot had in his mind the advantage of the union of the Fitzpauls with the chiefs of Ulster. A nephew of the King of Ulster! But the abbot, for all his cunning, did not understand Ae Doragha, Dark, or Blind, Hugh O'Neill, who spent most of his time in the Abbey of Donegal, praying like the humblest hermit, and who considered his sons' and nephews' lives of hunting and hawking with the ignorance of the blind and the aversion of the fanatic.

Young Miles could see his father, in his laughing way, consenting. And then Pernella Fitzpaul came into Lucan, and with her coming, sport and magnificence went. He understood the Norman way. This was bad taste; that was not done. The nobles of Charlemagne and the men of Charles Martel had a code that investigated all the corners of honor. A knight did not wear, as his father wore, great armlets of gold captured from the store of old Danes. He did not wear red cloaks and greaves of gold. A gentleman did not argue with his huntsman as with an equal. A gentleman did not let an old servant berate him for giving too much for a horse. A gentleman did not sit on a wall to listen to a goatherd's fiddling. All a gentleman did, evidently, was to give orders. It must have been terribly irksome for his father to have to look over his shoulder to see if wife or relative-in-law were looking, before he bestowed a gold Danish-minted coin on a huntsman who had shown him a good wolf or deer, or a minstrel who had played for him a beloved air. For the Normans were economical.

"A gentleman doesn't waste his money."

"What does a gentleman do with it then?"

"A gentleman buys power"

"Friends are power. I've got all the power I want."

"Friends change," said the subtle Normans. "Better solid masonry and tried men at arms."

"*Jarar Mochree Kriestha!* Christ, brother of my heart!"

"Hush! A gentleman doesn't curse that way. He says *Foy de Gentilhomme!* or *Dieu me garde!*"

"It seems to me"—young Miles had heard that the elder Miles had complained—"that in giving up Irish chieftainship for Norman gentility, I have quit the ways of a free man for the manners of a mercer's bastard."

They had changed everything, these Normans. Even the gentle Irish monk of the mystic traditions of Brigit and Columcille, barefoot, white-robed, ringing his little bell against demons and the excommunicate, praying to God amid the heather and under the giant Irish oaks, so joyful that Christ had risen, was giving way to the polished Norman cleric, part warrior, all politician, whose song was the Dies Iræ. At Lucan the elder Miles found himself growing lonelier and lonelier. The old companions who would hunt all day with him, and drink all night, drinking Rhenish wine out of three-handled silver flagons, while the fire blazed in the courtyard, who used to gamble for a gold piece a point with dice of polished elk bone, were all gone now. They gave this reason and that reason, but the real cause was the grave, cold Norman woman with whom under a roof it was impossible to be merry. Before he married, many a

(Continued on Page 118

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(Continued from Page 116)

night the woods of Lucan had rung to old Irish songs of a more lawless age: *A Togail nan Bo*—the Lifting of the Cattle—while they drank the door draught—*Deoch an dorais*—before cantering home under the silver Irish moon. Ah, old companions! Where were you now?

Little by little even the Irish servants were sent away, and Norman pages and valets began to take their places, men who would do women's work, servants who were very respectful, but who, the Irish knight felt, despised the men of the country. He had overheard one refer to the Irish as the "mere Irish," and had given him a dressing with the deerskin hound whip. But his wife had been coldly furious.

When Jenico and Foulke had come over from Caen, Jenico ostensibly to look for a small estate and Foulke to keep his sister company for a while, Big Miles had thought the old times would come back; that it would be once more a man's house where again the shaggy wolf dogs could lie before the fire in the rushes. But the hunchback Foulke was more finicky than any woman. Beneath Jenico's great frame, he was coldly racial. When Jenico spoke, his blue eyes were always watching you to see what effect his words had. You were always in mental battle with Jenico. Always measuring his words, was Jenico, as the Norman guest houses, O'Neill thought contemptuously, measured their thin wine.

"Damn it!" thought the Irish chief, "did a man as big as Jenico have to be so careful! Couldn't he out with a thing: 'That's what I mean, and if you don't like it, God's blood, what do you intend to do?' That's how a man felt." No, Miles the Magnificent could not stomach Jenico. And as to the hunchback Foulke, all O'Neill's mountain straight-forwardness revolted against his concealed tortuous mind.

And now neither Jenico nor Foulke nor the Abbot of Kells, no, nor his wife, Pernella, would give him an instant's peace, but that he must have Lucan fortified according to the latest rules of the art. The hunchback had a genius for fortification, it seemed, and had a plan for moating Lucan, drawing the water from Liffey of the herons. Also, dressed stone was cheap. It could be taken from old Danish houses and towed up the river.

"But what need for fortifications?" O'Neill asked. "Am I not friends with everyone—with nearly everyone!"

O'Neill, they suggested quietly, did not understand high policy. Of course, everyone could see that England and Scotland were orienting toward war. What rewards O'Neill could ask from the English king, once the war over!

"But we would stand with the Scot!"

Jenico's eyes closed to inimical slits. Foulke hissed like a snake. His wife's mouth grew tight and prim. But the Abbot of Kells gave his laugh like faint thunder:

"Then, *Dieu me damne*," he swore, "what a stronghold for the King of Scots!"

O'Neill had fingered the long amber necklace he wore that had belonged to great Thorkils, the Dane.

"There would be no Irish chieftain with as strong or as fine a fortress as yours, brother," insinuated Foulke.

"Yes, yes," wavered O'Neill, and then: "But I can't afford this thing."

"Ho, then, O'Neill, what are you wedded to?" The abbot was hurt. "A dowerless bride? What family have you allied with? A sept of straw? What are the Fitzpaul riches for, but to help our friends? You are more than our friend. You are our brother."

In the end he agreed, and his northern estate calling his attention, he was glad to get away Pernella was difficult also. Of course, that was easily explained. She was with child. Well, she was with her brothers. Up north he was happy, coursing on the hills of Down, fishing for salmon in Lough Neagh, hunting the wild boar and the wolf in the woods about the Bann. The Abbot of Kells sent letters for him, asking him to keep away. "Frankly, this building you would not enjoy. We Norman plasmires like it, but the Irish hawk for the hills." O'Neill was glad to stay away. The old life in Lucan was duplicated here, except for racing and Rhenish wine. He preferred the crisp wine of the Rhine vineyards to the sweetness of the wines of Spain and Portugal that came around by sea to Carrickfergus. But the coursing of hares and the hunting of boars were better here. Then came the news of his son's birth.

"Pernella was delivered of a boy on Saint Enda's day," wrote the abbot. "They wished to call him after Jenico, but I baptized him Miles. She is gone to rest a little, to Skerries. There is no haste home, brother. I have your affairs at heart. Man, are we not like Boaz and Jachin, we two; apart, but a mysterious unit! Your brother on earth and *in Christo*—Hugues de Kells." Something told O'Neill he should start at once for Lucan.

A great rage, like the fabled rage of the Norseman, came over him when he saw his house. He would hardly have known it. Here and there masons were working like ants, while oxen dragged great blocks of stone on slips over the trampled grass. A great dingy drain was about the house, where small roses had grown, and worst of all, for three furlongs' distance from the walls every tree was down—old friendly trees where the white deer had roved, and which were the resting place of the wise rooks. Oh, Champion of Heaven! This was too much. For all his masculinity, O'Neill could have cried. Never, never did he dream such a thing could have been done. Everywhere were stolid Norman archers. He flung his way into the hall where Foulke was at his tracing board, with Jenico bent over him. He was about to rush at Jenico when his fighter's instinct told him that the house was alive with daggers.

"What have you done to my house, Fitzpaul?" he asked, shaking with anger.

"We have modernized it, as your wish was," said Jenico quietly—too quietly.

"You have torn up flower beds tended by generations of O'Moore women, and you have cut down ancient kindly trees. And you have made a barracks of a friendly dwelling place. That was not my wish. Whose are these bowmen?"

"Mine, if you will ask," said Jenico.

"Clear them out, and out with you and your brother!"

"Lightly, lightly, O'Neill," the big Norman laughed. "You would have us spend money—good Norman money—and brains keen, Norman brains—on your Irish barn, and then tell us 'Get out.' Ah, it is not as easy as that! Is this the Irish game?" he laughed. "What fools you must take us for!"

"Where are my wife and my child?" O'Neill asked.

"The Lady Pernella and her son are with the Fitzpauls of Skerries," Foulke answered in his silky voice.

"And Hugues of Kells?"

"The Abbot of Kells is on a visit to Cashel."

"Ha! The fox is gone to earth ——"

"Oh, brother ——" Foulke raised his hands in protest.

O'Neill remembered in time the man's crippledom. He turned to Jenico! "You at least speak a man's tongue. Pernella and her child are in the hands of the Fitzpauls. Your brother avoids me. You and your archers are holding Lucan. I take it the next move is mine."

"If you wish to move," mused Jenico. "Why move?"

O'Neill smiled grimly. "Because you walked into England, you think you can over the Celtic lands. Fitzpaul, don't you know you have to do with Red Hand?"

"Red Hand will find its palm full, I think, in the coming strife with the MacDonnells, Lords of the Isles, and with Yellow Sorley."

"Now, how does he know that?" O'Neill pondered.

"And I can't see Dark Hugh," went on Jenico, "bothering about the marriage disagreement of a nephew he has never particularly liked."

"I was never a man of tricks," Big Miles answered. "If you won't get out, I must put you out."

"You can always try," said Jenico dryly.

Riding northward, Miles tried to enlist help at Dundalk and Newry, but the response was small. He gathered a few friends in Oriel, and sending up to Tanderagee with the message, "Follow me up to Dublin," he rode for Lucan. He rode as an Irish chieftain, armed only with dagger, battle-ax and targe. And leaving his friends in the wood, he walked forward toward the battlements of Lucan.

"Come out, Jenico!" he roared. "Come out and be killed!"

Jenico was no coward. He came out alone. He wore light chain mail and helmet, and carried his shield and long Norman sword.

"I want no speeches," O'Neill warned. "I'm going for you."

For a big, clumsy-looking man Jenico was quick as a greyhound. The long sword went out with every ounce of weight behind it. It glittered in O'Neill's eyes as he slipped sidewise, turning on his left foot. Jenico leaped back, and came again, not giving the Ulsterman a chance to swing with the battle-ax. The sword blade was cold and blue, but not colder or bluer than Jenico's eyes. O'Neill could see that Jenico was for killing him. That made things simpler.

The point of the sword, with the afternoon sunlight on it, made a flickering light in the air, like a marsh light seen when the moon is dark. The only sound was the shuffle of Jenico's feet in the grass and his heavy breathing in his nostrils. O'Neill was crouching, circling with the light movements of a cat.

O'Neill stood up suddenly, frowning, as if puzzled. His bronze-studded shield was hip high and his ax by his knee. Jenico thought he saw his chance. He went for O'Neill's throat, a beautiful lightning lunge. Big Miles dropped and let the sword go over his shoulder. And then swinging upward and inward, the battle-ax caught Jenico in the cleft of the chin, dividing the forefront of his head like a shared apple. The ax followed its arc over O'Neill's left shoulder. As O'Neill stepped back and looked at the fallen Norman, an arrow from the battlements knocked him dead and broken like a bird struck with the shot of a sling.

The Irish kerns broke from the woods like unleashed wolf dogs. Calmly the Norman archers began picking them off as in a quiet shooting contest. Leaving three-quarters of their number like broken dolls on the grass, the score-odd of living retreated. They saved Big Miles' body, hoping to bring it to Ulster. But the pursuit was too hot for them and they buried Big Miles by the way. They buried him at Broo of the Boyne, in the old Irish and very pagan manner, of which the Church disapproved—that is, standing upright in his grave with his ax in his hand and his face toward his enemies. And swearing to the dead man that they would be back again, they fled for Slieve Gullion, stealing horses that they foundered by the way.

Every hand in the Pale was against them, so that of the hundred men who set forth with O'Neill, only two returned to relate the harrying. The young O'Neill chiefs posted to Donegal Abbey to get the king's permission to wage war. But the blind king was against war, except with the MacDonnells. He assured the young men that, after prayer, he would do what was best in the matter. The king's blindness saved him from the sight of anger and shame in the young warriors' faces, but even had he seen them, it would have wrought no change in his harsh, gnarled mind. He did, as he promised, what seemed best to him. He had masses said for Big Miles' soul.

III

IN QUIET Lucan the younger Miles grew up a patient, self-contained boy. He would never be as big as his father, but

(Continued on Page 121)

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about his face was an Irishry that bothered the Fitzpauls, bothered Foulke, the spider, bothered the flaxen-haired Abbot of Kells. His curly black hair and gray eyes had nothing Norman in them, but he had Norman gravity, Norman patience. He bothered some of his tutors. The old captain of *hobilers* who taught him horsemanship, and the lean Italian Englishman at Dublin who was master of fence, found him an exacting pupil. The lay brother of Kells who taught him literature, found him interested, but not overkeen.

He learned the beauties of Vergil, Augustus' poet, and of Theocritus, who was the pride of Ptolemy. He got to know something of the pure and sinewy Horace; the clear-phrased Juvenal; the witty Martial; Seneca, echo of the Grecians; Statius, whom his teacher considered a better poet than Horace; Plautus, whom Varro called the mouth of muses; and that English archbishop, Joseph of Exeter, whose Latin the Germans thought was of Cornelius Nepos. From the lay brother he also learned history, cosmography and the knowledge of blazonry. But all that pertained to warfare was curiously interesting to him, and strangely enough, the best tutor he could have ever found was the cripple Foulke. None had studied the inwards of the matter more. From him young Miles learned of the campaigns of Alexander, and of Scipio Africanus; and the use of rams, testudos and all the engines of siege. Foulke made him even drill the pikemen like the commonest sergeant. The courtyard resounded with the clatter of shafts. Young Miles, under the eye of the seated cripple, gave the orders: "Advance pikes! — Shoulder! — Order! — Check! — Port! — Comport! — Order your pikes!" It was strange that the man of least use in war like this crippled one should know most of it.

About the whole of Lucan there was, it seemed to the boy, the sense of decay. For all the cleared space about the house, it seemed that the house was dark. Carp and trout in the moat never thrived, and for all the gardeners' care, flowers would not grow freely. And yet, in the old days, so the Irish said, no place was more kindly to bird and flower. All the Fitzpaul gold could not breed gold of primroses. All the Fitzpaul silver could not lure the silver note of birds. Age had not sculptured into lines of dignity Uncle Hugues' face. The bluff hilarity of the Abbot of Kells deceived no man now. His wide thin mouth and shabby eyes were danger signals even to the most gullible. Uncle Foulke's white features grew more beautiful, but with the dark beauty of evil. Miles' mother moved through the house like a thin ghost. Now, in Palestine, Miles knew she had been privy to his father's death, and that the weight of it was too much for her—she had not entirely the Norman strength for crime. All his life he would see that thin figure clothed in black, except for the white nunlike wimple that made her face look muddy and showed mercilessly the red rims of her eyes. Her shoulders were hunched, like Foulke's, not from deformity but from huddling in prayer. He could see her in the dark chapel, praying, while the chaplain from Kells galloped through the service:

"The children of the Hebrews spread their garments in the way and cried, saying, 'Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

"Let this mind be in you," the priest read, "which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant. . . ."

"Unrighteous witnesses are come about me," shrilled the small acolyte, "but thou, O Lord, my defender, maintain my cause."

"For trouble is at hand and there is none to help me," read the priest.

"But thou, O Lord, my defender, maintain my cause."

His uncle Foulke, Miles noticed, paid no attention to the service, but sat studying a problem of geometry, while Miles' mother knelt huddling a large gold cross to her breast. Foulke never even rose when the hymn was sung: *Vexilla regis prodeunt*—the Royal Banners Forward Go—but his cold eye swept the files of pike and bow men and castle servants as they stood rank by rank and howled the hymn. And Miles pondered how his mother, who in all outward seeming and in observance of ritual was a saint, could half starve the outside servants and drive dreadful bargains with hucksters and throw a poor seduced Norman girl, some months short of her time, out in the road, to the charity of the wandering Irish smiths. And yet there she knelt huddled in adoration.

"All my brethren removed afar off from me, and mine acquaintance, as though they were strangers, have departed from me," went on the service.

"My lovers and my neighbors."

"As though they were strangers, have departed from me."

"All my brethren removed afar off from me, and mine acquaintance, as though they were strangers, have departed from me," was repeated.

"Deliver my soul, O God, from the peril of the sword," the priest prayed.

"And my darling," shrilled the acolyte, "from the power of the dog."

IV

THOUGH the house seemed to think of nothing but politics and the possibility of war, and of religion, yet life began for young Miles the instant he left the atmosphere of the house. There was in his heart, unknown to mother or uncles, a love for this country, for the reeded banks of the Liffey, for the blue mountains and fields. Rowan trees and larch trees and the hazel boughs, heavy with fruit; and wind raising the unsheaved barley, and calling the tongue ferns out of dumbness; the glossy ravens stalking over newly plowed land, rich as and colored like plums; the crying of lambs in April, the belled heather, the sunburned corn, the vast hunter's moon—all these seemed to have a deep Irishness. The rising of the trout at dawn; the grazing of snipe, grazing as cattle do, in the bogs at night; the storm-driven moon, the badger hurrying home at daylight—the badger like a toy bear—he was sure no other country had all these things. The Irish cared for them. The Normans did not.

He wondered how the English felt. They were a quiet people who had had bad luck; harried and conquered by Pict and Scot and Roman and Dane and Norman. All the English wanted was quiet to plant their corn and tend their sheep. A peaceable people, and kind-hearted. The Irish were neither peaceable nor kind-hearted, but they were alive, as the Normans weren't. But their life was a mystery. They had a sort of dark hidden life all their own. Their names for the stars were mystical. The Milky Way of the Norman was the Ear of Wheat to the Gael. Orion's Belt was the Blue Lance of Angus. There were stars whose names he knew in Irish that were unknown in Norman speech. The Doe Leaping, the Gleaner, the Twin Breasts of Grania. When the Normans saw the Northern Lights across the sky they called it the Polar Dawn, but the Irish called it the Spears of Fionn.

Swift to anger, offended by unnoticed gesture or small clumsy word; swift to take sides in a quarrel, and swifter even to change sides; they were loyal to something within them—something powerfully racial—not to one another but to some heady, turbulent spirit of the Gael. Young Miles loved their affection for horse and hound and man. The affection for horse and dog never changed, but the affection for a man might change overnight to a savage unreasoning hatred. You never knew where you were with his father's folk. Their minds would start off racing at a tangent, so swiftly you didn't even know the direction they had taken.

What Irish clans he saw did not impress him. Sometimes out of Connemara, or the Woods of Fermanagh, or Monaghan of the Bogs, an Irish chieftain would come to the Curragh of Kildare for the racing. A king, he would call himself, and insist on kingly honors. He would be cloaked in saffron and have great saffron dogs and his harpist with him. Wherever they sat down, the harpist would unsling his instrument and begin on a poem of praise of his master, more intricate in technic than any tenzon or alba of the troubadours, more musical than the little songs of Flanders, and yet such arrant rubbish:

"*Do bhrigh gur phoenix e agas morflaith,*
Cloch don chriostail is glaine san Euroip,
Carbuncail gan duibhe iona croine—
Ri-laoch, ri-sheabhac, ri-cheann coundae."

"For the reason that he is a phœnix and a great prince, a gem of the clearest crystal in Europe, a carbuncle without darkness or discolorment king hero, king hawk, king head of a county."

When the effusion was finished, the king in the saffron cloak, the shaggy saffron dogs, and the saffron-faced harpist sat down together and scratched for fleas. No wonder the Normans laughed. The Normans laughed no more, for a laugh meant a knife in the gullet, and that meant the massacre of the Irish in question and that entailed generations of cattle raiding and murder. But still the whole thing was ridiculous. Of course, not all the Irish regal families were like that. The O'Neills, O'Conors, O'Morchas were different, but they weren't quite modern. As a boy he had often thought of riding into Ulster to his father's people. But his father's people, he resented, had never shown any sign of interest in him, and the estate in County Down was in the possession of his father's brother, Eamonn Gorv, or Edmond the Rough. The O'Neills looked on him as a Fitzpaul. And even if he did go up there, young Miles thought, and were accepted as a son of the sept, what was there for him? He would have to fall in with a life of short savage wars, of hunting, of gambling for herds of cattle at chess, of drinking the heavy malted spirits of Ulster. His father had revolted against that life and came to Lucan. If his father could not stand that kind of existence, how much less could he!

And yet he could not acknowledge himself as Norman. Something revolted against it. Once his mother had found him talking Erse to a servant. She stopped. Her lips closed to the tightness of her purse's mouth.

"I did not know, you spoke the Irish jargon," she said in a voice cold as a Norman winter.

"Of course I speak the Erse tongue, madam," Miles answered pleasantly.

Her eyes had a cold light in them, like the light of swords. "Why do you not call me mother?"

"If you distinctly wish it, I shall, of course—madam."

She hurried off to the chapel.

In the house his uncles were beginning to regard him with a flattering suspicion. They were beginning to fear the Irish in him. On one occasion they were coldly furious. The Abbot of Clonmacnoise, a thin, saintly faced Englishman of Lancaster, was visiting Lucan, when Foulke presented his nephew as Milo Fitzpaul.

"My uncle Foulke must be distracted a little, lord abbot," Miles gave his disarming laugh, "but my name is O'Neill, and my baptismal name is not Milo, but Miles, in the Gaelic tongue, Maelmorra, or servant of Mary."

The old Englishman looked at him keenly. "Do names mean so much to you?"

"My uncle Foulke," Miles smiled, "has imbued me with a passion for exactness."

It was this incident, he often thought later, which led to his coming to Palestine. There must have been many consultations between the two brothers and their sister. Then the Abbot of Kells sent for him.

"My Miles," he wheezed, "now you are man big, have you ever thought what would become of you?"

"Often, sir."

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"Have you thought of the possibility of getting your father's estate in Ulster?"

"I'm afraid there's very little chance of that."

The abbot fingered the silver cord around his white robe. "Are you sure of that?" he asked

"Quite sure."

"So am I. But I didn't know you were. Now as to Lucan, I suppose you understand that when your father, God have ——" The abbot stopped, the cold eye of young Miles having caught his as a sword catches a sword. "When your father left it"—the abbot took up—"it was not one-twentieth the value it is now. That nineteen parts of a value of twenty belongs to your uncle Foulke to dispose of as he wishes, because he has invested his money and brains in it at your mother's wish. Do you deny that?"

"What use could there be in denying it?"

"None, my boy—none at all. But I had not looked to see such good sense in you. Now as to what you may expect at your uncle Foulke's death, I will tell you: Nothing—less than nothing. Your uncle Foulke is a maniac of the Fitzpaul family. You don't give a dog's bark for all the Fitzpauls, living or dead, do you? Speak out," he urged, "I'm only your old uncle."

"Old uncle," Miles laughed, "listen." He whistled a bar. "I don't care that."

"But what a pleasure it is to talk to you!" chuckled the abbot. "Now, as to your mother's share of the estate and as to all your mother's money. I fear"—he pondered—"I fear it will go to the church."

"Uncle Hugues," young Miles asked, "what of my share?"

"It will take a long time to settle," the abbot was bland. "These lawyers!"

"Now I know where I am," young Miles nodded.

"And now that you know where you are"—Uncle Hugues had waited an instant—"had you decided on any plan or design of life? You needn't tell me, Miles, if you don't wish to. I am all for liberty, abbot though I am!"

Miles thought. Yes, he had one thought often in his mind, and that was to join with the Geraldines—not the Dublin branch, but the Fitzgeralds of Glyn, who were holding the Shannon against the Connemara tribes, or the younger branch in the south, in Kerry that was like Portugal, so travelers said, in tree and mountain, in beast and flower. A fabled land of lakes and skies bluer than the sea, and the tribes there were the survivors of the disaster when great Atlantis sank like a leaking vessel into the engulfing deep. He liked the Geraldines, but he couldn't join them. After all, his mother was a Fitzpaul, and enemy as he was to the family, he could not make friends with the family enemies. If he did, he knew that were the fortunes of the Fitzpauls to turn and Clangarrett, as the Irish called the Geraldines, prevail, Lucan would be his.

But he could not do it. There were things which a man of standards couldn't bring himself to do.

"I suppose," he told the abbot, "that the best thing for me to do is to hire out as underofficer, ensign, or, at the worst, file commander, to some captain in the Low Countries or on the Rhine. War is the only chance for the poor man." He laughed. "I am a bit of a philosopher, Uncle Hugues."

"What would you say," Uncle Hugues leaned forward and looked at him, "if I were to send you to England and have you knighted by the English king, and furnish you with an equipment equal to any cadet's of a great family, and find you a commander in the wars?"

"In England?"

"Ah, no," the abbot was firm. "Not so near home as that. I thought of sending you with Ulick de Lacy to the Holy Land."

"The Holy Land?"

"Heart of God! Boy! Cannot you see what an opportunity that is? Once again Europe has got a throwing hold on Asia. Do you think we shall stop at Acre and Jerusalem? With Araby the Fortunate and the Yemen with its houses roofed with gold to be taken and held? If I were young again, it is not a principality of the church at which I should aim, but a principality of Arabia." And the man's shabby eyes blazed with old magnificence.

"Well, do you accept or do you not, Miles?" His eyes were shrewd again.

"The Irish part of me, Uncle Hugues, says: 'Go to hell, and take your charity with you.' But the Norman part accepts."

"The Norman spirit that hears adventure calling!"

"Not at all," the nephew said. "The Norman spirit that sees a profit in something. The Norman shrewdness that tells me that if I can't get what I want, to take what I can get."

"And what a pleasure it will be for your poor mother," purred the Abbot of Kells, "to think she has a son fighting for holy cross in the Holy Land!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT TO COLLECT—AND WHY

Continued from Page 16

when you like, and the expense stops too. This is not true of keeping a string of horses or a kennel or a yacht; it is not even true of a motor, for there is a depreciation charge running all the time. With books it is the other way about. Mind you, I do not say that books are a good investment; for the average man over a term of years there is nothing as good as a share or, better still, several shares of stock in a good stock company, like Atchison or United States Steel or General Motors. I mention these because I haven't any of them. If I had bought a lot of any of these years ago, I would be a rich man today—but then look at the fun I'd have missed.

When a bookseller tells you that such and such a book is a good investment, laugh at him and tell him that when you are in an investing mood you will seek a banker, that when you come to him you are about to be extravagant. Sometimes extravagance and wise investing go together, but not as often as your bookseller would have you believe: you hear of a man paying fifty dollars for a book and selling it for five hundred, but not of his experiences the other way. A man boasts of his gains, but he does not speak so freely of his losses; he thinks it is a reflection on his judgment. Be satisfied, when the game is called, to get your money back. If you collect with any skill you may certainly expect to do that.

The Library of Mr. Wise

In this paper I shall try to tell you how you may eat your own cake and have it, and I shall assume that you have a sort of fondness for reading; especially for history and for biography—which is, after all, only history in miniature—and that you can read, with pleasure, a good sound novel—I don't mean the trash that pours in a continuous stream from the press—and that somewhere in your inner consciousness a fine poem, such as—never mind what, there are thousands of them—makes appeal. If you are a man of middle age with a substantial bank account, good! If you are a boy with very little money to spare, so much the better—the best collectors I know began young.

And now I am going to throw reticences to the winds and write just as I would talk if you were sitting in my library, for writing, as Sterne says, when properly managed, is only a different word for conversation.

Not long ago I found on my library table a large, substantial volume of more than two hundred pages. It was the eighth and final volume of the catalogue of the library of a friend, Thomas James Wise, of London, who is without doubt the most learned book collector we have today. He is not a college man—that is to say, he did not study at a college—but as the University of Oxford has honored him with a degree, it will be admitted that he is a scholar.

Mr. Wise is, or was, a business man, or, as they say in London, a City man, and judged by our present-day standards, he is not and has never been a very rich man; yet this is what he has accomplished: He has formed what is, by common consent, the finest library of its kind in the world. He takes the year 1640 for his starting point. For the quartos of Shakspere—those little slender volumes each containing a single play—he early decided that he was born too late or too poor. Had he been born a generation earlier he would have had them, for they were then available for a few pounds apiece; today they run up into the thousands—of pounds, mind you, not dollars—and if you want exceptionally fine or scarce copies, into the tens of thousands.

Mr. Wise then, knowing that the quartos could never be his, decided that within certain limits everything else should be. Perhaps he did not consciously arrive at this conclusion, but he reached it all the same, and today his library is the admiration and despair of the entire English-speaking world.

Fiction is a thing of comparatively recent birth; poetry is an older and, men say, a greater art; at any rate it is an art in which the English surpass the whole world, and this is the field which Mr. Wise has made peculiarly his own.

Each volume of this great catalogue has an introduction written by some friend or scholar, in which the writer seeks to do justice to Mr. Wise's skill and knowledge as a book collector. In one volume I tried my 'prentice hand at singing his praises, but in the volume before me the writer points out several facts that I knew, but had forgotten—namely, that the owner of this great library had collected every book without the assistance of agents or advisers; that he had collated—that is, examined minutely—every page of every book, and that he had written every word of the catalogue with his own hand. To accomplish this, two things were essential—colossal industry and a marvelous memory.

Only the Best Need Apply

He carries, indeed, in his head every bibliographical detail of every book that has passed the severe test of admission into his library—for only the best need apply; a poor copy of a book, unless it is known to be unique, can by no means enter. Indeed, I may say that until I saw, and saw repeatedly, Mr. Wise's books, I had no idea that it was possible to secure so many volumes in such faultless condition. Incidentally, let me say here that condition is always more important than price in buying a book. A superb copy of any desired book is always cheap at any price; a poor copy is generally dear.

If I have lingered unduly over Mr. Wise's books, it is only to point out that what man has done man can do—with a difference, certainly; for never again can such a library as Mr. Wise's be created. But because one cannot form a library like Mr. Wise's, or Mr. Huntington's, or Mr. Morgan's, shall one not do what he can? A half a loaf is better than no bread, and perchance with a slice one must be, perforce, content.

But the reader may say, and with truth, Mr. Wise sat at the gate; nothing passed either in or out of London but that he had a look at it; every bookseller, proud of

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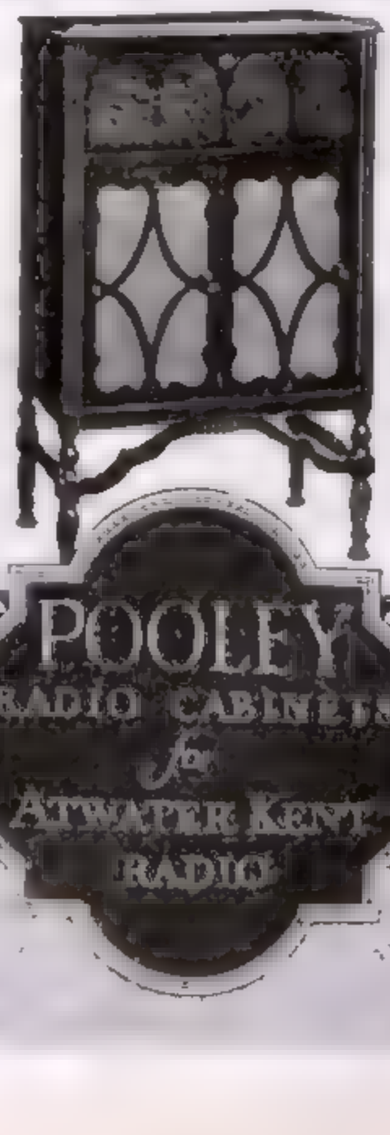


having Mr. Wise as a client, favored him. Very true, but what shall be said of my friend Paul Lemperly, of Cleveland, Ohio? Cleveland is by way of being a gateway to the Great Lakes, if you will; but by no chance—although it is the home of a group of book lovers who founded the Rowfant Club—could you call it a bibliographical center. And Mr. Lemperly has always been, comparatively, a poor man; but within his limits—and they are modest—he has a collection of books which, were they to knock at Mr. Wise's door, he would bid welcome. If the locale and the learning and the pounds, shillings and pence of Mr. Wise are superior to Mr. Lemperly's, the enthusiasm which led him many years ago to buy books with caution and cunning is identical.

Take an illustration. There is a small volume of poems much in demand with collectors today, called A Shropshire Lad, by A. E. Housman. It was published in London in 1896 for a few shillings; a copy sold last week in New York for three hundred and fifty dollars. When this book came out Lemperly saw that it had merit and, before either the book or author was generally known, bought a copy for one dollar and seventy-five cents. When the second edition came out several years later, Lemperly wrote the author and asked if it contained anything new. Housman wrote as follows:

Dear Sir: The second edition of A Shropshire Lad contains nothing new except a few misprints. I have not published any other book.

I am much obliged by your letter and bookplate. I think yours is the only letter containing no nonsense that I have ever received from a stranger, and certainly it is the only letter containing an English stamp that I have ever received from an American. Your countrymen generally enclose the stamps of your great and free republic.

I am yours faithfully,
A. E. HOUSMAN.

This is what I call playing the game with skill; it is akin to landing a very large trout with a very small fly.

Take another instance. There are two exceedingly scarce books which collectors of modern authors go to great lengths to secure. In both cases the much-sought-for volumes are identical with the first editions of the same book; the only difference is the matter of the date, and a date on a book is quite as important as a signature on a check. The books in question are Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland (1865), and Thomas Hardy's Dynasts (1903). By some chance—no one now knows just how—a few copies of each of these books with these dates got into circulation, whereas the generally accepted first editions bear the date of the year following. Both books are now worth—"worth" is the right word, if a thing is worth what it will bring—about twenty-five hundred dollars. Paul Lemperly's copy of the Dynasts cost him under twenty dollars!

Professor Palmer's Recreation

Now this is what I call intelligent book collecting. To be able to draw one's check for a large sum for a small book is very nice, but it is much nicer to use one's mind than one's money, for the more the mind is used the better it is, whereas—but no doubt you get me.

One other illustration. A certain college professor of Harvard decided to form a library of English poetry in first editions, and to give the collection to Wellesley in honor of his wife. Need I say that I refer to that ripe old scholar, George Herbert Palmer? College professors are not overpaid as a class, and I fancy that Professor Palmer—adored though he is by Harvard Overseers and students alike—is no exception to the rule. Nevertheless, Professor Palmer having, in Emerson's phrase, hitched his wagon to a star, went with it. He bought with nice judgment, plunged perhaps a little here and there, and at last his collection was, not complete—no collection ever is—but the time came when it seemed to him best to hand over his life's work—"recreation" would be a better word—to the Wellesley Library in memory of his wife, the late Alice Freeman Palmer. He accompanied his gift with an excellent catalogue, in the preface to which is a considered statement on the subject of rare books.

This is what he says:

"For use early editions are not the best editions. Their shape is often unhandy, their type and paper poor; they usually abound with typographical errors and they are not supplied with such notes and introductions as aid a reader to stand where the writer stood . . . but they have a sentimental value as having been used by contemporaries of the author, perhaps by the author himself. Who can handle a first edition of Milton's Poems of 1645, or the Kilmarnock Burns, or the 1813 edition of Queen Mab, and regard them as mere things of trade? In our feeling the presence of the poet is there as it cannot be in later issues. Then, too, we may acknowledge that whatever is rare, requiring search to obtain, has by that fact its value heightened. Books are not valuable merely because they are old, nor because only a dozen copies exist. But if on other grounds they have a value, it will be increased by the difficulty of obtaining them."

Books in Mint State

And then comes so short and exact a reason for the constantly increasing price of first editions that I should be put to it to make a better: "The cost of such books is very great and it constantly and rapidly rises. A narrowing supply makes this inevitable. Every time such books are sold, a good proportion of them go into some public library, from which they never emerge. Each year, therefore, diminishes the number open to purchase. The desire to possess them, however, grows with wealth and refinement. A few rich men, determined to acquire certain books, have doubled their permanent price in a single year, but by watching and waiting I have generally bought at exceptionally low rates."

Good collecting, then, depends on two things: Money and intelligence—with either you may go far, with both you are irresistible.

And now I must enlarge somewhat upon what collectors call "condition"; I have used the word before. In former days all one wanted was the book—the text, so to speak—but that is not the case now. The fastidious collector has declared for "old binding" or "in parts," or "in cloth," or "in boards"; in other words, in the condition in which the book originally appeared. The moment a book has been tampered with, rebound or washed, or improved by the insertion of a leaf from another copy to complete it, it must be looked upon with suspicion. And here we must differentiate. If one is speaking of an excessively rare book, of which only a few copies are known, and these in public libraries, and another copy turns up at auction—some Shaksperean quarto, say, or a mask like Milton's Comus, or an interlude like Thersytes—the wise collector will buy that book if it be in his line and within his reach financially, and subsequently will do, or have his binder do, what he can to improve it. But if it is a book which he may reasonably hope to get "right," as the saying is, he will wait until a good copy comes along—and it usually does.

All things considered, it is surprising how many fine books there are. It would seem, indeed, as though someone, on the occasion of the first issue of a book by an unknown author, had immediately secured a copy and, locking it in a chest, had thrown away the key. A bookseller showed me, not long since, a copy of Longfellow's Evangeline. It is a scarce book in any condition, but this copy, in the original lemon-color, pasteboard covers, was as fresh and crisp as the day it was published, more than seventy-five years ago. It was in what collectors very properly call "mint state"—borrowing the term from the coin collector.

A large book is a self-protective book; it is the small books that disappear, especially if they are published in two volumes. How frequently does one come across the second volume of a book like Doctor Johnson's Rasselas, or the first volume of Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, the mate to which has disappeared, and forever, because someone "took it into the other room" and never brought it back. Then, too, certain books like Walton's Angler and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress instantly became so popular that the first editions were literally read to pieces; and when it comes to children's books like Goody Two Shoes, these were, as someone has said, literally loved to shreds.

It is no fun to collect what nobody wants; to get a real kick out of the collecting game, one must search for and occasionally find something that one's fellow collectors are especially keen about. The desire to collect things is as old as Egypt. One can hardly imagine anything in the line of personal property that is not, or has not been, by someone collected. Within the limits of my means I have sounded the entire gamut—stamps, coins, pipes, canes, prints—and I have heard of those who collect buttonholes—but, in my opinion, one can collect books with greater safety and profit than anything else. It is, however, of no use to tell the average man of the thrill that comes from the purchase or possession of a first folio of Shakspere. Fifty thousand dollars—or whatever the price is—is a good deal of money; so is a thousand dollars; so is a hundred.

The Origin of Pickwick

Not long ago, two important booksellers and a distinguished collector passed an evening in my library; they looked at its high spots—my few, but desirable manuscripts, including Charles Lamb's lovely essay Dream Children and Thomas Hardy's Far From the Madding Crowd—items of which the most fastidious collector might be proud—and then turned their attention to my Robinson Crusoe, Paradise Lost, Deserted Village, Gray's Elegy, and a lot of other items, each one of which represented a tug upon my bank account, straining it almost to the breaking point. Finally my Pickwick Papers was discovered. Its purchase represented a moment of acute suffering akin to the drawing of a tooth, and its possession a comfort comparable to the next day's feeling of sore, but satisfied—it's out.

As a genius I rank Dickens next to Shakspere. Consider for a moment how little real humor there is in the world. Of tragedy there is enough, and more than enough, but the power to make one laugh is given to very few. With how many truly humorous characters are you familiar? They would be Falstaff, Don Quixote and Mr. Pickwick, and of these three, Pickwick is today and with the average reader the best known.

Bibliographically, Pickwick is, I think, the most interesting book in the world. The scheme of it did not originate with its author. A certain illustrator, Robert Seymour, went to the publishers, Chapman & Hall, with some sketches of a cockney sportsman on tour in search of experiences, and suggested that someone be secured to write text up to the illustrations. The idea found favor, and Charles Dickens, then a young journalist of twenty-four, was sent for and agreed to do the job, and Pickwick Papers was the result.

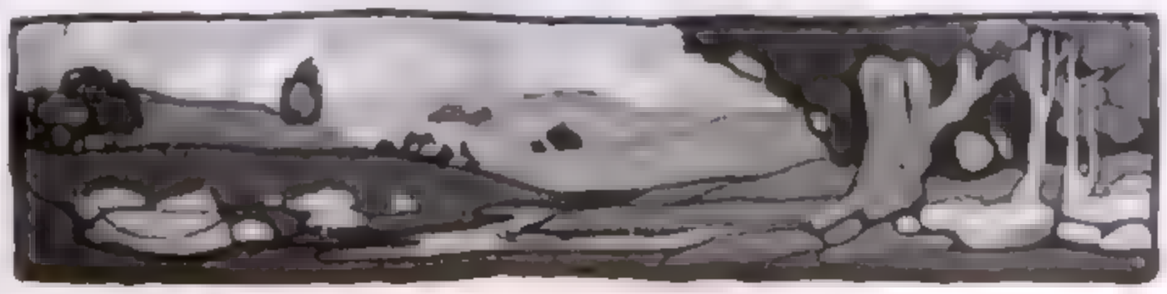
It was published in twenty monthly parts—actually in nineteen, the last part being a double number. Promptly the author, who was very touchy, quarreled with the illustrator, who was a high-strung, nervous man, and to the horror of all concerned, he committed suicide; whereupon, another illustrator, Buss, took up the work, his plates appearing in Part III. But it was at once seen that he had not caught the spirit of Pickwick, and he disappeared, to the complete satisfaction of the author, the publisher and the public. Thackeray himself is an authority for the statement that he applied for the job of illustrator, but his work was declined—which is fortunate, or we might have had no Vanity Fair. Finally Hablot K. Browne, best known to us as Phiz, took up and, merging his genius with that of the author, completed the work. The first parts were only a qualified success, indeed it was not until the introduction of Sam Weller that Pickwick caught the taste of the town.

The Appeal of the Novel

Students of Pickwick, like my friend John C. Eckel, say that only four hundred copies of the first parts were printed; of these many were lost or thrown away, but when Dickens got his characters well in hand and England and the English-speaking world had discovered that a star of the first magnitude had arisen, the number printed increased from a few hundred to a few thousand parts, until, as the tale is brought to an end, twenty-nine thousand copies were printed.

Meantime there was a rush for the early numbers, which were found to be nonexistent, and to supply this demand they were reprinted, but with variations from the original numbers, with the result that in the world today there are not more than ten absolutely first-class copies. The whereabouts and the whenceabouts of these are known to all interested, and in speaking of your Pickwick you have only to say to your fellow collector, "I have the Bruton," or some other copy; whereupon your auditor, if he be a Dickensian—and he is greatly to be pitied if he is not—will know all about it, and either love or hate or envy you; just as he happens to be constituted.

If I have unduly retarded my narrative with the history of Pickwick, I have done so with a reason. It is because, as I have suggested, the great books of the world are now too expensive for the average collector. We English-speaking men and women know that the genius of our race expresses itself best in poetry and in the early drama, which is closely allied to it, but first editions of Shakspere and Milton and Shelley and Keats, and a hundred lesser poets are now very hard to come upon. Published originally in very small editions, perhaps only two or three, or a dozen or a hundred copies are known, and it is now practically useless to hope to secure one of them. But there is a field not yet exploited, and that is the novel. The novel is relatively a new art; scholars continue to debate where it begins. I, if I were asked, would say with Robinson Crusoe (1719), but a better authority might say Pamela (1740). In any event, the art quickly reached perfection in Tom Jones (1749), and while any of these are now very scarce, the novels of a few years later are still to be had, and satisfy one's natural desire to collect something. And novels have yet another thing to recommend them: They all, or almost all, deal with love or what appears to be love, the most universal of all emotions. Few of us have the hairbreadth escapes of Monte Cristo, or enjoy the thrills of Moby Dick, or undergo the tragic moments of Sydney Carton, but most of us have tasted of love to a greater or less



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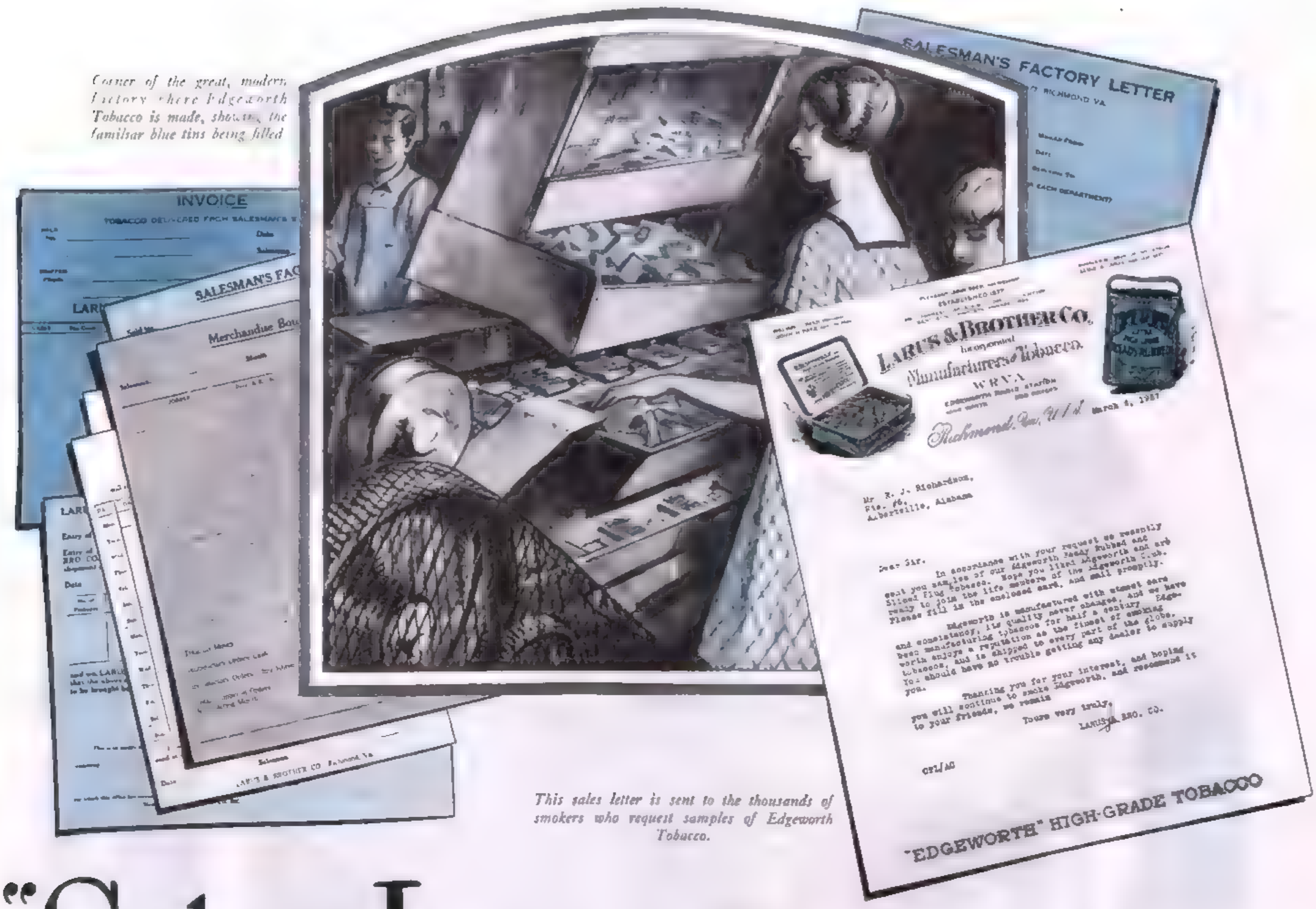
SALESMAN'S FACTORY LETTER
INVOICE
LARUS & BROTHER CO.
Incorporated
Manufacturers of Tobacco
RICHMOND, VA.
Richmond, Va., U.S.A. March 4, 1927
Mr. R. J. Richardson,
Rte. #6,
Albertville, Alabama
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In accordance with your request we recently sent you samples of our Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Sliced Plug Tobacco. Hope you liked Edgeworth and are ready to join the life members of the Edgeworth Club. Please fill in the enclosed card, and mail promptly.
Edgeworth is manufactured with utmost care and consistency, its quality never changes, and we have been manufacturing tobacco for half a century. Edgeworth enjoys a reputation as the finest of smoking tobaccos, and is shipped to every part of the globe. You should have no trouble getting any dealer to supply you.
Thanking you for your interest, and hoping you will continue to smoke Edgeworth, and recommend it to your friends, we remain
Yours very truly,
LARUS & BRO. CO.
GTL/AG
"EDGEWORTH" HIGH-GRADE TOBACCO

Corner of the great, modern Factory where Edgeworth Tobacco is made, showing the familiar blue tins being filled

This sales letter is sent to the thousands of smokers who request samples of Edgeworth Tobacco.

"Sales Letters *build business*"

. . . say the makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco

YEARS ago, in a small building in Richmond, Larus & Brother Co. made the first Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Today, in one of the largest tobacco factories in the world, hundreds of men and women are kept busy meeting the demand for this favorite of smokers everywhere.

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WOOD TRIM
FLOOR
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By turning the dial, fifteen complete color schemes are brought to view. The exterior selector shows what harmonious colors to use on roof, sash, porch floor, trim and body. The interior selector presents harmonious colors for walls, ceilings, wood trim, floors and draperies.

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Six tubes. Single dial vernier control. Cabinet of selected walnut veneer, richly finished
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Exquisite cabinet of solid walnut, and specially selected burled walnut veneer. Six tubes. Single dial vernier control. Fully shielded chassis
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For those who prefer three tuning dials. Cabinet dials calibrated in wave lengths. Metal panel and dec. Walnut up. Five tubes.
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Diameter, 11¼ inches. Attractively finished in Bronze [illegible]
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JN this wonderful new line of radio models, STEWART-WARNER has embodied all the vast knowledge and experience that the radio industry has acquired—and combined with them the craftsmanship of the most skillful cabinet makers. The chassis design and construction incorporate all the latest features that make for complete radio satisfaction; the cabinets are the last word in design and finish.

Everyone knows that today, with a good radio in your home, you have a world of entertainment at your command. Every hour of every day, there is something *good* on the air—informative, entertaining, worth-while listening to—with a great variety of appeal.

And now, with one of these new STEWART-WARNER models, you can bring in all of this entertainment with a fidelity of reproduction never before possible. We could talk to you at great length about the marvelous selectivity, wonderful tone quality, range and volume of these new models. But, today these are technical details with which you need no longer concern yourself.

Now, when buying a radio, there is really one important point for you to consider—and that's the name on the set. For in radio, as anywhere, the name means everything.

When you see "STEWART-WARNER" on a set, you can buy with perfect confidence. For over 20 years the STEWART-WARNER organization has been a leader in the manufacture of mechanical and electrical products. Sixteen million people are now satisfied users of products bearing the STEWART-WARNER name.

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If you have not already procured your Stewart-Warner franchise, do so at once. The Stewart-Warner policy—with its many special and protective features—offers unlimited possibilities for making money. A request will bring complete details immediately—with no obligation.

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(Continued from Page 124)

extent and we like to think we understand the great passion, even if we have not experienced it. Actually it is, I believe, as rare as being tried for one's life, but let that pass; the world must be peopled. Or to state the matter more simply, a novel is the easiest form of reading, and I am still of the opinion that a book collector should be a reader.

To the novel, then, I am going, and I recommend others to go; the field is a large one and within the reach of most of us. If we cannot now easily satisfy our longing for the novels of the eighteenth century, we can still revel in the nineteenth, in which century women came into their own both as producers and as consumers of fiction. Fiction fits everyone's purse and everyone's emotions; it is as all embracing as life itself. Whatever be your humor, grave or gay or adventurous, I will fit it with a novel—and a good one.

When Doctor Johnson's Rasselas was published—a dreary fable it has been called by one deaf to the majesty of its diction—novels were usually published in small volumes, conveniently carried in the hand or in the pocket, but by the time the Victorian Era was in full swing, three good-size volumes was the established length and format, and thirty-one shillings and sixpence the price. And these novels—"three-deckers," they were called—were not generally bought by individuals as novels are nowadays; they were too expensive to buy outright, hence they were secured from lending libraries, which thereupon began to have immense power. The libraries fixed the price at which the novel should be sold, but they came in time to dictate not only the price but the character of the work itself.

Love, of course, was to continue to motivate the novel, but there were to be no low amours—a duchess might have a love affair, but not a servant girl. Queen Victoria was on her throne, and was very particular, as was an old lady who wrote to Mr. Mudie, the proprietor of the largest lending library in London, telling him that George Moore's story, A Modern Lover, had offended not only her taste but that of another lady she knew. Mudie sent for Moore and told him that until he changed his manners, and incidentally the morals of his books, the libraries were closed to him.

Vanquishing the Three-Decker Fleet

"But don't you think," said Moore, "that the Lord is just as much interested in the amours of a servant girl as He is in the indiscretions of a duchess?" Mudie, however, had sent for Moore not to discuss problems—ethics—but to tell him what he was to do and when. The result is well known. Moore was an Irishman and loved a fight; he declared that he would print his next novel in one volume at six shillings and appeal directly to the public for support—and he got it. His next novel was A Mummer's Wife; it was an immense success, and within a few years it was seen that the old-fashioned novel in three volumes was doomed.

For a full half century the three-decker, well printed in bold type on good paper, substantially bound in cloth, and lettered in gold, had weathered all gales; it was built to last. A fleet of battleships could hardly have seemed more enduring than a fleet composed of such units as Jane Eyre, Adam Bede, The Moonstone, Lorna Doone, Richard Feverel, John Halifax, Gentleman, and a thousand novels of almost equal merit.

The fight was not won at once, but one by one libraries surrendered, and in time the publishers began to look them in the face and tell them where to go. The sea had been in some measure prepared for the slender craft soon to be launched upon it. It had been customary for publishers to issue cheap one-volume editions after the sale in three luxurious volumes had ceased; now, instead of waiting a year for a popular novel to appear at a price within the reach of all, it came out at that price upon the date of first publication.

But the old three-volume novel was a glory while it lasted; it was, as I have said, well made, and the collecting of these novels today affords good sport. They are not too easy to find. Most of them passed into libraries, where they were pasted up with labels and circulated until they fell to pieces. One frequently sees in second-hand booksellers' catalogues the phrase, "ex-library copy with label skillfully removed," or any one of half a dozen other phrases, which may be regarded as danger signals, for such a book is almost certain to be dirty or damaged.

Some of these three-volume novels in reasonably good condition, in original cloth, are excessively rare. As Michael Sadleir, an English bibliographer, says: "A novel that has been rebound is not to be touched by the judicious collector at any price, unless indeed it might be Thomas Hardy's Desperate Remedies, which he might take on, pending the millennium or the death of a rich relation." But the relation would have to be very rich, for today these early novels by writers who subsequently became famous are hardly to be had for money.

A Game Never Finished

Anthony Trollope, who has at last come into his own, and, next to Charles Dickens, has given as much delight as any other novelist of the Victorian Era, published two novels, The Macdermots of Ballycloran and The Kellys and the O'Kellys, which are practically unobtainable in original condition, while "only a short time ago a copy of Gissing's Workers in the Dawn, published as recently as 1880, fetched twelve hundred dollars at auction. So it will be seen that the collecting of the three-volume novel is not "crabbing," as someone has called it, but rather trout fishing, which calls for all the resources the angler has at his disposal.

And though the search for some rare Hardy item may be fruitless, one may by chance stumble upon a desirable copy of Transformation, in which case do not pass it up, for that is the name under which our Nathaniel Hawthorne's book which we call The Marble Faun was published in England; as Melville's Moby Dick, published in one volume in New York in 1851, appeared that same year in three volumes in London as The Whale. All these books are valuable enough to make the search for them attractive, and scarce enough to make it exciting, and there is always the chance that one may stumble on a copy—although I admit the chance is remote—for a dollar or two.

Every collector worthy of the name has had his happy experiences; the printed and spoken reminiscences of the book hunter abound with them. The most miraculous things sometimes happen. A man may pick up for a few cents in a strange city an odd volume of some excessively rare book, and years later, on the off chance, go to the same shop and find the companion volume, which had in some way been separated from its twin. We have been told, on excellent authority, of the joys of heaven, but I say to you that these earthly joys are not to be despised.

A Woodland Stream

The collecting of such books as we have been considering would not have been dreamed of a hundred years ago; then the collector was a man of a totally different stamp from the collector of today. Then he bought the first edition of Homer or Vergil or Boccaccio, or a Greek grammar, not with any idea of reading the book either in the original or in a translation, but merely for the sake of owning it. The collector of today reads his books; the idea that he does not is a myth. A few there are, of course, who do not play the game, but play at it, but most of us spend all our leisure hours in reading or studying the subject which we have made peculiarly our own. I have known of merchants and manufacturers and bankers and lawyers keeping important clients waiting in their anterooms while booksellers or fellow collectors discussed the relative merits of different issues of some particular book.

It cannot be stated too often that in addition to affording intellectual recreation, book collecting is a game affording as much sport as any other. And as you come to enjoy a good game of billiards with some special antagonist, so, if you are a Kipling fan, will you rejoice when you are able to tell some rival that you have added to your trophies a copy of the Smith Administration, of which only six copies are known to exist, while there are a hundred men who need it to complete their collection—and this it is that makes the price anywhere from six to ten thousand dollars for a small and ugly volume of only ninety-two pages, published in Allahabad in 1891. I never let myself get into a jam like this. I have no more wish to complete my collection than I have to complete my life; if I can't get one thing, I get another. If one is fairly catholic in his taste, he will find there is enough to go round. A man's thrill depends not so much on the size of his bank account as on his emotional sense. One does not have to be a Mr. Huntington to get joy out of one's possessions. We, he and I, were once talking of our books and I asked him what was the most important Franklin item he had; promptly he replied, "The manuscript of the Autobiography. What have you?"

Each to His Means

"The first edition of Cato Major in a fine old binding," I replied: Proportioned to our means, we each had just what we should have had. And it was so with our investments, too; in answer to my question, he once told me that his holdings in a certain property were about twenty million dollars, and I replied that mine were a few thousand, which, he remarked, was a very pretty block and he hoped its possession would be a source of pleasure and profit to me. It has.

A pint pot certainly does not hold as much as a barrel, nor a barrel as much as a hogshead, but if it be full to overflowing it makes a very pretty receptacle just the same. And when one once makes a start, there is no telling how far he may go. Great libraries, like great enterprises, have small beginnings. Had a man told me, when I bought my first set of Lamb's Essays, that the time would come when I should pay the price of a house and lot for a single item of that same author, I should have thought him dreaming. And when I was working, as a lad, for three per week, for Cyrus H. K. Curtis, on the staff of a tiny journal, had a man told me that almost fifty years later that same Mr. Curtis would be the publisher of the most famous publication in the world, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and that I should be writing a paper for it on the pleasures of book collecting, I should have thought him demented. Yet these things have come to pass. It is a round world, my masters, and its wonders will never cease—sometimes I think they have only begun.

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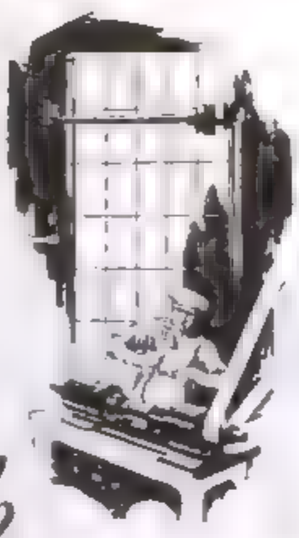

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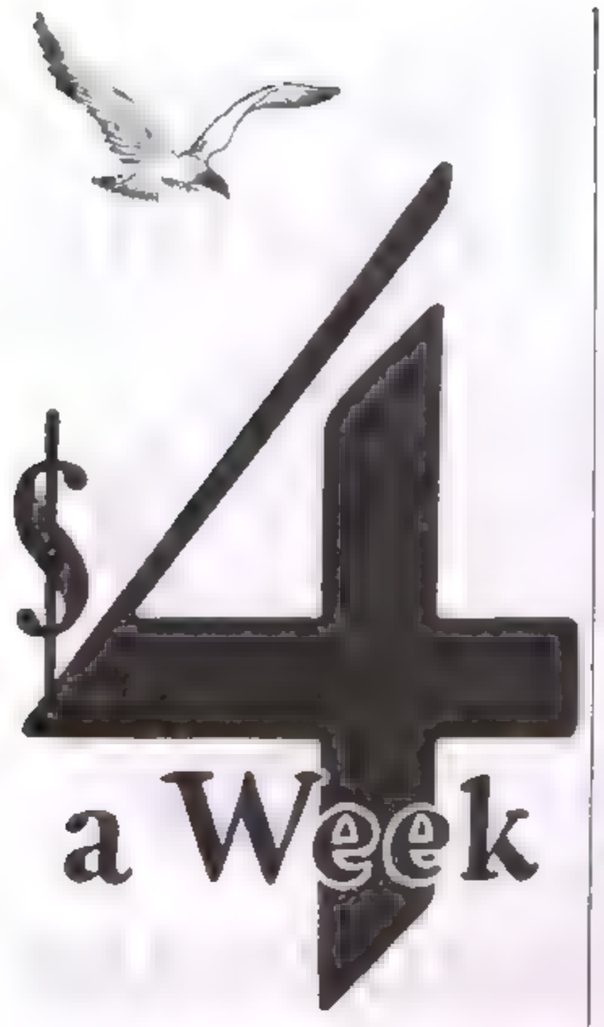

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ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 36

And when she did I got the biggest thrill I ever had in all my life. She had grown so much sweeter and prettier, and in her white uniform she looked almost like an angel to me. Her eyes were wide as could be and in them was a light that even a chump like me could understand. And when you see that light in a girl's eyes you have seen the best thing on earth, if the girl is one like Mary. Maybe there were people around, but we did not care. You know ——

After a minute or two we went into a little parlor and sat down on a divan, and there I told Mary just how I felt and asked her again just what she wanted me to do. She told me the same old thing, and somehow I kind of agreed with her.

"We will go together, Jimmie," she said. "I'll go with you, and we'll face this thing and fight it out, no matter what it brings, and when it is over we will have each other."

"But that ain't fair," I protested to her. "You see, I might get a pretty long stretch, Mary. It ain't fair that you should wait."

"It's you or nobody, Jimmie," she said, quietlike. "It never could be any other way, and no matter how long it takes, the end will be worth it, because we will be together."

There is no need for me to talk too much about Mary, because that is kind of—well, sacred, with me; but she is a part of this story, and just about the biggest part, too, so I must tell the things she did which affected me most.

An hour after I got to the nurses' home I had found out a lot. My old man, for instance, was back on the docks! Can you beat that? Mary cried a lot as she told me, and I knew even she liked the old man. I knew I did too. I mean, when a man is a real fighter you have just got to like him in some ways.

"He'll never stand it," I cracked to Mary. "Never. He can't go back to that after all he had."

"But he is back, Jimmie," she said, "and I have seen him down there. But—but ——"

"Yeah?" I asked, encouraging her to tell me more.

The Way of a Maid With a Man

"You might—never know him, dear," Mary went on. "He has changed. His big shoulders are stooped and they look narrower. His face is lined with deep wrinkles, and his eyes—those eyes that used to shine so bright when he was excited—have faded into a dull glow that seems to utter complaint for words he will not speak."

"They never did send him away, then?" I asked, kind of glad for him.

"No. He fought them off, Jimmie. He was a terrible man, your father—terrible—and they were afraid of him. So he bought his freedom with his silence, but what a freedom he bought! He is the least free man I ever heard of!"

"He ain't in the can anyway," I muttered.

"Not in prison, no," Mary said softly, "but no prison on earth could uncover for a man the tortures that your father has for his daily reminder. If only he had gone to prison instead of back there to those docks! Back where men he used to control now control him, and hurl names at him and laugh at his collapse."

"I ain't got no imagination, I guess," I told her; "but if you really want me to go down an' give myself up ——"

"I do! I do!" she smiled, and caught my hand in her soft white fingers. "You will come out a man, Jimmie. No matter what they say of prisons, you will come out a man. That is because you are going in a man and I'm sure they never can change you while I am waiting." You bet she was right.

She went upstairs and changed into some street clothes, and when I told her she ought to have sleep she laughed at me. This, she told me, was the happiest moment of her whole life, and then she talked woman talk and said that she had always known there was manhood and honesty way deep down in me—but I will not go into that part.

On the way downtown I got the idea that once I gave myself up I never would get out until I had done the whole stretch they gave me. With nobody to pull strings, and the name of Murphy to hang onto me, such a thing as bail was hopeless. With that in my mind I figured I had better see the old man if I ever expected to again.

Mary went with me and we did not try to hide in any way. Just one thing I did. From a telephone booth I called the district attorney's office and told them I was coming down and give myself up. Like the mayor, the district attorney was one of the ring and still held his job. I talked with an assistant, but I made it mighty clear what I was going to do, and after I had explained who I was about a dozen times he finally understood, and I nearly fell out of the booth when he said:

"Forget it, kid. On your way. We don't want you. Why raise a lot of stink now? Take your hat and beat it away some place and just use your brains."

Back on the Docks

The same old racket, I could see. The same old endless chain of running the government to keep your friends out of trouble and get your enemies into it.

We saw the old man. I hate to tell you about it. He was back where he was when I was a little kid and he had his first hopes of casting aside a truck and being made a district committeeman. I recalled his drinking with the big boss on a fight to the finish and, believe me, they had finished!

Once again his hands were flat and broad and black, and the nails had thickened and had dirt under and around them. His shoulders were just like Mary said; they sagged and drooped, and once or twice when he straightened up he acted like his back hurt him a lot and as though even his own narrowed shoulders were too heavy a load for him to carry. But his face was worst of all. I hardly knew him. Mary and me walked onto the dock and she pointed him out. He was staggering along wheeling a truck, and his feet struck the dock like a drunken man's. Other men around him were strong and pushed their load easily. But my old man, once the strongest of them all, had a hard time to keep his load moving fast enough to keep out of the way.

The bones of his face stuck way out now, or else his eyes had sunk way in. His cheeks hung flabby, and they seemed to fall into his mouth like his teeth were all gone. A funny yellow color made him look sick all the time, and in his tattered and stained work clothes he did not look much like the man I had seen mixing whisky with siphon water.

When he saw us he straightened up and one of his hands went to his back like he had an ache there. For a second he looked at us just blankly, then something of the old fire came back into his foggy eyes and he walked toward us, his one hand still resting on his hip.

"Hello, kid," he grinned, trying to look like he used to look when the breaks were all his way. I could see he was shamed to the core of him, and fighting to hide it from me. "Well, well," he went on. "If you ain't lookin' pretty good, too—but you better beat it outa here!"

You know, maybe it was sentiment, on account of Mary, but something swelled up in my throat and my eyes got misty and I could not answer him. He held out his hand to shake, and I liked him for that. I gripped his hand and he laughed a little bit.

"Remember the time I told you to keep away from this brat?" he cracked, looking queerly at Mary. I nodded. "She's a wonder, this frail," he muttered, by way of showing me his changed view—"a little wonder. . . . Say, where'n the devil have you been?"

"I beat it away after that election," I managed to crack.

"Yeah? Quite a fight, that alderman thing," he said bitterly. "I had the crooks licked, too, but fer Clancy goin' wrong on me. I'm proud an' glad you plugged that crook, kid. An' it's a sure shot they had to bring the whole town down here to elect Nolan!"

I knew he was right, and I was a little proud when he straightened up and looked a tiny bit like he used to. After a minute he turned away from us a little and said again: "You better oscar outa here, kid. I ain't got the pull I used to have. They might like to pick you up, you know. Look what they done to that little rat Critch—a ten stretch, kid; just a ten stretch for that rat!"

"I seen it in the papers," I grunted.

Before we could say more a big bum wearing a derby hat and tan shoes came along the dock. He saw us and stopped. For a minute he stood there, his hands on his hips like he was hardly able to believe what he saw. Then he spat a big stream of tobacco juice over the dock and into the river, pushed his derby back with one hand, and started toward us.

The old man saw him and his shoulders dropped again and he kind of slunk away from us like a cat does from a garbage can. The bird in the derby stopped and watched him, and after the old man had struggled to get his truck lifted and under way again, I heard the foreman say:

"It's about time you wrastled that wagon a bit! Wha'd'ye think this is, a sociable?"

Something inside me burned just like it did that election day when I went after Clancy. I started toward this foreman, but Mary caught my arm.

"Not that, Jimmie," she begged me; "only your father is to blame. He brought this on himself. He never will relent. He hates too much and he fights too much and always he defeats himself. This is just the price he pays, and the sad part is he began paying too late. You will be different."

A Dead Game Sport

We turned away. I think I have said before that the worst, or the best, idea of hell I ever could get was the idea of my old man being back on the docks. Well, I repeat that, now that I have seen him there. And yet he would fight—fight even when there was no chance to win. He was the greatest fighter I ever knew; yet he was not fighter enough to beat defeat.

Mary and I turned away to go to the district attorney, and if I ever need anything more to convince me that Mary was right all the time she was begging me to pay the price and start over, all it need be is that picture of my father staggering away behind that truck, with his back bent almost double and his hands sore and scarred and his hips narrow and jerking—jerking just like every move hurt him.

Mary was dead game when we got down to the district attorney's office. I mean, it was the kind of gameness that really is game. It was just beginning to come to me that I was more to Mary than anything ever had been to me, and yet she was willing to see me go away just to help me.

We had to fight to get a chance to talk. Two or three young saps that were assistants talked to us and then turned us over to somebody else. One of them even tried to flirt with Mary, and I guess he turned us over to someone else because I told him I would bust him on the nose for being too fresh.

But finally they understood who I was, and then they began to look serious and I

(Continued on Page 134)

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1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "*Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing.*"

2. Competition starts October 1. Your letter must be mailed to $50,000 *Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana,* by midnight, Dec. 1, 1927.

3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.

4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.

5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.

6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the 10 national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of a tie for any state or national prize, each tying competitor will be paid full amount of prize.

7. Here are the National Prizes:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,000
4th prize	1,250
5th prize	1,000
6th prize	700
7th prize	500
8th prize	400
9th prize	250
10th prize	100

8. For the 49 state and Canadian prize lists and full details of 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "*Ask Me Another About The Laundry,*" obtainable at laundries *everywhere.*

After you—

have visited a modern laundry you will wonder why anyone would spend from 52 to 104 days out of each year—at least a seventh of one's lifetime—in the discomfort of home washing, or at the tedious task of ironing when the laundry can do it better and cheaper.

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THE first prize is $10,000—*for writing the best 300-word letter* on "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."

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And surely a prize worth working for—for which *anyone* could spend a few minutes in letter-writing! But before sending in your letter, read the rules on opposite page. Or better still, make a visit to one of the laundries in your city and obtain a copy of the informative booklet, "*Ask Me Another* about the LAUNDRY." This book describes in detail the many advantages of laundry-washing—helpful information. After you have all the facts—*write!* By following this plan you will stand a much better chance of winning the $10,000 Grand Prize.

Get this Book at any modern laundry. In it you will find valuable hints to aid you in writing a prize-winning letter.

(Continued from Page 130)

began to think I was due for twenty years. But there was a laugh in that serious business. What they really were worrying about, as I found out afterward, was that I might do something to worry their boss. They wanted no part of that!

I being Murphy's son and Murphy having dickered pretty hard to keep himself out of jail, my appearance might open a lot of old wounds, I suppose. I guess they thought maybe I was just showing up so that the old man could make a try to come back on the publicity I would get.

But whatever it was, it got us into the office of the big boss, and he looked me over like I was poison.

"Since when," he cracked, "have you got religion?"

"It isn't religion," Mary said—"that is, not the kind you mean. Jimmie wants to pay his debt to society and come out a real man, facing the world ——"

"Hell!" the district attorney cracked disgustedly.

"Watch your language before this lady," I told him, because he made me sore swearing in front of Mary.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he gasped, his eyes opening like a camera shutter, and almost as quick. I mean, some guys cannot act like gentlemen to save their souls.

"I'll say you will," I grunted, "an' it's to save myself that very thing that I'm here. Not that I'm yellow. It ain't that, because Mary an' I are agreed I don't crack a thing about friends of mine. But I'll take the rap comin' to me, an' when it's done Mary an' I will be to ourselves ——"

"And get married and live happily ever after," the district attorney sneered. It was easy to see that he did not quite understand my coming there to take the rap. It struck him, I guess, as the most unexpected thing in the world, and I did not hold that much against him, because, until a few hours before, I had felt the same way myself.

"That's just exactly it," Mary said all calm and pretty; "just exactly." She was carrying a little pocketbook, and she had it in her lap as we sat there, and I could see her hands toying with it a little nervously as she watched the district attorney.

"I don't see," the boss grunted after a minute, "why you two don't beat it and take a good break when you get it."

Putting the Confession in Writing

"Then you don't see your duty," Mary cracked, and I just about toppled right off the chair. I mean, if this bird wanted to hang me high and dry, I figured he could do it. So right away I started to calm him down:

"She don't mean that just like it sounds," I began, but he cut right in:

"That's just it. She does mean it! I'd never in the world believe that you were on the level with a racket like this, Murphy—there's too much of your old man's blood in you—but anybody with the nerve to say that to me is on the level, and no doubt she thinks you are."

"I am," I told him. "You never laid a finger on me, did you? I'm here of my own free will!"

"I never wanted you, you jackass!" he bellowed. "I'll get any man I want!"

"Well, we can't fight, boss." I said that because there was no sense in making him sore. I had begun to suspect, though, that I had already made him sore just by showing up. He was afraid that the talk which I might start would uncover too much. "All I want to do," I told him, "is confess my end of what I've done an' leave the rest to you. I won't make any trouble, you can bet on that."

"Oh, a confession for the good of the soul, eh?" he sneered again. "Well, confess!" He pushed a button on his desk and pretty soon a man came in carrying a pad. To him the boss said:

"Harry, take this lad out and get his story. Take it down and bring me all the copies. I don't want anybody else to get a look at it until I say so."

The fellow took Mary and me into a little room, and I sat at a table and, with Mary holding my hand and squeezing my fingers every little while just to encourage me, I gave them the story that I figured would put the rap on me plenty.

I admitted robbing the dock foreman and robbing the wop fruit store. I admitted being with the mob that bumped off the driver, and I admitted shooting Clancy. But I never cracked another name, and I stated, while this fellow Harry wrote, that I never would.

After all those things, I said I had taken part with others in a holdup recently in another city, but that we got no money out of it. Then, Mary helping me a little, I told why I had come back to confess. I asked that I be sentenced in the judgment of the court and be given a chance to take the rap and come out to Mary.

Trying to Get Into Prison

It was not a very long statement, after all. But the stuff in it could total up a life stretch. I felt pretty shaky while I waited for the thing to be typed, and I smoked a lot of cigarettes and held Mary's hand, and once or twice, because Harry left us in that little room alone, I took her in my arms and kissed her and we cried together. Yes, I cried. I mean—well ——

Finally Harry came back and took us to the boss again. He handed over my statement and the boss read it over with a frown on his face and wrinkles across his forehead an inch deep. Nobody ever could convince me that bird was on the level. The things that always worry crooks most are the unexpected things, and he was suspicious of this move on my part.

"Let me think this confession over awhile," he said, after finishing it. "Come back in about two hours."

"You'll keep me here," I said, thinking I was pinched; "but Mary works at night—she's a nurse—an' she needs some rest."

"Hell, no!" he cracks. "I won't keep you. Beat it out. Take a walk for yourselves. If I never see you again that'll be twenty minutes too soon!"

Well, figure that one for yourself!

Mary and me walked around the streets for a while and we kept talking about what we would do after the whole thing was over, and it was quite a while before I realized she was saying a lot of things just to keep me braced up. I mean, if Flop Gannon had had a girl like Mary he never would have needed dope.

When we went back the district attorney kept us waiting until the afternoon was almost gone and big, creeping shadows filled the halls of the old building where he had his office. When we finally got to him I knew right away that he had come to a decision and laid out a plan of action. He went after me like a tiger:

"I'll hand it to you," he admitted, his voice hard and his eyes glittering. "I've really got to hand it to you, and if this girl is the brains that schemed it all out, she's the smartest moll I ever met!"

I looked at him like he was crazy, and Mary was speechless. "Yep," he continued, "it's smooth stuff. What's the real idea now, kid? Have you pulled off a fast one that you're afraid we'll catch up with soon? Are you trying to do this reform gag for the sympathy of the courts and get yourself off easy just because the boys are close behind you?"

"Not a chance," I told him. "I've put everything I ever did right into that statement, an' I give you my word, boss, that I'm on the level. I've found out the game can't be beat an' I'm through tryin'. I admit I don't want the rap, but I'll take it for Mary, because she won't have me unless I do."

"You know you lie!" he snarled, at the same time getting up from his chair and pacing up and down the room. Suddenly he whirled back to his desk and snatched up a bunch of papers.

"Every witness dead!" he shouts at me. "Not a shred of proof that would convict you! Yet you spring a confession on me and then stand back and laugh! You can't confess murder—the law won't let you—and you've already been tried in the case you mention. God knows, if we couldn't convict you then, we can't now!

"These cheap, little, petty robberies of a dock foreman and a wop fruiterer! What have you given us? Just a sweet out for yourself! In one simple gesture you make of yourself the reformed gunman and the free yegg! . . . Signed a contract to lecture, have you?"

I mean, that knocked me flat! The prosecutor was waving the papers around before our faces and neither Mary nor myself could crack a thing; there was not anything to crack. We were speechless.

"Every one of these cases are reviewed right in this batch of papers," he raved along. "We dug them out when we were fighting your old man. And you are smart enough to know that. I wouldn't take a single case against you into court! It would be a waste of the people's money!"

As soon as he cracked that about wasting the people's money I knew he was on the queer. That lingo always makes me suspicious.

Most of the people have not got any money anyway, and those that have know how to save it for themselves. They do not need a bent mug to do it for them. Imagine this scary district attorney posing as a defender of the people's money. Bunk!

"Now," he raged on, "you come in here like a sweet and innocent convert and ask to pay to society the price you owe it. Your old man is back of all this! You can go back and tell him to lay off or I'll—I'll—I mean, tell him to be a man and forget old scores. He played the game and he lost—ain't he man enough to take a licking?"

"But his father," Mary cut in, "has nothing to do with this! Jimmie is doing it for me. I've insisted upon it for years. We love each other ——"

"Then for heaven's sake go and get married and shut up about it. Nobody will bother this kid!"

"But that is not what we want. Jimmie must pay his price."

"To society?" the district attorney sneered again.

"To society," Mary said firmly.

Thinking and Doing

"Well," he cracked, mad and disturbed and suspicious all at once, "society pays me a fancy salary for collecting its debts. I say to you that Murphy has paid. Everything is even. You don't owe society a thing. On your way rejoicing!"

He tore up my statement and threw the little pieces into a waste basket. I could have shouted with glee. But one look at Mary took the laugh off my face.

"He has not paid, and there is a debt, Mr. District Attorney," she said steadily. "You have no idea of what this means to me. It means equally much to Jimmie. It isn't just that I want him to square a debt; it's the actual paying of it that counts, and the thoughts that will come to Jimmie while he is paying ——"

"I refuse to prosecute," the district attorney cracked with a majestic wave of the hand. "I wouldn't even bring these cases before a grand jury. There is no chance of conviction."

His hat and coat were hanging on a tree in the corner of the office and he walked over to them and put them both on, regardless of Mary being in the room. She stood up, and as I looked at her she was biting her lower lip and tears made her eyes look kind of swampy and swimmy.

"But you must listen," she pleaded. "You don't understand ——"

"Go ahead, tell me the law now," he taunted her. "I know what a court and a dumb jury requires to convict a young guy like this yegg, and I know what a chance I would have of doing it with a pretty romance thrown in their faces and a kid like you mooning around the courtroom as Exhibits A to Z!"

With those words he flung the door open and Harry came in and started working with the papers on his desk. "Let these people out, Harry," the boss cracked, and then he was gone.

But still, I am doing time. Mary saw to that. She did it in a way all her own, and because of the wonderful girl she is and the wonderful way she worked things out, I had better tell you that brief part of the story before I stop.

Even when the district attorney showed his hand, Mary did not quit. She really wanted me to pay, and the fact that I had shown I was willing to was not enough.

"It is just the difference between thinking about a thing and doing it," she said. "Some day, if God is good to us, there will be a little Jimmie, and the fact that I long to go through that will never put real mother love in my heart. It is the doing of it that means everything, Jimmie—the actual paying of the price—and I never would feel safe about you otherwise."

To the Judge for Judgment

Well, that was and still is a little deep for me, but it is what she said, and I would take her word for anything under the sun. So the next afternoon she took another step. I could see she was fighting for better than her life, and right then, in a quiet sort of way, she could have given my old man lessons.

All on her own she fixed it up to see Judge Cond. He met us in his chambers at the courthouse. He was a nice old codger, this Cond, but there was a nasty light in his eyes at times, and when they looked straight at you they seemed to make his white eyebrows bristle like the hair on a wolf's neck.

The backs of his hands were yellowed and the veins stood up, and there were freckles on them. I know, because while Mary told him our story he took one of her hands between his and rubbed it and patted it, and I guess he made Mary feel like she had found a second father.

"Of course," he said, when Mary had finished the story and I had kicked in with what the cops call corroboration, "this is a strange and unusual story. I can see the district attorney's side and, in spite of the unusual angle, I can see yours.

"It is very hard to convict a criminal these days—altogether too hard. There are so many technicalities of the law and so many difficulties in gathering an impartial jury, that the point of the district attorney is well taken.

"But this little girl"—looking at me with his eyebrows white and bristling—"is quite right in her attitude. I want you to give me your word of honor that you will tell me the truth about something."

"I do," I cracked. "Honest, judge, I'm all for this racket. Mary has the right angle an' I'm set to go through."

"Very good. Then answer this: Is there any major crime of which you have not told the district attorney, but which you fear he will discover?"

"I've shot the works," I told him, "told the whole business, and that's on my word of honor."

"You understand, Murphy," he said, "that what you say or do now would in no wise render you immune to trial and punishment for such crime if it existed and you were later indicted for it?"

"Sure."

"Then you may leave this thing with me," the judge said, "and if you care to come back here day after tomorrow at this time, I will see what I can do."

We left, and I stayed at a little hotel near the hospital. It is a fact that I felt a lot better, even though I had switched around and was finding it harder to get into jail than it used to be to stay out of it.

Mary and me made a lot of plans about after I got out. She was making good money already and told me how much she could save and how she would save it and start small and furnish a little place where we would be by ourselves.

(Continued on Page 139)

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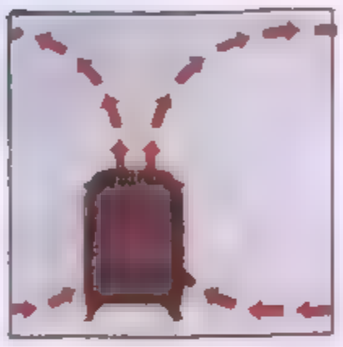
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Now, A GAS- so that gas users, too, can enjoy the



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For small homes where either manufactured or natural gas is available, this Gas Heatrola settles the heating problem for all time. Home heating now is merely a matter of turning on the fuel. A tremendous convenience!

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Estate HEATROLA

There is only *One*

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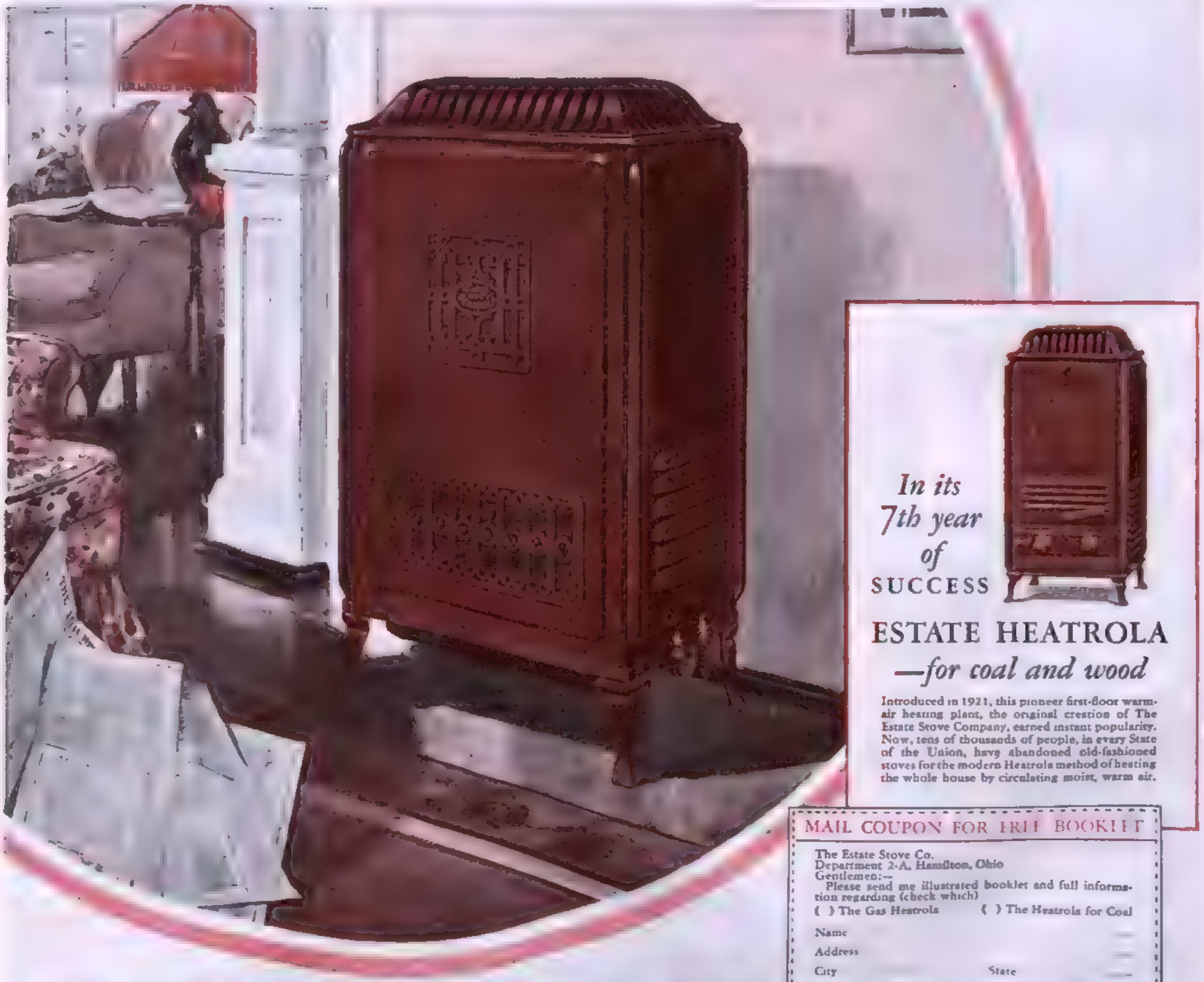

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Introduced in 1921, this pioneer first-floor warm-air heating plant, the original creation of The Estate Stove Company, earned instant popularity. Now, tens of thousands of people, in every State of the Union, have abandoned old-fashioned stoves for the modern Heatrola method of heating the whole house by circulating moist, warm air.

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15 jewel movement . . . $28.50

What shall I pay for a perfect timepiece?

WHEN your jeweler shows you a tray of beautiful watches priced perhaps from twenty-five dollars up into the hundreds, you ask yourself, "Which one shall I choose? If I choose one at a higher price, will it be more trustworthy?"

There are two things that go to make the price of a watch: first and most important to you, the movement itself; and, second, the case which holds it.

Only too often a watch is chosen for beauty alone without regard to the perfection of the movement. Yet how quickly that beauty fades when the watch fails in its trust—to tell time accurately.

It is important to know that while BULOVA Watches are priced from twenty-five dollars to twenty-five hundred, they are alike in dependability, identical in their performance. The name BULOVA on the dial is your assurance of a movement that is the work of artisans to whom the building of timepieces is a sacred inheritance.

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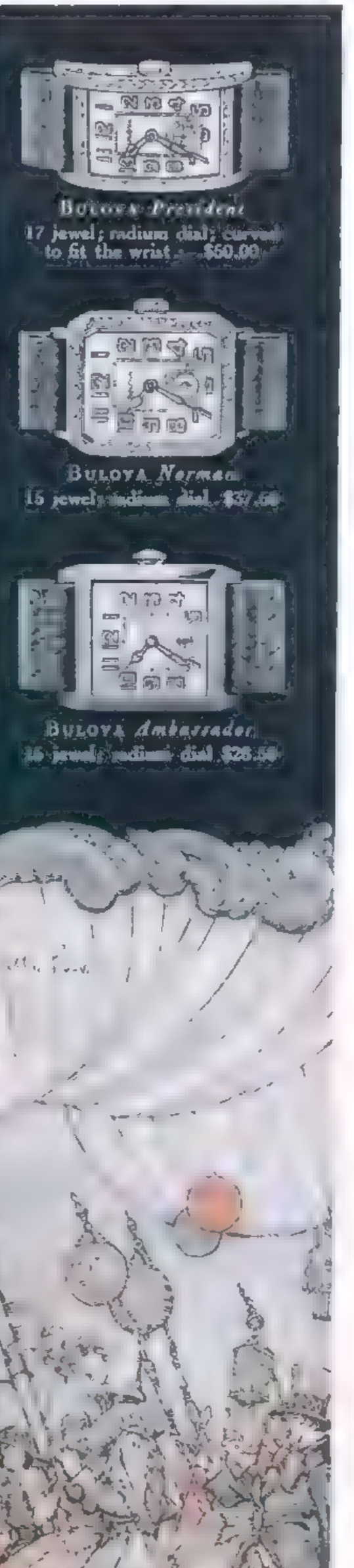
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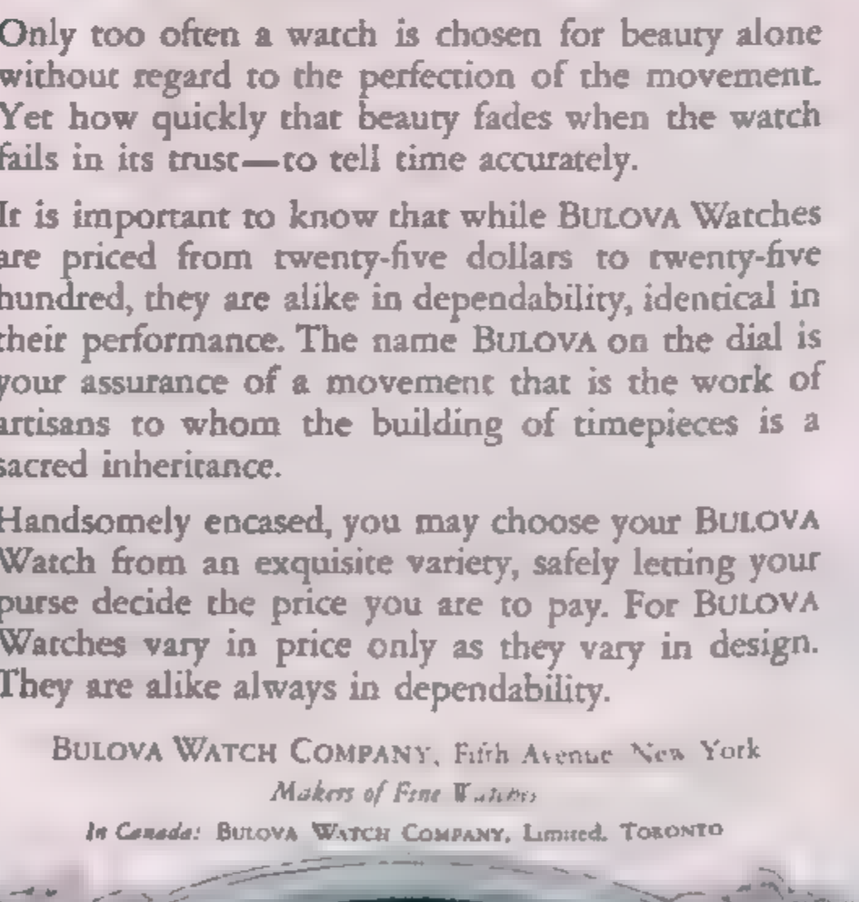


AT THE BETTER JEWELERS ····· EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 134)

"After you do this thing, Jimmie," she kept telling me, "it will not be hard to get a start for you. I'm sure Judge Cond would recommend you after you come out. He knows you are honest in your plans now."

"The day when I get out may be a long, long way off," I cracked.

"But it will come—that is the principal thing," she said.

Judge Cond gave us half an hour when we saw him again. He told us that the thing to do was to confess again to his court stenographer and that he would then let me go in charge of Mary. When he was ready to bring me up for sentence, he said, he would let Mary know. So we did that.

The grand jury was in session and the judge was wise enough to see to it that I was indicted on the confession and cited in his court. The district attorney made no kick after talking with the judge. You can see how that would be. He had to fight cases in the judge's court and he knew his onions.

Ten days after I came back to the home town Mary and me showed in court to plead to the indictment. Judge Cond did not make me plead in open court. He tried me in secret session out in the chambers where we had first met him.

The indictment of the grand jury was read and the judge asked me did I want a lawyer.

"No, sir," I cracked.

"You have heard the reading of this indictment," he rattled off. "How plead you, James Murphy, guilty or not guilty to the indictment as read?"

"Guilty, sir," I said, but nobody will ever know how much I wanted to make a fight over the thing. It was all so solemn that I just about lost my nerve, and to make it all the harder, just as I cracked that thing, Mary sobbed behind me.

"The court," Judge Cond said, "has reviewed this case with a great interest. There are, so far as we see, no extenuating circumstances past the fact that this defendant was born into an environment sordid with crime and conducive to a criminal career. Any leniency that the court may show, however, does not predicate itself upon that fact. This young man has made himself a common menace to society and the court is not unmindful of that fact. There is no excuse for crime, though there be many reasons for it.

"On the other hand, he also, through the influence of others, has shown a disposition to pay his debt to society and, after having done so, resume life as a useful and honorable citizen. It is not within the province of any man to deny another man that opportunity.

"It has been said that the honest administration of justice is the first pillar of government. No justice untempered by mercy is justice. The fact that this defendant stands willingly before the bar to answer for his derelictions, even though the prosecuting attorney has frankly admitted the fact that he cannot convict him of crime, sways the court heavily in favor of the defendant.

"It is, therefore, the order of this court that James Murphy, the defendant, assume an indeterminate sentence of from three to fifteen years penal servitude, but that, provided the conduct of the prisoner is exemplary and no further violations than those cited in the present indictment against him are forthcoming, he shall be paroled, at the expiration of three years' portion of the sentence just imposed, in the custody of Mary Edna Dix."

So that is that. There, as the movies here in the prison sometimes say, is the situation. I came up here and started doing my time. I had been here only about five days when I met Danny Critch in the yard, and he told me that Clancy had double-crossed him on a job just to save himself, but that he would be sprung out of the can through Nolan and Clancy long before his ten-year stretch was up.

Well, maybe he will. But what he springs into will be worse than staying here in the big house. I am beginning to see just what Mary meant by paying, because I have been here eighteen months and only have that far to go, and already Mary has got a joint with a little furniture in it, and she lives there, and by the time I get out it ought to be a real little home.

Judge Cond is going to get me a job, he says, and I know he will. That will start me to paying Mary for the furniture, and between loving Mary and paying for furniture, I guess I will be busy enough to be happy, and I know one thing sure, and so does Mary. Something has changed inside me. It is just like she said it would be. I do not want to seem weak and yellow and preachy, but that is the cold turkey of the thing. I really mean it. And even the warden here says I will do well when I get out, because I am smart. He says that because I just happened to stumble over something in the line of supplies when I was put to work unloading incoming trucks in the prison yard. You see, it was almost like the first racket I ever pulled down there on the docks. They checked in more cases than they got.

"You will do well," the head screw told me when I just happened to mention this to him. "When you crash out you will do well. You have an eye to business."

And the very next day I was handed a soft spot in the library, and on visiting days Mary comes to me and tells me what to read. I guess that is all.

Editor's Note—This is the last of seven articles by Mr. Coe.

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 27)

onions, galantine of veal, Scotch oatcake, honey and tea.

A man in the second cabin could have his choice of exactly the same formidable list of delicacies. The third class—for there is no longer a steerage—did just as well. In fact, better, for the third class has its choice of its own restaurant, an Italian café and a kosher dining room. The Italian, if he desires, eats in surroundings identical with his native country, even to the serving of *minestrone* and red wine. He does well, too, for while compote of figs is being dished up in the third class, there is *composta di fichi* being served in the *terza classe*. No difference except in the pronunciation. *Cereale con latte* is oats and milk; grilled bloaters are translated into *aringhe alla griglia*. If you don't like country sausage with purée potatoes you had better cancel *salsiccia con pure di patate*, for sausages are sisters under their skins. *Panciella di maiale fritte* is a frizzly name for frizzled bacon, and *uova—fritte, girate e bollite* means that the other third-class passengers are also having their eggs—fried, turned and boiled. When you wind up with Indian griddlecakes, hot rolls, marmalade and coffee, then you have the continuity of a fine morning meal in the third class. You cannot do better anywhere.

A Gentle Awakening

The same meal is served in the kosher dining room, with the recognized exceptions of banned food. The kosher restaurant seats 500 people, has a separate kitchen, its own individual chefs and granary. Food, silver, glassware, china, linen and other dining-room equipment are all blessed and consecrated at the start of each voyage from New York or Europe. The same is done to the pots, pans and kitchen fixtures, and the kitchen is locked up, with the key in the possession of a real chef from Palestine. No officer of the boat goes into the kosher kitchen and I was forced to make my observations from the doorway. Like all the other kitchens on board it was spotlessly clean.

The Italian restaurant seats another 500 and there is a main third-class dining room for other European immigrants who have no special idea about food, except that it be hot and heavy and supplied with plenty of gravy for sopping purposes.

While all this eating is going on around eight bells in the morning the captain is dining in his suite, with service from his private kitchenette, the crew is wigwagging knife and fork in its cabaret, the other ship's officers are busy at their own exclusive tables and the engineers have climbed to their cafeteria on the boat deck. Everybody who isn't helping to run the ship is putting on the nose bag, and I know of no hotel in New York capable of feeding more than 2500 people at a clip, unless it happens to be a special banquet. It all goes on, morning, noon and night, without a sound and without an odor. The ventilation system is magnificent. I inspected these kitchens after I had had my own breakfast, so it was about quarter-past eleven when I emerged on deck again, feeling rather glutted because I had nibbled some sample exhibits of third-class cuisine. I didn't try the lower-deck food because I was hungry but for purposes of science and research. So it was with rather a full feeling of relief that I dropped into a deck chair for a rest.

Now all the deck chairs are on the sunny side of the boat, whenever possible. You parade up to one like a king approaching his throne. The chair officer bows you in, first placing some cushions in strategic positions, and then wraps you up like a papoose in a big seagoing blanket. Then he binds in your arms and tucks in your feet until you are hermetically sealed. If the ship sinks, all you require for your burial at sea is a couple of sash weights in your pocket. The chair admirals are very solicitous of your comfort and do everything but sing you to sleep.

I did fall asleep, and was awakened by a uniformed messenger from A Deck pantry. I might say there are pantries all over the boat and that they burst into action without warning. This steward carried a tray loaded to the guard rails with big steaming mugs.

"Have a little broth, sir," he said—"a little broth, sir?"

"What kind of broth?" I asked.

"Chicken, sir."

A Continuous Performance

I asked him what time it was. Eleven-thirty, sir. I had been asleep ten minutes, at the most. I had breakfast at ten, had been nibbling other people's breakfasts for almost an hour, and here it was time to be inoculated again. I began to feel like a guinea pig in a research laboratory.

"What's the idea of the broth?" I asked. "I just had breakfast."

"The broth has no ideas, sir, unless you have an idea that you want it."

"But there must be some reason or legend connected with it," I told him. "Is it something I missed at breakfast, or is it advance literature on dinner?"

"Neither," he informed me. "It's just broth."

"Do you serve it every morning at 11:30?"

"Yes, sir, right sharp on the dot. Everybody takes it. There's no charge, sir."

I knew that it wasn't afternoon tea, neither was it a midnight snack, for it was too early in the day for either.

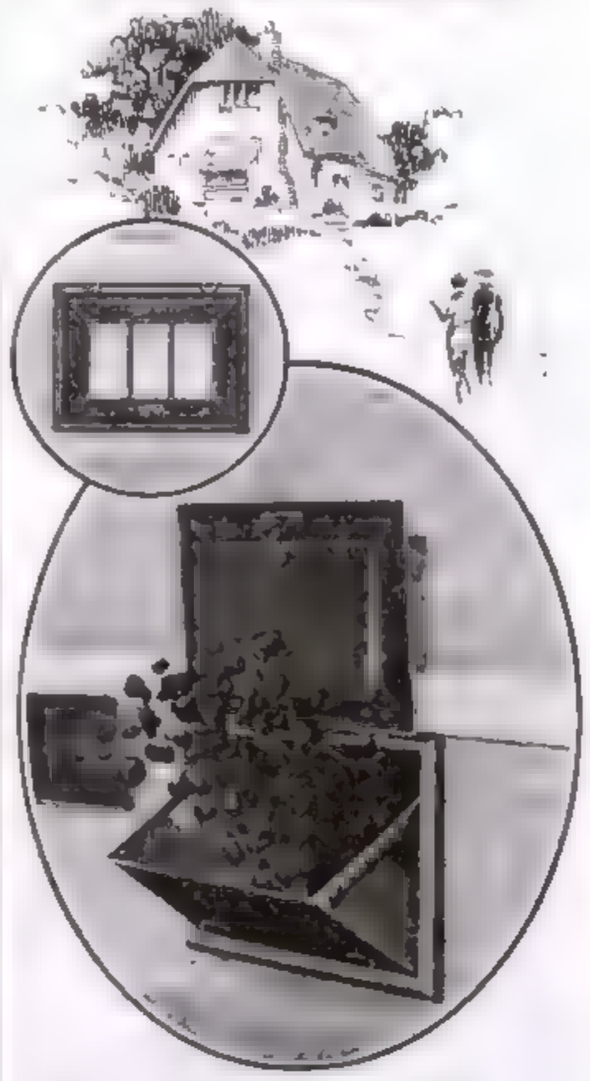
So I asked him what they called this service, sir.

"It's the break," I was informed; "the break, sir."

It seems that the break is a marine institution on the salty hotels of the Atlantic.

Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home



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REMEMBER the Majestic when you buy or build. It is the coal window that is guaranteed break-proof—with Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel construction, rust-proofed. Majestic protects your property when coal is being delivered—insures freedom from future annoyance and repair bills. It is the world's leading coal window—more Majestics are in use than all other coal windows combined. See that you get a Majestic Coal Window when you buy or build.

ANOTHER MAJESTIC PRODUCT

You'll Want in Your Home

A new convenience that costs but little—the Majestic Milk and Package Receiver. It receives deliveries from the outside—you remove them from within at your convenience. Saves steps—protects from annoyance, intrusion and theft. Outside door locks automatically when closed. Easily installed in old or new homes.

Write for catalog describing all styles of Majestic Coal Windows, Milk and Package Receivers, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY

1100 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.

The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

I looked around the deck and there must have been 200 passengers sniffing chicken soup without charge. I wasn't hungry the least bit, but I took a break just to be stylish. It was piping-hot chicken broth with a little rice in it. A couple of soda crackers kept it company. It seems strange, but I didn't want the second break I ordered. Neither did I desire the third. But I finished all three, went to sleep and was awakened by a bugler playing the overture to the grand opera La Luncheon. It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and, believe it or not, it was time to go out to do some sharpshooting again.

By this time you are beginning to suspect that all they do on board is eat. And you are as correct as a goldbeater's weighing scales. If you don't want to be surprised by a sudden culinary battle at sea you must keep your knife and fork at your side while you sleep, just as the old-time Western bad man slept with his two guns under his pillow.

On to the Trenchers Again

I signaled for the chair attendant and he released me from my cocoon of blankets. Then I descended wearily to the restaurant to uphold the honor of America at the trencher. By the way, an impartial tradition about the break extended all over the boat, even to the *terza classe*, for a postscript on the *colazione*, or breakfast card, announced that *brodo per donne e bambini* would be served each morning at eleven. In other words, beef tea or broth would be served to the women and babies, but the men must gnash their teeth just outside the parking zone. This wasn't such a hardship on the third-class boys, whose handle-bar mustaches were probably still dripping with nutrition from a late breakfast.

I was rather disappointed in the luncheon. I expected it to be big. It wasn't big—it was bigger.

Here is the Carte du Jour for the basket party at noon:

Saucisson de Milan Canape Monte Cristo
Roll Mops Norwegian Anchovies
Salade à la Russe
Thon Marine Leitances sur Croute
Sardines Royale
Queen, Spanish and Stuffed Olives
Consommé Profiterolles Purée of Lentils
Broiled Sea Trout Buerre d'Anchois
Fried Oysters au Citron
Eggs Florentine Spaghetti Pomidoro
Sauté of Ox Tail aux Legumes
Shoulder of Bacon, Boston Baked Beans
Curly Greens Parsnips, Maitre d'Hôtel
Baked Plain, Boiled and Sweet Potatoes

FROM THE GRILL: TEN MINUTES

Loin Chops Spring Chicken Pommes Frites
Welsh Rarebits

BUFFET

Gelée de Volaille
Salmon Mayonnaise Potted Shrimps
Sirloin, Pressed and Spiced Round of Beef
Galantine of Veal Oxford Brawn Derby Pie
Braised Wiltshire, Virginia and Truffled Ham
Luncheon Sausage Roast Duckling
Compote of Plums and Whipped Cream
Mille Feuille
Salad: Lettuce, Tomato, Beetroot and Lorette
Roll Jam Pudding
Baked Custard French Pastries
Ice Cream

CHEESE

Cheshire, Brie, Cheddar, Gouda, Young American, Gruyère
Fruit

Hardly enough to keep a bird alive—provided the bird is an ostrich. Remember also that there is nothing in international treaties to prevent either an alien or a citizen from ordering everything on the score card. Not only that, but you can go through it from A to Izzard and then come up to the bat twice in the same inning. My waiter, Baker, seemed to think that I wasn't getting enough to eat and offered some suggestions à la carte. And make another note that the same service is extended to what is known as second-class cabin.

I staggered out of the restaurant an hour later with my axles squeaking under the load. I didn't want to see another filling station until we bumped against the shore line of France. I was so thankful that I didn't have to pump up a pot of tea with the luncheon that I sat down in the main lounge and drank a cup of coffee, which was being served there to the survivors of the luncheon. The affair was like a progressive bridge party, with the winners moving from table to table, for I still had to pick at some sweet cakes and stoke up a cloud of smoke on a cigar. As I ate luncheon in my golf clothes I know how the tired fat duffer felt when he said that his breath was heaving in short pants.

Lessening the Steward's Burden

After that I took another journey to the lower decks to see how the folks in the back room were doing. It was *pranzo* time in Italy and luncheon for the other third-class eaters. The Italian kitchen was serving up identically the same food as the others were getting, if you care to compare them:

THIRD CLASS

LUNCHEON	PRANZO
Soup: Potage Madeleine	Zuppa Maccheroni alla Genovese
Macaroni Genovese	Fricassea di Coniglio
Fricassee of Rabbit	Patate al Naturel
Jacket Potatoes	Pesce Marinato
Soused Halibut	Freddo Vitella al Forno
Cold Roast Veal	Salame
Lyons Sausage	Testa Ripiena
Collared Head	Insalata: Lattuga e Pomodori
Salad: Lettuce and Tomato	Sottaceti in Mostarda
Mustard Pickles	Dolce
Stewed Apples and Custard	Formaggio
Cheese	

There were also fresh rolls, biscuits, tea and coffee in both third-class restaurants, which indicated that they were eating better than they did at home. I admit that I was. In fact, the bottom disk on my vest was singing, "When it's button time in Normandy, I'll be hanging by a thread."

I made my sluggish way to deck again, with the intention of doddling around the smoking saloon, but I left there hurriedly after seeing a perfect free lunch spread on a long table. It was always there during the voyage, and compared very favorably with the free lunches of the now extinct brewery dynasty which once ruled America with the familiar velvet grip of an iron hand. I sampled the free lunch in the smoking saloon before leaving—not that I wanted to but because I felt it my duty as an author-chef to do so. It was good.

I felt very much relieved that I didn't pass any pantries on the way to my deck chair. The blanket admiral again wrapped me up like a mummy and I fluttered into a haphazard sleep troubled by dreams of plum puddings chasing a flock of wild oysters over a mountain made of cheese. I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the deck steward.

"Tea, sir?" he asked.

"What, again, sir?" I questioned, for it seemed that I had been asleep only a few minutes. "What time is it?"

"Four o'clock, sir," he told me. "Everybody has tea at four in the afternoon."

He had tea, chicken and tomato sandwiches, cake and soda crackers on his tray this trip. I didn't want to commit any social blunders in my selection, so I took one of each. I didn't see one person on deck who wasn't shadow-boxing with a pot of tea or munching cookies. If this was a custom of the country I was glad that I wasn't in Rome, where the Romans do as Mussolini says. The steward thanked me for helping to lighten his load of tea and I went to sleep again like a snake in a hen house. Tea was running out of my ears.

We had a little respite for an hour or so, but at seven in the twilight the bugler took his station amidships and I realized the panic was on once again. He just practiced a few preliminary toots on his horn to give the passengers warning that it was time to get hungry again. Thirty minutes later he went to work in earnest, playing a tune that I learned afterward was The Roast Beef of Old England. The sea gulls, which had been tailing the ship from Sandy Hook, flapped their wings as if they were applauding. They knew that music.

Dinner was served at eight and it wasn't much. Just a snack to ease off the heavy eating of the day. You could select at least ten fine dinners from the menu, but I will give you only two suggestions recommended by the chief steward:

DINNER No. 1

Hors d'Œuvre Varies Consommé Chantilly
Salmon Trout, Rémoulade
Timbales, Financière
Long Island Duckling, Apple Sauce
Salade
Crème au Caramel Coffee Ice Cream

DINNER No. 2

Fruit Cocktail
Cream of Celery
Whitebait, Diable
Cotelettes de Vau aux Epinards
Roast Quails, Garniture
Salade
Strawberry Shortcake
Pâtisserie Suisse
Lemon Ice Cream

If those two dinners didn't fill the aching vacuum, there were still lamb, beef and sixteen other meats left for you. Once again, coffee was served in the lounge. When I saw those diners throwing in expensive quail and Long Island duckling I was glad the ship didn't belong to me. When I look back on that first day's dining I think that the captain of the boat was trying to show off.

It was time for another trip to the third class, *née* the steerage,

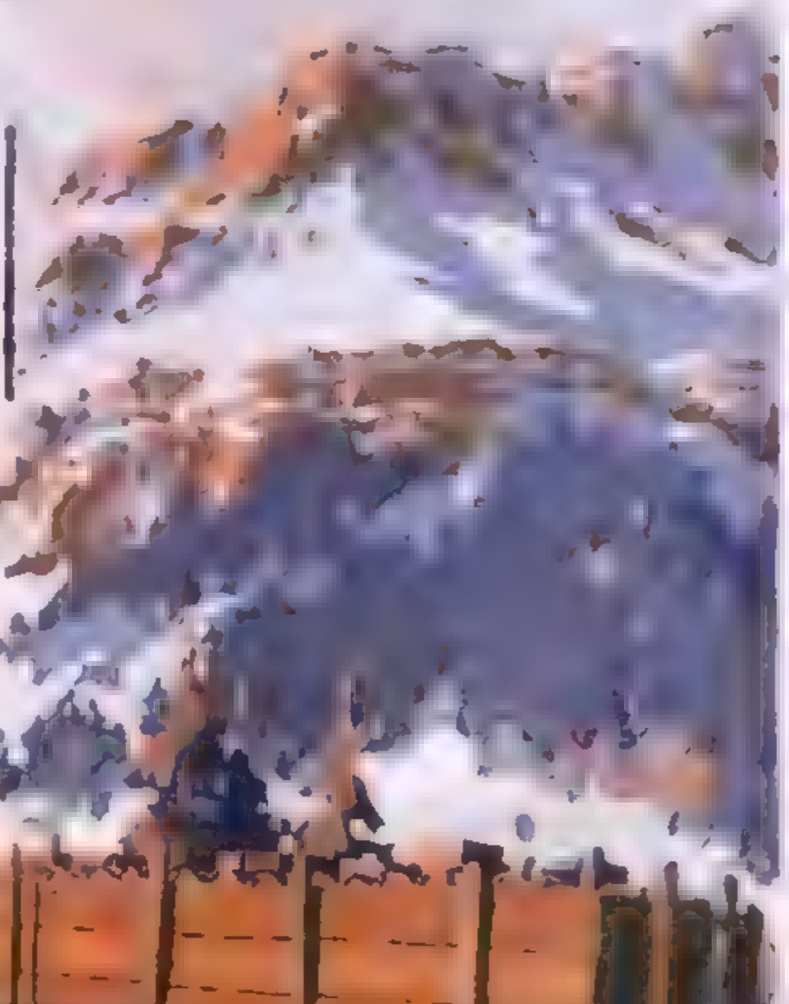
(Continued on Page 145)

You Could Select at Least Ten Fine Dinners From the Menu. When I Look Back on That First Day's Dining I Think That the Captain of the Boat Was Trying to Show Off

Coffee and Dynamite

"Caterpillar" Tractors reveal dramatic contrasts in their world-wide accomplishment of outdoor tasks...riding tropic trails with a load of coffee; hauling explosives over a dangerous winter road...today hauling logs; tomorrow clearing a fire trail through the forest...one harvesting grain; another making roads over which that grain is later hauled...now moving earth where a factory is building; later handling the heavy haulage in that factory....

How can "Caterpillars" serve *you?*



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CATERPILLAR

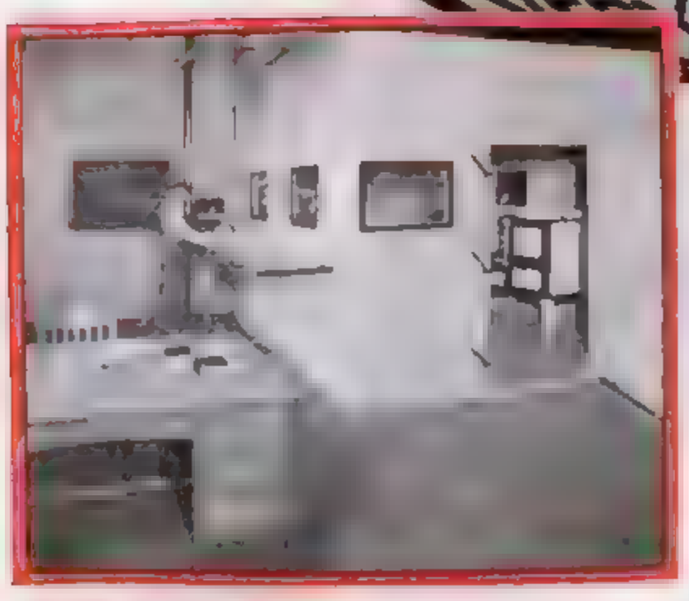
What Do

No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

(At Extreme Left) A Department in American Stove Company's Research Laboratory located at St. Louis, Mo. *View shows air-tight chamber for the study of appliances operating under varying conditions of poor ventilation and reduced oxygen supply.*

(At Near Left) Section of Research Kitchen of American Stove Company located at Cleveland, O., and operated under the direction of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, M. A., formerly Instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. Here Red Wheel Gas Ranges are given actual cooking tests, new recipes created and cookery problems solved.



Unless the Gas Range has a

RED WHEEL

It is Not a

You Know about the Red Wheel?

THE RED WHEEL is the identifying mark of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, an appliance found only on the six famous makes of gas ranges illustrated on this page.

Many have said that the Lorain is the greatest contribution ever made to the cause of woman's freedom from kitchen drudgery, from the ages-old task of faithful watching of food and fire.

If the Red Wheel *has* made hundreds of thousands of women happier, healthier, and therefore more attractive, American Stove Company feels fully rewarded for having been the *first* to give the world a device of this kind.

Great and many are the advantages that a Red Wheel Gas Range bestows upon its owner, by reason of its Magic Oven that never *can* get hotter or colder than the Temperature you select by an easy turn of the Red Wheel.

For instance:

The Red Wheel provides a way to eliminate *forever* all cooking failures due to too hot or too cold an oven. It will enable you to obtain *perfect* results the *first* time you try *any* recipe that gives exact Time and Temperature.

The Red Wheel does away with the necessity of sticking straws in cakes or knives in custards to learn if they are properly done. And no more the need of continually peeking in the hot oven to see if foods are nicely browned.

The Red Wheel makes it possible to accomplish in the oven, in an easier way, many cooking operations that you now laboriously do on the top burners.

The Red Wheel provides a means for cooking Whole Meals in the oven *at one time* (soup, vegetables, roast and dessert). You can be miles away for as long as five hours while a delicious meal is cooking safely in the oven.

The Red Wheel offers a new canning method. Filled glass jars are simply placed in the oven for an hour or so at a given temperature. Then removed! Lids tightened! And, Presto! Your canning's done—successfully!

A Red Wheel Gas Range will add a new note of cleanliness, attractiveness and modernity to your kitchen—will give you years of satisfactory service and prove a true economy from the hour it's installed.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges represent the culmination of nearly a half-century of experience. American Stove Company, world's largest manufacturers of gas ranges, operates six great stove factories, two huge foundries and several modern enameling plants. In addition, the Company maintains what is considered one of the world's finest Research Laboratories—also an elaborately equipped Research Kitchen operated under the direction of a celebrated food authority.

Over 2100 schools use Red Wheel Gas Ranges to teach the art of cookery. The nation's leading food manufacturers employ them in their test-kitchens. And up-to-the-minute women *everywhere* use them.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are sold by Gas Companies, Department Stores, Hardware, Furniture, and Stove Dealers. You'll find a wide range of sizes and styles to choose from. Most dealers will give you several months in which to pay, so confident are they that you'll be satisfied. Buy your gas range *now* and *insist* that it has the famous, *unconditionally guaranteed* Red Wheel.

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S E P.—9-24-27

"The Dancing Chiffon"

WHAT IT MEANS TO AMERICAN WOMEN

Now dance "the whole night through"
. . . carefree . . . for this *sheer* hose,
invisibly reinforced at points of wear, relieves all apprehension

In "The Dancing Chiffon" you will now find the two things that smartly dressed women the world over have always wanted in chiffon hose. Exquisite, filmy beauty—and *long wear.*

For this lovely new Allen-A creation has been especially made to withstand the destructive wear of dancing.

By an exclusive Allen-A process, we weave an invisible "inner-foot" of fine mercerized lisle inside the silken foot. This hidden "inner-foot" reinforces the heel and toe—where most chiffons give first—thus actually doubling the wear.

The full length of this new hose is the sheerest and clearest of silken weave—dainty and beautiful. And being full-fashioned, the hose cling to the ankle and leg, lending a chic, slender shapeliness.

Mention this advertisement to your own dealer. Ask for "The Dancing Chiffon" by name or style number—3785—in the most popular shades of the season. If your dealer does not carry this hose, simply send us his name—a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

BESIDES "The Dancing Chiffon," there are many Allen-A hose in chiffon, service sheer and service weights—all silk, and silk to hem—in all the newest shades.

Priced $1.50 to $3

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

Allen A

In New York City
Allen-A Hosiery may be obtained at the better stores—and The Allen-A Hosiery Shop, 5th Ave. at 38th St.

(Continued from Page 140)

and I discovered that they hadn't slackened the pace. They had potage hodgepodge for the soup course, risotto Piemontaise, roast ribs of beef with brown gravy, Savoy cabbage, browned potatoes, fig pudding, vanilla ice cream, with wafers, apples, oranges, rolls and tea or coffee.

I climbed the upwardbound gangways trying to puzzle out the difference between the three classes on the ship. There was no class discrimination in the food, the service was just as excellent below as it was up among the open-faced Tuxedos, and the kitchen discipline was stricter downstairs than above, owing to the numerous third-class passengers who have their racial or national ideas about cooking.

Many school-teachers and students travel abroad in the summertime in the class that is known as tourist. It is really third-class, but the tourists are served in still another dining room from still another kitchen, which was not in operation during the trip I made. You travel just as well in the tourist class as you do in the more expensive zones. And as there is not the necessity for that continual dressing for dinner, you have a more enjoyable time. This business of getting all starched up like a baby's christening dress is the bunk, 100 per cent.

The only way to enjoy and digest food is to feel at ease. However, there is a certain class of people who think they are the bee's knees when they jam and squirm into evening dress and then sit up at a table as stiff and straight as West Point cadets on Graduation Day. They might take a pointer from the same cadets, who know how to relax at mess time. I have eaten food under many conditions and from all kinds of dishes, and I have never discovered any meal that tasted better when eaten out of a high hat. Though I may not be an expert on diet, you will at least admit that I know my groceries.

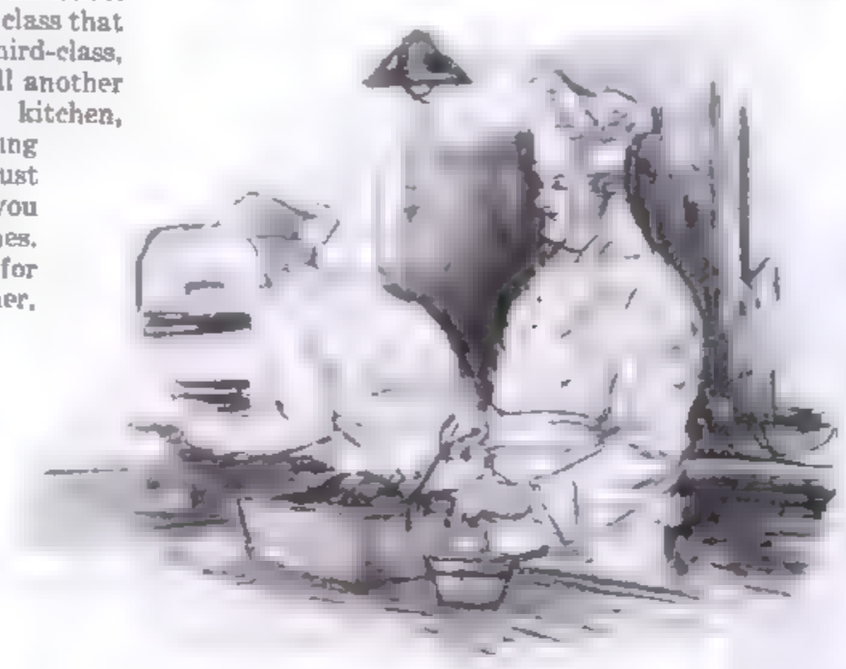
I imagined that the dinner completed the eating for the first day at sea. But I was wrong. Along about midnight the cabin steward rapped on the door and inquired if we wanted any tea and cakes. I don't know where they got all that tea unless they siphoned it out of the ocean. I didn't feel like eating, but a man might as well be killed for lamb as for mutton, so I drank some tea in order not to hurt the steward's feelings. Then I rolled over and went to sleep with the feeling that I had eaten a good day's work. That same routine ran right through the six days at sea. It was one meal after another, with tea, toast and cookies in between to keep you in practice. You couldn't take a stroll on the promenades without running the gantlet of ambitious deck stewards laden with steaming trays of broth and tea.

The Busy Steward

I beat the barrier only on the fourth day out, when a heavy mist settled down on everything and I sneaked by a row of stewards in the fog. I managed to get in about seven laps around the boat by walking by on tiptoes every time I saw a wraithlike steward looming up in the smoky atmosphere. Just as I was congratulating myself that I had escaped I bumped into one and we sat down and wiped the platter clean like Jack Sprat and his wife.

It is a tremendous job to provision a liner for a trip of six days at sea. The average population is around 3000, passengers and crew. That's 9000 meals a day and 54,000 for the six days. We do not include the breaks and afternoon teas. That total would be magnificent alone, but every liner is stocked up in anticipation of storm or accident and carries a surplus of food large enough to feed all on board for an extra two weeks, which makes 162,000 meals available in the granary.

All buying of provisions is done by the chief steward, who should rank with a major, for he has a battalion of 500 men under his command. He has two days in port completely to restock his larder and is the hardest-working man on the boat. Neither Europe nor America is favored in the buying, the steward taking advantage of market quotations to save money for his firm. Eggs—an important item, for an egg-burning liner consumes 3000 of them a day—are purchased in both European and American markets, unless the steward can do better in the French market. Then he picks them up in Cherbourg. The same with milk and cream, but ice cream is strictly an American commodity. Enough is bought in New York to last the round trip east and west again. American beef is also a headliner on the boats, while mutton and veal are bought on both sides. It has been found more economical to purchase fresh fruit in the New York market, but any time the European market drops its prices the fruit is procured there. It is a toss-up between the English York, Wiltshire, Bradenham, Dorset and our own Virginia smoked hams. The market also controls the purchase of sugar, coffee, flour, corn and canned products.



Bread and rolls are up to the ship's bakers. Rolls by the thousand are baked three times a day. Bread is turned out by the furlong. Delicious pastries, pies, puddings and soufflés are handled by very fine French chefs in the ship's kitchens. I have never seen such scientific organization outside of a Detroit motor factory. I saw the first-class kitchen in operation an hour before dinner. It was cooking 1000 meals and there was no more confusion than there is on the main street of a deserted village. It was not only noiseless but perfumeless. I remarked on the absence of cooking odors and learned that a perfect ventilating system takes care of everything. It is a pleasure to see a workman or a race horse go at top speed without hurrying.

The only steam rising in the kitchen was from the soup kettles, made of some heavy, nonrusting metal. The rest of the 1000 meals were out of sight in the ovens. I have seen a bachelor make more fuss boiling a pot of tea over a gas jet. There were 1000 pounds of potatoes somewhere in that kitchen, but I couldn't locate them. Even the onions kept in retirement.

Twenty-two ice boxes, each one the size of a garage, take care of the perishable foods. The temperature never falls below 38 degrees or goes above 40. Freezing food is as bad as putting it in the hot sun, for frost ruins the flavor of fish, fruit and potatoes. There are east and west bound ice boxes, where food is stored. An auditing staff checks up on every lump of sugar or pound of tea taken from the vaults. The cooling system is operated from the engine room, but an extra ice-making machine makes a ton and a half for table use.

There is one ice box dedicated to flowers for the trip. If you care to go to the expense you can decorate your friends' tables with flowers every day of the trip. The flowers keep very fresh and we saw many tables sporting a different bunch of American Beauties at every meal.

Have you ever stepped into an ice box full of quail and English pheasant? No barber ever rubbed anything into your hair that smelled better. Even the smoked-fish ice box was delightfully pleasant. The cool, even temperature is a great tonic for foodstuffs.

The thousands of table menus are engraved every day in the ship's printing shop. Dishes, cups and saucers are all washed by hand, silently and quickly.

No laundry is washed on board, although there are drying rooms for tablecloths and napkins. No laundry is stuffed into bags until it goes through the drying room, for every housewife knows what mildew will do to table linen. The laundry bags are neatly tied up and marked with identification tags and are the first things off the ship on arrival, with the exception of the mail.

Each laundry in an American or European port averages 70,000 pieces. Quite a wash. But even this tremendous bundle of linen is small when you realize that the linen hampers of a big boat contain 750,000 pieces of linen.

If it were found cheaper and faster to wash linen on board it would be washed on board. The big steamship companies will spend $50,000 to try out any innovation in labor saving. But if it is not found feasible they will discard the innovation very suddenly and go back to the old method of handling laundry.

The immense amount of linen, silver and china is augmented by the *matériel* necessary to the running of the Ritz saloon, which, as I said before, handles its equipment and supplies independently of the ship. I used to think that I ran a fair-sized restaurant on Broadway in the old days, but now, whenever I meet a ship's chief steward, I step to one side and allow the big parade to go by. A retailer must always salute a wholesaler.

Informal Friendships

It may be of interest to note here that for the tourist class not only is the food the best but the cabins are also clean and wholesome. I didn't see a bad cabin on the boat.

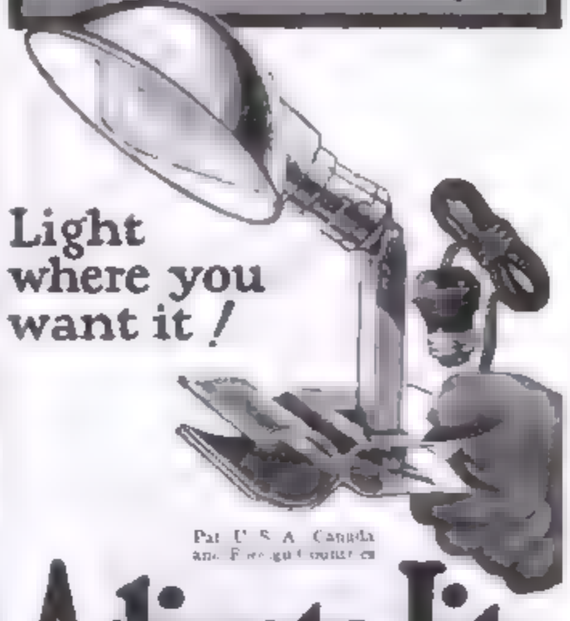
The tourist and third-class lounging rooms are also separate and distinct. You are really traveling first-class on a third-class ticket, which is fair enough.

All the dining rooms are magnificent, being finished in oak and mahogany. When this liner is taken off the run, which I hear may happen soon, the sales value of the splendid oak and mahogany will almost equal the cost of the boat. The furnishings are palatial in every respect. I considered that there could be nothing afloat that was more beautiful and comfortable, so it may interest you to know that, wonderful as this boat is, our own Leviathan is admitted to be the finest boat afloat.

The only appreciable difference in class dining is in the seating arrangement. The first-classers can have a private table for two or four, or even one. The second-classers eat from four to ten at a table, while the third class eats at long tables seating around twenty-five or thirty. However, there is no feeling of restraint, as friends are made on board ship almost as easily as enemies in politics. Introductions are not necessary. You borrow a cigarette from a man the first day out and he spends the next five days trying to borrow it back from you. You are bound to know each other by that time, or, at least, he will have a fairly good estimate of you.

The balance of the trip was monotonous in the eating department. I played hide

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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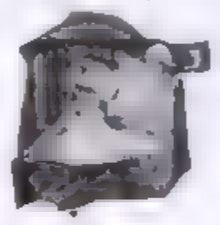

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Good light makes reading more enjoyable. *Adjusto-Lite* is easy on the eyes—there is no glare.

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Studying is easier with *Adjusto-Lite*—it shades the light from the eyes. More comfort—no eyestrain.

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A Farberware Casserole

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A casserole you will be proud to put on your table.

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and seek with the deck stewards for the last five days of the voyage, but it is difficult to escape four persistent homeopathic purveyors of chicken soup in habit-forming quantities. If one didn't get you another did. I never saw such chronic service in all my career. You are surrounded by it. But if you happen to be in a recipient mood it is very satisfactory. King Cole on his throne has nothing on a tourist in a deck chair.

Of course it is generally understood that the passenger will reciprocate in some measure for this excellent policing of his appetite when the voyage is completed. It is not compulsory. Merely a pleasant custom of the country. Tipping is entirely up to the passenger. He can give anything he thinks is about right. Europe imagines that every American is a Santa Claus who has shaved off his beard for the summer. Your table steward serves you with eighteen meals on a six-day trip and is satisfied if you slip him five dollars at the finish of the last dinner, a tip averaging about twenty-eight cents a meal. I don't consider this an exorbitant gratuity for the average American. There were four people in our party at the table for the entire trip, and the steward got twenty dollars for himself; and being at sea all the time he doesn't have to spend that coin for spare tires.

The day steward who makes up your cabin averages about five dollars a person. The night cabin steward expects an equivalent sum. We gave the chief deck steward two dollars and his assistants a dollar a person. When you figure that there are 400 or 500 deck chairs you can see that the chief deck steward is in the right kind of furniture game. He can sell out the contents of his store and still have his entire stock left after the sale. I should say a deck steward on a big liner is in a very profitable racket, as they say on Broadway.

Our millionaires who break loose every summer are responsible for the overinflation of the honorarium in Europe. I am no millionaire, even though I have a double chin and all the other earmarks of one. The second class can figure to clip these tips down about 50 per cent. I advise the third class to boil the tips until they evaporate. Of course the tourist class is something else again, for the brains and culture of education travel in this class, and nice people like to reward attention and service. It seems unfortunate that the college professors and school-teachers of our country do not earn enough money to travel in the imperial suites and royal coaches.

Giving the assistant deck stewards a dollar apiece left me with quite a profit on the trip, for each one of them handed me at least $7000 worth of chicken broth and soda crackers. The last dinner on board was the heaviest of all. The chief steward held nothing back. He literally threw the cookbook at us. I heaved a gulp of thanksgiving at midnight when we had left the lights of the Scilly Islands to the rear and picked up the big blazers winking and blinking on the southern coast of England. Only another breakfast and I would be in France, where a man can eat when he feels like it and doesn't have to help lighten a steward's tray.

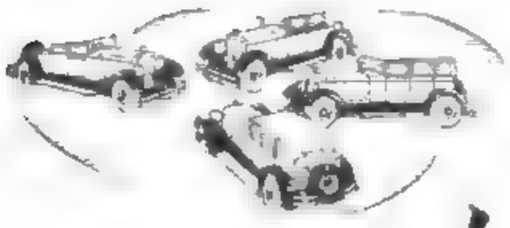
I have always favored the domestic system of eating over the monarchical. I kept a sharp outlook for the lighter which was to ferry us from the boat to the Cherbourg wharfs. If I saw a French deck steward on board that lighter I intended to drop a trunk on his skull. Fortunately there are no breaks on the chugging lighters and we didn't stay on this one long enough to run into afternoon tiffin.

We landed, the customs inspectors tossed the contents of our bags over their heads, we gathered them up and put them back, the whistle of the locomotive sounded and we were on the *wagon-lit* rattling over the hills to Paris. I had consumed eighteen meals, six breaks, another half dozen tiffins and still another six midnight snacks. The heavy eating was over for the duration of peace and we were glad to lean back and try to catch up to our breaths.

An alert-looking lad in a uniform opened the door of our compartment and handed me four little blue tickets. On each ticket, in French, was a warning that we had first choice for seats at déjeuner.

It was time to eat again.

Ruins of Old Panama The Cathedral Tower



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THE NAVY AND ECONOMY

(Continued from Page 7)

director. There are nine officers in that division and they prescribe in general the rules and regulations for training the fleet in steaming competitions and gunnery exercises. The efficiency and training of a fleet is the prime responsibility of the commander in chief. Responsibility should be a direct function of initiative expected and authority delegated. The commander in chief of the United States Fleet has a staff of eighteen officers. He can and should do much of the administrative detail that is now done in Washington. And so with other admirals serving afloat. There is no need for further exemplification; yet one other may provoke a smile. On April first, last, there were twenty-four officers attached to the Naval Medical School, as faculty and for administration, yet there were only sixteen officers under instruction!

Naturally, a highly organized system in Washington is reflected in the navy yards and operating bases. It is almost impossible to merge offices to reduce the overhead. The President has made many earnest appeals for economy. A year ago the Secretary of the Navy enjoined commandants to make reductions in offices where practicable by consolidation of those having similar activities. Accordingly, eight months ago I made recommendations consolidating certain offices at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and reported that there would result a saving to the Navy of about $100 each working day. This proposal met with opposition from some of the bureaus concerned, despite my assertion that the work involved would be done just as well though perhaps not so conveniently or expeditiously. That proposal did not receive departmental sanction. The inertia and conservatism of a bureaucracy are well known. They are exceedingly difficult to overcome. In a bureaucratic form of administration, to expand is always easy; to retrench almost impossible.

The one fertile field for endeavor to reduce the Navy's overhead, and the one wherein cultivation may yield the greatest value to the Navy, is that of reducing the number of navy yards and stations on the Atlantic seaboard. Not only are there some that may be profitably disposed of altogether, but also there are yards and stations maintained now in active operation that could be placed on an inoperative basis until there is a prospect of war. This is indicated by the fact that navy yards and stations in 1908 cost $17,500,000. The cost in 1926 was $80,000,000.

The East Coast Navy Yards

Today there are seven navy yards on the east coast of the United States: At Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk and Charleston, South Carolina. There is not enough work to be done for the Navy to justify keeping all these yards in active operation, and particularly has this been true during the past five years, when by far the larger part of the United States Fleet has been based in the Pacific. For some time this has been recognized by officials in Washington. Once I asked a high official of the Navy Department why this extravagance was continued. The reply was to the effect that any attempt to reduce the number of navy yards met with strong political opposition. True enough and naturally so. Yet, if ships were never sent to a yard for repairs, there certainly could be no raison d'être for that yard remaining in active operation.

One navy yard has under repair during the fiscal year at one time just one tug. To do the work there is the usual industrial organization of a manager, inside and outside divisions, and eighteen officers. Another yard is designated to build submarines. It is better for the country to build by contract in private yards. It is as cheap or cheaper, and then there is the great military advantage of keeping our civil shipbuilding plants in operation. In this connection it may be well to point out that very recently one of the most successful shipbuilding corporations in the United States—and by successful I mean in the efficiency of the warships built for the Navy—was forced to go out of business for lack of profitable contracts. At about the same time orders were issued to build two light cruisers at navy yards on the Pacific Coast. It may be admitted that throwing the building of new ships into navy yards reduces the overhead of those yards. But a great value to the Navy and to the country obtains in the existence of private shipyards available for use in war.

Tremendous Overhead

It may be illuminating here to quote figures from the report of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts for 1926. From them may be gleaned at a glance what the overhead of the Navy is now annually:

Total expenditures for the Navy, 1926	$317,500,000
Maintenance, operation and repairs of the fleet	146,400,000
Maintenance of yards and stations	61,000,000
Additions and betterments	32,600,000
General administration expenses	77,500,000

The navy yards and stations exist primarily for making repairs to and furnishing supplies for the fleet. During the year, $16,400,000 were expended for repairs to vessels and their equipment. From the foregoing it may be seen that for every dollar expended for repairs, it required that nearly four dollars be expended to maintain a navy yard to make the repairs. There, at a glance, is the ineluctable reason for reducing the number of active yards to the absolute minimum needed for the requirements of the fleet.

To operate, maintain, repair and supply the vessels of the fleet cost $163,000,000. And to administer this sum cost nearly half as much, or $77,500,000.

Of course, much of the present expenditure of the Navy's money is due to political activities of years ago, when the so-called log-rolling was indulged in by politicians. At the time when the two parties alternated in power, the Democrats when in office established naval stations and yards and built docks at Charleston, South Carolina, Port Royal and New Orleans. Then the Republicans would expand the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Boston yards, build a coaling plant on Frenchman's Bay, Maine, or elsewhere. The coaling plant and dock at Port Royal have never been used. A large floating dock, lifting 15,000 tons, is now at New Orleans. The Navy needs that dock in another location, but cannot send it elsewhere; the act of Congress providing for the dock requires that it is "to be at New Orleans." It costs about $30,000 annually to maintain the dock in condition for service.

Three, or at the most four, navy yards on the east coast are all the Navy needs. These having more work to do can operate with practically the same overhead as now, and thus do work much more cheaply. By disposing of superfluous yards and placing others on an inactive basis, the saving thus effected could be used to strengthen the naval base in the Hawaiian Islands. There is where our greatest navy yard and naval base should be.

Naval interest has oriented from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as a result of the World War. More facilities for the fleet are needed in the Pacific, where is based the battle fleet. This need is recognized and, a few years ago, almost caused a great extravagance. The city of Alameda, California, offered a site for a great naval base on San Francisco Bay. Part of the land was marsh and the water leading to it was shoal. Nevertheless, a naval board recommended acceptance, proposed to spend $40,000,000, and the project was

seriously discussed by the Naval Committees in Congress. Fortunately, it failed. That great sum of money can be used advantageously in the Hawaiian Islands, located strategically much better than Alameda. It projects a base for the fleet 2100 miles farther to the westward.

During the World War a great supply base was built in South Brooklyn, and one started at Hampton Roads, Virginia. The war is over and supplies for the small fleet in the Atlantic may well be supplied by the one at Hampton Roads and from the principal navy yards, all of which have large supply departments. The supply base in Brooklyn goes on with seventeen officers attached thereto.

There are eight naval hospitals on the east coast; three in a radius of 70 miles and four within a radius of 200 miles. About 180 officers are attached to these hospitals.

The only real demobilization that took place after the war was that of the enlisted men in the summer of 1919. And that was done in an extravagant manner. All men so desiring were given their discharge, even though their enlistments had not expired. That was a time of high wages on shore. As a result, the battle fleet, because of short crews, largely was forced to tie up at navy yards until recruits could be found to fill up the complements. In consequence, for six months the Navy was impotent.

One result of the war was agitation for an increase of pay, due to the high cost of living. The Congress recognized the justice of this and passed a pay bill applying it to the public services having to do with the sea; the Navy and Marine Corps, Coast Guard, Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Public Health Service. A committee representing the various services formulated a bill and it became a law in 1922. The Navy at large was ignorant of what was being done. The bill was so drawn that officers of grades of lieutenant commander and commander would eventually, after twenty to thirty years' service, receive almost as much pay as a naval officer reaching the grade of rear admiral. Evidently the reason for this was that in services other than the Navy the officers did not have—because they did not need—so high a rank as in the Navy.

A difference in pay was made between married officers with dependents and bachelors without such dependents. As a result, a rear admiral at sea, without dependents, receives about the same pay as some lieutenant commanders and commanders serving under him. The bachelor captain of a ship may actually receive less pay than his married executive officer. In this bill some lieutenant commanders receive more allowance for subsistence than a rear admiral—both having dependents. The effect of this bill is that officers in the intermediate grades receive a higher rate of pay than is justified by their rank and responsibilities. Discrimination against bachelor officers is vicious in principle and is bound to lessen their morale.

A Job for the Merchant Marine

I am sure the taxpayers of the country desire that officers of the public services shall be paid liberally. There should, however, be no discrimination. In the past seven years officers in one staff corps have been promoted to rank of captain after from ten to twelve years' service. A captain of the line, during the same period, must have served from twenty-seven to thirty years before attaining that rank. The present pay bill needs revision and a saving may be effected thereby. This is indicated by the fact that in 1916 there were 3900 officers and 78,000 men in the Navy. In 1926 there were 8500 officers and 82,000 men, nearly the same number of men as in 1916. The appropriation for pay of the Navy in 1916 was $42,800,000. In 1926 it was $124,500,000, or very nearly tripled.

Since the war our people have determined to have and to maintain a merchant marine. To that end and through the activities of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation billions of dollars have been spent. There are now lines of steamers under the American flag, extending over the seven seas. To patronize these lines when practicable would seem a patriotic duty, to say nothing of reducing the Federal expenditures in assisting the lines to exist. Yet the Navy does most of its transportation of personnel, freight and fuel in Navy ships manned by Navy personnel. These are not ships attached to the fleets, but ships in a Naval Transportation Service. There are nine such ships—three transports and six freighters. They are manned by 129 officers and 1600 men. The pay and allowances of the crews, the repairs, fuel and all expenses of operation in maintenance cost annually $3,270,000. I venture the assertion that that sum is greater than the fares and freight bills would be were the transportation done by merchant liners.

A Squadron of Old-Timers

I have heard it argued that some naval stations in the insular possessions have no regular lines of shipping available. That is true only in part. I know that there is regular steamer connection to every insular station except Guam and the Virgin Islands. Army transports pass Guam periodically, and for many years did the Navy's transportation to and from that island. It could be done that way again. Forty miles from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, is San Juan, Porto Rico. There are tugs at St. Thomas which could easily transfer passengers and freight from San Juan. There is need for one transport to be kept in commission, available to take an expeditionary force where needed in an emergency. One such was sent recently to Nicaragua. Also, owing to high rates on explosives, it may be economy to keep a ship in commission to transport explosives and large guns between the east and west coasts. The officers and men in this Naval Transportation Service are needed elsewhere. The Navy is really short of enlisted personnel.

There is a special service squadron of five ships—the flagship was Admiral Sampson's flagship at Santiago—composed of old cruisers and gunboats of no naval value in wartime. They are manned by 92 officers and about 1250 men. The formation of this squadron was purposed to have ships ready for special service in Central American waters, ready for emergencies and to hinder deflection of units of the fleet and interfering with drills, maneuvers and exercises. The reason is sound. Yet, instead of using ships that are aged and useless, it were better to use modern ships that are now laid up.

There are out of commission at navy yards more than 200 modern destroyers that cost about $1,500,000 each. They are deteriorating for lack of money and men. Because of extreme age the ships of the special service squadron are expensive to keep up. It is not impracticable to substitute for ships worthless in wartime, a squadron of modern destroyers and a tender, based on the Canal Zone, to perform the services now being done by the special service squadron. In view of this it would seem wiser and more economical to employ officers and men now manning obsolete and useless cruisers, transports and freighters as complements for ships of great value in war. Perhaps it would cost a little more, but it would be money well expended. But if this were done and a great emergency arose, we should have many fighting ships ready for any service, instead of ships that would have to scuttle for a home port and be useless thereafter.

Costs are duregarded in wartime. That engenders a spirit of extravagance that should be guarded against when peace comes. That spirit, in my opinion, has not been enturely exorcised, and in consequence, the Navy is not obtaining the naval power justified by the generous appropriations made therefor by the people of the United States. In indicating that there are, in my

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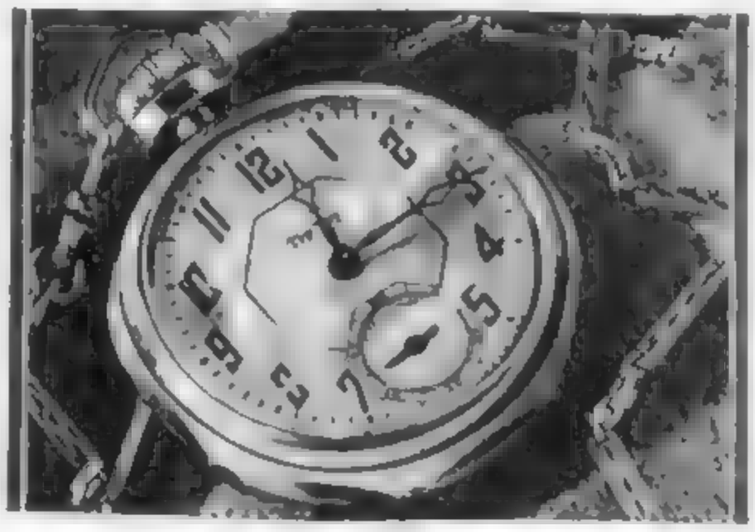

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opinion, certain extravagances, my criticisms, if any, are for constructive reforms.

Today the Navy needs money for more men; for maintenance in commission of a large number of destroyers that are now laid up, deteriorating for lack of men and money; for expansion of aviation and for building more light cruisers and submarines.

It is possible to do much of this by use of strict economy and administrative reform, without additional burdens on the taxpayers. Yet, as is ever the case, to reform requires a certain amount of ruthlessness and moral courage of a high order.

On December 1, 1922, a policy for the United States Navy was approved by the Secretary of the Navy. This policy was defined as a system of principles, and the terms of their application governed the development, organization, maintenance, training and operation of the United States Fleet. It was designed to support the national policies and American interests wherever they may be found.

Among other things, it was stated that the general naval policy was to make the strength of the Navy for battle of primary importance; to support in every possible way American interests, and especially to aid in the expansion and development of American foreign commerce. As regards auxiliary vessels, the policy enunciated was that a minimum number was to be maintained which would be consistent with the training and mobility of fighting ships; also—and this is important—to use commercial facilities for transportation when available, supplementing by naval auxiliaries as necessary. As to organization, the policy is to decentralize administration as far as indoctrination permits.

The operating policy was designed to keep all capital ships, aircraft carriers, light cruisers, all submarines, and 152 destroyers fully manned and undergoing constant training. Other modern fighting vessels were to be partially manned and kept in commission. This refers to about 150 destroyers.

The operating policy was "to make every effort, both ashore and afloat, at home and abroad, to assist the development of American interests, and especially the American merchant marine."

The policy as regarded bases and shore stations was absolutely sound. It was in part:

1. To retain for future use stations now owned by the Navy that would be of use in the event of war.
2. To maintain in operation the number of shore stations required to support the Navy in time of peace, and no more. (The "no more" is most important.)
3. To further develop naval bases in Hawaii and the Canal Zone, and the Pacific Coast naval stations
4. To encourage the development of those commercial facilities that would be of use to the Navy in time of war.

One of the most important policies enunciated, and one that for many years was needed but prohibited, was that of publicity, which was "to give to the public all information not incompatible with military secrecy."

It may be deduced from the foregoing extracts of the naval policy, as enunciated and published five years ago, that the suggestions I have made for a more economical administration of the Navy are entirely consistent with the present approved naval policy.

BRITAIN CLEARS THE DECKS

(Continued from Page 21)

been forced to live upon their capital. In consequence, the flow of money into South American enterprises, for instance, has not been so continuous as in former years. The old rich have become the new poor and vice versa.

During the past seven years we have lent as much money to Latin America as Britain did during a whole century. The $800,000,000 that we have advanced to Germany since the Armistice was something of a setback to British hopes for a close economic *entente* with the Reich. On the other hand, the policy of consolidation among the great London banks has greatly strengthened the general financial position. This cohesion, together with the lowering of the Bank of England rate, will doubtless mean a fresh financial offensive at home and abroad.

We can now examine the state of British trade and industry in detail. Viewing production as a whole, there has been a decline since the war. Taking the 1913 output as an index figure representing 100, you find that there has been a decrease from 92.2 in 1920 to 64.1 in 1926. Of course the tremendous slump last year was due to the dislocation caused by the coal stoppage, which paralyzed productive endeavor.

Better Than Last Year

The three key industries—coal, shipbuilding and steel—have all been hard hit, coal most of all. Despite the combination of depressing factors in 1926, each began to show new life and activity with the beginning of 1927. It indicates that the British have a strong quality of resiliency if they are given only half a chance to expand.

Shipbuilding, which was in the dumps last year, is considerably on the mend, in the face of what is little short of an amazing competition from Italy. There is a particular stimulus in the construction of motor-driven vessels and tankers.

One of the strongest comebacks is being staged by the steel industry. In June it had come back to 95 per cent of normalcy, although the import of heavy steel products continued heavy. England is just beginning to realize that perhaps she made a mistake in not entering the great Continental steel trust, which includes Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar.

Textiles Hard Hit

One reason why she withheld coöperation was the confidence that she would ultimately be the banker of the enterprise. This optimism has not been justified, because a considerable part of the German steel expansion has been financed with American dollars. Furthermore, the allocation of markets by the trust has shut England out of some of her old trade stamping grounds. They have gone to Germany and the United States. This is especially true in South America

British textiles, which contributed largely to the economic fabric, are facing a serious situation. Nor is it due to the fact that women's skirts are shorter and the general feminine apparel skimpier than ever before. The trouble lies in serious German competition in fine yarns and hosiery. As one competent observer pointed out: "The textile trades are discovering that they have to deal with conditions greatly altered from those in which practically every mill owner was a thoroughgoing free trader. Countries which were formerly buyers are now in competition with Yorkshire and Lancashire."

In two activities, which have received strong government support, conditions are far from cheerful. The first is films. Like the rest of Europe, Britain has launched a strong drive for home consumption of homemade films.

The movement really began with a resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1926, which declared: "It is of the greatest importance that a larger and increasing proportion of the films exhibited throughout the empire should be of empire production." At the instigation of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, president of the Board of Trade, a films bill was introduced into the last Parliament to provide a market for the

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 150)

product of British film makers by compelling exhibitors and renters to buy an increasing quota of the British product. A British Hollywood near London was projected.

In advocating his measure, Sir Philip made the point that the film was the greatest advertising power in the world and that trade followed the film. He pointed to the American screen conquest of the globe and showed how the types of clothes and merchandise shown on the silver screen led to their purchase everywhere.

The film crusade struck a snag in the fact that, first of all, Britain could not produce the big feature film that has become a distinct American specialty. Out of 800 feature films shown throughout the United Kingdom last year exactly 720 came from the United States. The proposed quota provided for ninety British feature films, and less than forty were available. Moreover, the British exhibitor shied at showing inferior films just because they carried the British hall mark.

As part of the campaign against American pictures, hostility developed toward the ownership of picture houses by big American producers—this, too, in face of the fact that the so-called American system of showing with big orchestra and operatic features has revolutionized the cinema theater throughout the kingdom. At one time there was a boycott on two Birmingham theaters because one of the best-known American producing companies had acquired them.

The films bill died in Parliament because, in the last analysis, the consumer was the factor against it. He wants the best return on the money he hands in at the box office, and he knows from experience that he gets the best action from the American product. The film agitation, however, has served one good purpose in that it has led to an extensive amalgamation between British producing companies as well as exhibitors. By pooling interests they will be able to make better pictures and better showings.

In the Coal Strike's Wake

The second activity is rubber, which, through the Stevenson Restriction Act allocating release of the crude on price variations, has been maneuvered into an unsatisfactory position. There is no need to point out at this late date that British government control of rubber is unsound and uneconomic. The so-called rubber crisis of 1925 and 1926 was a direct result of the inelasticity of the measure which brought about a runaway market. In consequence, the United States began to salvage scrapped tires. There is no doubt that the conservation campaign inaugurated by Secretary Hoover helped to start the present stagnation.

All this is by way of introduction to the statement that what was predicted about restriction has come to pass. The decline in price has brought about the lowest permissible official quota of release, and quotations have failed to react. While British producers are held to a 60 per cent release, the Dutch and native growers in the East have full swing to export all that the market can absorb.

Control has thus directly played into the hands of what is fast becoming a dangerous competition. As a result, the dissatisfaction over the Stevenson Act in England is growing steadily. A united effort to abrogate it is inevitable. Meanwhile the supremacy of British rubber is seriously menaced.

Coal demands a section all its own, because it is Britain's foremost product and the corner stone of the impaired economic might. It remains literally the blackest spot in the whole industrial scheme. For years British ships went out to the seven seas loaded with coal and returned with cargoes of raw materials. They had a full load both ways. Now this is changed. Because of last year's disastrous strike, many of the over-sea markets have been lost.

There is an additional reason why coal continues its sway, although a somewhat battered king. Ever since communism got its foot inside John Bull's front door the radicals have regarded mining as a social and political problem rather than an industrial one. Coal, therefore, has been the battleground of the class war.

But the trouble with the mining industry has not been entirely due to the worker. There is also a case against the owner. For decades the living conditions among the toilers have been bad and in some instances almost disgraceful. Furthermore, Britain has too many mines. Not only are the 3000 pits too numerous but also too widely scattered both in area and in organization. There is no coördination to cut overhead cost. Many of the mines are practically worked out, but are operated because ownership has been handed down from generation to generation. The fetish of precedent dictated that they must be kept going.

On an Inefficient Basis

In addition, only a bare 19 per cent of British coal is cut by machinery. Union domination has persistently blocked scientific mining because of the fear of running afoul of limitation rules. In a word, both technical and financial development have been lacking. Finally, the inroads of electrical power schemes have played sad havoc with coal consumption. In the face of this category of handicaps, you would naturally assume that the miners would do everything in their power to keep production active. Instead, they have almost lain awake at night to devise schemes to block the industry.

Because of its dominant position, the Miners Federation has always used coal as the traditional sword over the head of British industry. The miners, railway operatives and transport workers comprise the so-called Triple Alliance, which is the most powerful group of unions in the kingdom.

Since 1912 there have been four national coal strikes, each one causing a more serious dislocation than its predecessor. The latest was the memorable stoppage of 1926, which lasted from May until November and developed into the greatest industrial conflict in the history of the country. Among other things, it precipitated the now famous general strike. It lost the industry 146,000,000 working days, or twice the number of days lost in the strike of 1921. The year's output was half that of 1925 and the exports nearly 60 per cent less. It was entirely responsible for the setback from which the nation is just beginning to emerge. As I have already pointed out, it cost, waste and other factors considered, £300,000,000.

The strike wreaked a more permanent damage, because many foreign markets have been lost or dislocated. While the British workers stood idle the miners in Germany and Poland were on the job. From these countries a stream of coal went to every part of the world. The Germans in particular capitalized the opportunity to the limit, because they insisted upon long-term contracts. Italy, for example, had been an old customer of Britain. She had no coal herself and she had to have the black diamond. In economic self-defense she tied herself up with long-term arrangements with the Germans. With characteristic foresight, the Teutons sent stokers to Italy to demonstrate how their product could be best utilized.

There was no formal cessation of the struggle. It fizzled out. In October the workers began to straggle back. Moreover, they faced a pay cut and longer working hours. The personnel in the coal fields is 200,000 less than last year. Such is the invariable result of strike stupidity.

Not only is the power of the federation bent but a new nonpolitical association of miners has made inroads into the membership of the original body. You will learn more of this significant step when I explain the new labor deal in detail.

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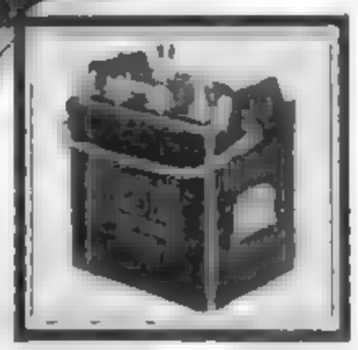

Your car—and your radio—will give you greater enjoyment—if powered with Vesta Batteries. You can cover the road—or the air—in a carefree manner that only the best quality can give you.

Vesta has been known as the "quality" battery for thirty years. In the ISOLATOR Battery for Automobiles—Vesta offers an exclusive patented feature that adds greatly to battery life and service. In Vesta Radio Batteries you will find sturdy qualities that give extraordinary service—that get the very best results from your radio set.

There's a Vesta dealer near you. It will pay you to go to him for your auto and radio batteries.

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2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

VESTA
AUTO-RADIO BATTERIES
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR THIRTY YEARS

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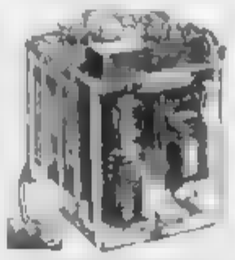
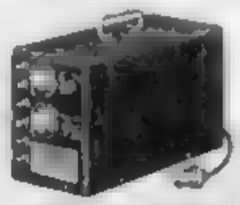
Please send illustrated folders on the products which I have checked below—

☐ Automobile Batteries ☐ Radio Batteries ☐ Vesta Quality Radio Tubes

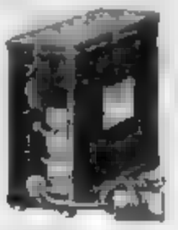


VESTA DRY "A"
Socket power unit. Everything visible including battery—dry trickle charger and built-in hydrometer. With relay $[illegible] without relay, $32.50 ☐



NEW "B" UNIT
Socket power with automatic relay. 40 mils, 180 volts, $39.50. 60 mils 180 volts, $44.50. ☐

COMPLETE "A-B" UNIT
Socket power (dry rectifier), automatic relay. 40 mils, 180 volts, $72. 60 mils, 180 volts, $77. ☐



VESTA DRY TRICKLE CHARGER
Socket power, without relay, $15; with relay, $17.50. High and low charging rates. ☐

Name _____ Address _____

Dries so *hard* it feels like *glass!*

SAPOLIN LACQUER

If *only* they had used SAPOLIN

ON HOT or rainy days many finishes stick like adhesive tape. The cause is "*incomplete hardening*"—the failure of certain ingredients to completely "*stratify*". They merely "*freeze*", although they seem hard and dry. A hot moist day shows their weakness—"*thaws*" them. They soften like candy—*and stick.*

Avoid this nuisance. Insist on Sapolin Brushing Lacquer. It dries so hard it feels like glass—*within an hour.* Like glass, no amount of sun or dampness can affect Sapolin. Like glass, it cleans in a flash. Like glass, too, its gorgeous colors never fade.

Sapolin Lacquer has one characteristic glass ought to have—it can expand and contract—and so avoids cracking.

Sapolin Lacquer is liquid magic. A few light brush strokes and Sapolin forms (*of its own accord*) a smooth, even film. It dries before dirt can settle—is ready for use in an hour. The house is not upset. Children are not lectured on "wet paint".

Can of lacquer—FREE

SEND ten cents to cover packing and mailing and we will send you *free* a quarter-pint (regular 40¢ size can) of Sapolin Lacquer. Choose from *black, white, clear, cream, buff, yellow, orange, delft blue, gray, jade green, dark green, oak, mandarin red, cardinal red* or *mahogany.* We will also send booklet containing fundamental rules of color harmony and color chart. Print the color you desire, together with your own name and address (and your dealer's) on the white corner of this ad and mail it with ten cents, *to-day.*

SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. K-7, 229 E. 42d St., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of ENAMELS—STAINS—GILDINGS
VARNISHES—WAXES—POLISHES—LACQUERS © 1927 Sapolin Co. Inc

What concerns us most right here is the new mood in coal. One outstanding change is a better relationship between owner and worker. Another is a tendency toward specialization in mining and the consolidation of efficiently operated and mechanized units. The operators are seeking in every way to buy back their old export markets by quoting lower prices. In consequence, exports are on the mend. With immunity from political interference, there is every indication that some of the old prestige will be restored.

The coal strike definitely eliminated one menace to the British coal industry. Under soviet influence the miners contended for nationalization of the business. The danger of this adventure in larger socialism is now removed. Instead of nationalization, there is a dawning rationalization.

While coal remains in a state of transition, motor-car manufacture has undergone a wholesome evolution. It sets the pace both in pep and production for all British industrial endeavor and heralds a new day of big output.

The automobile industry in Britain is rapidly reaching a point relatively as important to the economic structure of the country as is the same industry in the United States. An increasing number of cars and trucks are produced each year. The British factories turned out 198,000 cars and trucks and 120,000 motorcycles in 1926, compared with 176,000 cars and trucks and 120,000 motorcycles in 1925. This is a big advance over 1923, when production amounted to only 88,000 cars and trucks and 80,000 motorcycles.

Buying British

Financially the industry is of importance to the nation. Last year's output represented a factory value of £54,000,000, or approximately $270,000,000. From the 1,718,000 motor vehicles licensed for use throughout England, Wales and Scotland, more than £17,000,000 went into the national treasury in 1926. In the United Kingdom license cost is based on horse power. Hence the growing number of small cars.

To the casual observer these figures seem small when compared with our own miraculous motor march. In the United States there were 22,137,344 licensed cars on January first of this year, or about one car for every five persons. In Britain the average is one car per forty-seven persons.

What most Americans do not realize is that Britain is the second largest automotive market in the world from the consumer point of view, ranking next to the United States. She is third in importance from the manufacturing standpoint, being outstripped only by the United States and France. Another striking fact is that in a nation where unemployment is widespread, the industry employs on the production side alone not less than 250,000 persons. In foreign trade British automotive exports represent 19 per cent of the total output of the industry, compared with 8.95 per cent, the figure for the ratio of United States exports to the total motor-car production.

The conclusion is obvious. Automobile manufacture and sale are of the same prime importance to Britain as an industry as to the United States. This fact has been increasingly clear since the World War. British makers have captured a growing volume of the home market. In 1922, 49 per cent represented the proportion of the domestic car sales secured by British builders. In 1926 the proportion was 86 per cent.

How was this accomplished? In the answer you have convincing proof that the British can speed up. The first step was to devise the slogan, Buy British and Be Proud of It, and widely advertise it. But national pride could not constitute the sole selling point. The Britisher has become increasingly particular about how he spends his pounds, shillings and pence. British automobiles were handmade and therefore expensive, while American mass-produced cars of smart appearance and excellent performance were to be had in profusion and at prices far below domestic competition. Yankee cars were everywhere. London and the road to Brighton teemed with them, to say nothing of the various well-known French and Italian makes.

As in no other industry, the British waked up to what their competitors were doing. They installed American machinery in their motor plants, improved the appearance of the cars and adopted American trade-promotion tactics in the selling field. With mass output and its attendant economies accomplished, they were able to lower prices for the ultimate purchaser. Introduction and expansion of the hire-purchase system—or installment buying, as we know it—coupled with large-scale advertising on improved lines, turned the trick.

But the price of the American car was still under the British-made mark, whereupon the government stepped in and decreed an import tax of 33⅓ per cent ad valorem duty on motor vehicles, parts and accessories and an excise tax equivalent to five dollars a year per horse power on cars. This was a direct blow at the American car, because our horse power is higher than that of British makes.

British engineers at once met the heavy excise impost by designing light but efficient automobiles of low horse-power rating. These are the cars now used by the masses. They have come to have the same meaning for the average man in Britain as the flivver with us.

Backing the British automobile industry is the last word in governmental political support. The new budget brought in by Winston Churchill last April set up a 33⅓ per cent duty on foreign tires, which has given British rubber manufacture a fresh stimulus. The strongest possible influence is exerted by the authorities in support of the Buy British propaganda and it extends to all British dominions. In consequence, those alien firms, both American and French, that now wish to perpetuate their sales in the British market have been forced to establish branch factories on the spot. Other American manufacturers have bought into established British makes.

Trucks for Peace or War

Some of the most prosperous British firms are to be found among the commercial-vehicle manufacturers. A few years ago the War Office granted a substantial subsidy for certain classes of trucks built according to its specifications. These trucks were to be available for commandeering in case of national emergency, such as war or a general strike. Most of the manufacturers responded with designs to meet the War Office requirements and it has proved to be a good business investment.

The British will find the conquest of world markets far more difficult, because they lack the necessary output and have not yet built up an international selling organization. It is typical of the new British business spirit that lines are being laid for a far-reaching sales campaign. A committee under the auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., is now on an extensive tour in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, studying automotive requirements for the benefit of home manufacturers. The next drive will be in South America. Here the British will be up against what is almost a solid wall, so to speak, of Yankee cars, because more than 95 per cent of the automotive equipment beyond Panama is made in America.

All things considered, the automotive industry affords the most cheerful spectacle in the British industrial field. Advances in other directions are almost equally encouraging. Nowhere is there more activity than in the matter of large consolidation. As in New York, most of the big London banks are now linked in huge combines that make for trade and credit expansion. The railways are now tied up in four great groups.

(Continued on Page 156)

TONE

F 45-60. Seven tubes. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Single control. Built-in speaker. Loop concealed in door. Operated from light socket. Walnut cabinet. Doors of diamond matched walnut with maple and burl overlays. Built-in coupler. Without tubes. . .$600.00

SPLENDID NEW RADIO CREATIONS WITH FULL LIGHT-SOCKET OPERATION

TO be stirred by those wonderfully beautiful and *lifelike* tones dreamed of only by the most imaginative radio scientists and realized only through *Federal Ortho-sonic Radio*, one need now merely plug into the electric-light socket.

Here is indeed the ultimate in radio refinement. Tone—brought in by the exclusive Ortho-sonic method of sound reproduction—tone with a purity, a richness, a *trueness* comparable only to reality and as superior to the ordinary as it is radically different. Razor-edge selectivity. Distance-bringing *power*. Operative simplicity—single dial control. Ruggedly dependable construction. Convenience—the care and expense of *all* batteries eliminated . . . All this is now offered you in new cabinets whose beauty of design alone is outstanding.

Every Federal Ortho-sonic Radio is a precision instrument. It is built with micrometer accuracy by radio engineers whose very years of predominance in the electrical communication field is your assurance of satisfaction. No radio you can buy will please you better, serve you longer, give you more for your money.

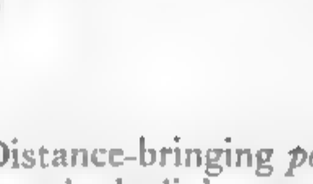
Battery-operated Ortho-sonic sets are also available to those preferring them. They are housed in cabinets of equal beauty and embody all other Federal refinements.

Read below Federal's 14 points. Then go to your Federal Retailer's and let a Federal plead its own cause. Prices $100.00 to $1225.00.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of The Federal Telephone Manufacturing Corporation)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

FEDERAL'S 14 POINTS

1. Tone quality—rivaled only by reality
2. Cabinet beauty—original designs and selected woods
3. Multi-shielding—seals from dust and electrical disturbance
4. Federal throughout—built complete in Federal factories
5. Patented circuit—incorporating Federal's exclusive development
6. Single control—operating simplicity
7. True selectivity—cuts through high-powered stations



The sign of the designated Federal Retailer

8. Rugged construction—enduring service
9. Self-indicating—calibrated, illuminated scale
10. Non-radiating—no interference with others
11. Precision instruments—made by electrical communication engineers
12. Light-socket operation—as well as battery types
13. Complete price range—model for every home
14. Permanency guaranteed—backed by a solid, substantial company

FEDERAL ORTHO-SONIC* RADIO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Licensed under tuned radio frequency, regeneration, and power supply patents of the Radio Corporation of America

**Federal's fundamental exclusive development making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,748,450*

Leader
Repeater
Repeater Speed Loads
Ranger

Guarantee your hunting season with

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

Guns and Ammunition

THE time is short. Better be getting ready . . . Soon, that thrilling whir of wings — that eager draw to your shoulder—that steady pull of the trigger, and—lucky the man who shoots a Winchester gun and Winchester ammunition! . . . America's trusted hunting name with generations of shooters. Guns and shells that are *dependable* through and through. Made to stop clean the smallest or to bring down surely the fastest and largest shotgun game.

You can have made for any Winchester shotgun or rifle (old or new), on special order at moderate cost, one of the famous rust-resisting, longer-life Winchester Stainless Steel Barrels.

MODEL 12

This unique Winchester Fall Hunting display by John Held, Jr., is now appearing in dealers' windows. It's different. You'll want to see it.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 154)

The Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., with an authorized capital of £65,000,000, is an illustration of the growing merger mood. It represents a combination of the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd., Nobel Industries, Ltd., the United Alkali Company, Ltd., and Brunner, Mond & Co., Ltd. These four concerns not only control the chemical industry of Britain but, so far as Brunner, Mond & Co. are concerned, represent a vast foreign business. The chairman is Sir Alfred Mond, one of the foremost industrialists of the empire, and the board includes such men as Lord Ashfield, Sir Harry McGowan, the Marquess of Reading, Sir Max Muspratt and Sir Josiah Stamp. Each is a power in his own way.

Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was the direct result of strong competition by the Interessen Gesellschaft, the well-known chemical trust of Germany. As one of the directors put it to me: "We had to unite or face near industrial extinction." The latest development is for a community of interests between the British and the German chemical combines. Sir Alfred Mond and Sir Harry McGowan spent some time in Germany last May discussing the proposed understanding.

Anglo-German Coöperation

This step is indicative of the strong tendency in British industry for the closest possible coöperation with Germany. A conference was held last June in the Ruhr between British and German industrialists with a view of getting together in a large way.

This meeting was the second of the kind, the first having been held in the autumn of 1926 at Romsey, in England, the home of Col. Wilfred Ashley, M.P., Minister of Transport. Among the British participating in the meeting in Germany were Sir Robert Horne, M.P., former Chancellor of the Exchequer and now member of many industrial boards; and Sir William Larke, president of the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers. The Germans were represented principally by Herr Duisberg, head of the German chemical industry; Fritz Thyssen, who succeeded his father, the late lion of the Ruhr, who vied with the Krupps for German steel supremacy; and Hugo Wolff, another leading Ruhr steel magnate.

One of the matters discussed was the possible entry by England into the great Continental steel merger. I have already pointed out that England now realizes that perhaps she made a mistake in not joining the cartel when she was originally asked. By eventual participation she would benefit both through price stability and market allocation.

With comprehension of the need of close-knit coördination has come realization of the value of research and factory management in industry. In adopting these two vital aids to intensive output England is taking the cue from America and Germany. Precedent is being smashed and fogyism eliminated. Immunity from dislocation through coal trouble is being obtained through various electricity schemes. The super-power project in Scotland and the Midlands, which greatly reduces manufacturing costs, is an evidence of the transformation in method and procedure now under way.

Two explanations must provide the approach to what must be regarded as the beginning of a new era in British industrial life. They will serve to show the long and costly provocation for the turn of the worm. The first is the price of the almost incessant strike folly. A comparison by years from 1906 to 1926 reveals how labor excesses grew. For the seven years ending 1906 the number of working days lost through strikes was 20,000,000; during the next seven years the figures reached 87,000,000, while the total for the same period ending 1926 was 322,000,000 days. The last-named record was swollen, of course, by the coal strike, which lasted twenty-nine weeks.

The jolt given British trade and industry last year was due solely and entirely to the coal strike and the incidental dislocations. I have already said that, all factors considered, the stoppage cost the nation not less than £300,000,000. The miners lost £75,000,000 in wages alone, while the owners were set back £85,000,000, figuring coal at pithead values. During the May-December strike period coal was imported into Great Britain to the extent of 20,000,000 tons. This meant that coals were actually brought to Newcastle. The railways, which are among the largest consumers of coal, suffered a decline in income of at least £35,000,000.

The extent to which British industry as a whole was crippled by the coal strike can be gauged by the unemployment figures issued by the Minister of Labor. The statistics show that, excluding 1,200,000 idle miners, exactly 12.5 per cent of the entire number of British workers in organized industry were out on November 22, 1926, when the coal strike ended. Including the miners, at least one-fifth the total working population was unemployed, a condition that has not prevailed in British industry save during the coal strike of 1921 and the memorable twelve days of the general strike in May, 1926.

After coal, the greatest damage to industry was inflicted on the iron and steel trades. During the stoppage the number of blast furnaces in operation was reduced from 147 to 5, and the loss in production amounted to something like 3,000,000 tons in the case of pig iron and 3,500,000 tons in the case of steel. This means a gross loss of more than £25,000,000. The gross 1926 production of pig iron amounted to less than that of any year since 1850, being only 39 per cent of the 1925 output.

Linked with this sapping of productive vitality was the attendant loss of trade. Failure to produce was followed by inability to hold markets at home and abroad not only for coal but for textiles, heavy machinery, railroad equipment and cutlery. A coincident blow was the Chinese boycott on British goods.

The actual toll taken from the nation's resources was only one contributing factor to the ultimate revolt against strikes. The other was embodied in what had become almost absolute tyranny. It stifled initiative, checked legitimate enterprise and put actual fear into the heart of the employer.

Labor's Position in Britain

No one objects to the labor union, as such, because it has brought about collective bargaining, arbitration and many of the other agencies that have helped to stabilize industrial relations. But when that power is grossly abused, as was the case in Britain, it becomes a different matter.

It is sometimes difficult for the average American to appreciate the labor position in Britain because of the essential differences between conditions in the two countries. The first is that the great British trade-union machine, the model for union organization throughout the world, is dominated and run by a small minority of extremists. Next is the fact that a much larger proportion of workers in Great Britain are organized in trade-unions than in the United States, with the result that the federation of unions—the Trade Union Congress—has vast economic power which can be employed to injure the national life.

Since the practical disappearance from political life of the Liberal Party, the official opposition to the present Conservative government is the Socialist Labor Party, a political organization representing all the unions as well as organizations and individuals who subscribe to its creed. The Labor Party, though refusing formally to recognize the communists is not without its radical leanings. Among other things it has indorsed Bolshevik contributions in support of British strikes.

Finally, as a result of bids made for the labor vote when the Conservatives and Liberals were the only two political parties in Britain, the unions acquired a position of immunity and exemption from the ordinary law of the land unknown in the United States or any other industrial country. Under the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, enacted by an amiable Liberal government, the unions were enabled to induce any person to break his contract; to tamper with trade, business and employment; and to interfere with the right of any person to dispose of his capital or his labor. Alleged peaceful picketing—it was far from peaceful—and intimidation were sanctioned. The Trade Union Act of 1913 empowered the unions to further political objects and to raise political funds by levy on members.

Two dangerous weapons which could be aimed directly at social and industrial law and order were also legalized. One was the lightning strike, which could be suddenly precipitated without any notice. The other was direct action, which means the exercise of economic power—that is, a strike for some purpose other than industrial. Direct action was invoked for the first time last year in the shape of a general strike called for the purpose of strangling the life of the nation and thereby coercing the government into acquiescence to labor demands.

Making Strikes Illegal

The failure of the general strike, together with the fizzling out of the coal strike, really marked an epoch. The Conservative government, encouraged by the nation-wide wave of indignation against the organized efforts to throttle industry, to say nothing of the callous attempt at class war, was impelled to frame a bill that would serve to protect the nation against the recurrence of a similar attack by organized labor. This measure became the much-discussed Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill—to give it its full and formal title—which was passed after violent discussion by the Parliament which finished its labors last July.

There is no need of going into an exhaustive analysis of the bill. The main provisions make general strikes and intimidation of workers who wish to work illegal; forbid compulsory political levies in trade-unions and prohibit civil servants—that is, those who are in the employ of the crown—from belonging to outside union organizations.

The significance of these prohibitions is obvious. Never again can Britain be held for ransom through a general strike, because the law imposes drastic punishment, both through fine and imprisonment, on the instigators. In consequence, a strike can now be declared only when there is an honest point of issue between employer and employe. The ban on intimidation is also of the utmost value. A third invaluable safeguard is that no longer can members of trade-unions be mulcted for contributions to political causes and campaigns in which they have no interest.

A Measure of Freedom

I asked Sir Lynden Macassey, K. B. E., director of shipyard labor and chairman of the national tribunals of wages during the World War and a distinguished authority on labor disputes, to sum up the Trade Disputes Act. His comment follows:

"In the opinion of many, including myself, the bill does not go sufficiently far. Sooner or later there must be a drastic overhaul of the whole legal position of the trade-unions. Further powers will have to be conferred upon them if they are to discharge satisfactorily their great national function as part of the mechanism of collective bargaining. Since collective bargaining is merely an attempt by peaceful negotiation to arrive at something approaching the same bargain that both sides would reach after an economic war, it is evident that the extra-economic immunities and privileges still possessed by the trade-unions should sooner or later be repealed. On no ground of justice, equity or economics are they entitled to them.

Keeping Alive the Memory of Lincoln

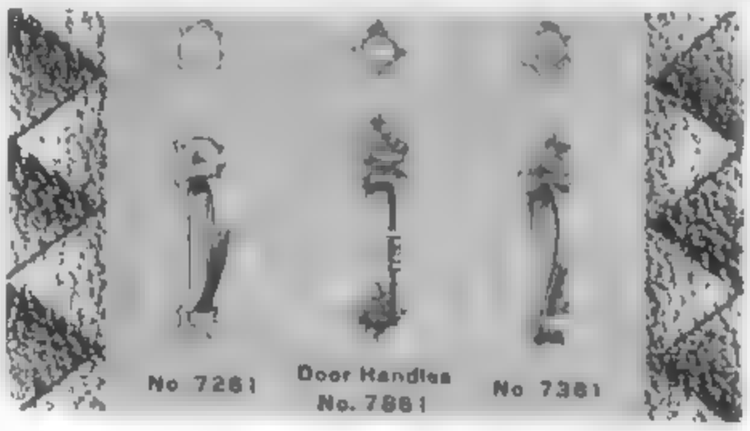
Where bright colors slumber in the midday sun . . .

STUCCO walls, red tiled flooring, sunburned pottery . . . and with blue sky and brightly colored home the cool, inviting welcome of the Sargent door handle. It is a perfect interpretation of the Mediterranean spirit, this door handle cast of solid, age-resisting brass. Beautifully finished. Slenderly graceful. Strong and enduring as the heavy Spanish door to which it gives access.

For any home there are particularly suitable Sargent designs. For any style of decoration you have choice of differently executed, yet perfectly harmonious, equipment (below, for example, are alternative handles for *this* door). Sargent Hardware is made in many authentic period designs.

Sargent Hardware is the soundest possible hardware investment. It is made of solid brass and solid bronze. . . . Age can only mellow these enduring metals. All moving parts are accurately machined, precisely fitted . . . friction and wear are reduced to a minimum. Sargent Hardware is assurance against future hardware expenditures. Let your architect help you choose designs for your home. Write for our book, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation." Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water St., New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



RED LION CABINET—ATWATER KENT RADIO

This lovely Desk equipped with Atwater Kent Receiving Set and Speaking Unit, less batteries and tubes, $120 and $130. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

You Want a Fine Radio . . . You Need a Fine Desk

If Atwater Kent Radios have any equal in clarity and tone, we believe you will agree they have no superior. Now, the Atwater Kent dealers in your city offer you the Atwater Kent Radio and speakers in the most attractive and useful cabinet ever devised—the Red Lion Desk. There is only one Atwater Kent Radio. There is only one desk type cabinet and we make it exclusively for Atwater Kent Radio. Before purchasing your radio be sure to have your dealer demonstrate the ideal radio combination . . .

AN ATWATER KENT RADIO IN A

Red Lion Cabinet

RED LION CABINET COMPANY, RED LION, PA.

Makers of the famous Red Lion Furniture

"The bill enacted is a compromise. It is a fair balance between the right to strike and the right to work—or, in other words, between the rights of organized labor and the rights of the community. In introducing it the government courageously threw down the gauntlet to the forces and advocates of lawlessness and disorder. Through its enactment into a law we may hope to speed the disappearance of Moscow methods from British industrial contests.

"It is interesting to note how absolutely the Socialist Labor leaders failed to work up any agitation against the bill among the rank and file of the workers. Many of my trade-unionist friends are delighted with the measure because they see in it emancipation from the tyranny of the revolutionaries that infect the Labor Party. They welcome the protection it offers if they refuse to take part in an illegal strike, and they are delighted to be relieved from contributing to political funds of the unions directed to purposes for which they have no sympathy. If the bill is not the full charter of liberty which many demand, it is at any rate a measure of welcome freedom for the loyal workmen and some degree of security for the nation."

The Trade Disputes Act has done much more than give the employer a greater immunity from strike tyranny than ever before. It has led to various new safeguards against interference with public utilities as well as industries.

One of the most striking illustrations of how great organizations now protect themselves is afforded by the London underground and omnibus lines. The chairman of these two corporations, which control the major part of surface and subway traffic in the metropolis, is Lord Ashfield, one of the outstanding figures in British business life. He got his training in the United States when he was plain Albert Stanley.

As a direct result of the dislocation in his supervising personnel during the general strike, Lord Ashfield has laid down the rule that no employe in an executive position can be a member of a union. This mandate is a check on derangement due to the calling out of union men who have risen from the ranks and who held responsible posts. It will doubtless become a precedent for other corporations.

Expelled From the Party

The open-shop movement, which got a strong impetus during and immediately after the general strike, has gained many recruits, although it can never assume the proportions in Britain that it has in the United States. A clear-cut example is in the union of packers who pack and distribute the London newspapers. It is affiliated with the National Federation of Printing and Paper Workers and Binders. Although unskilled, the men wielded much influence, because the newspaper proprietors could stand no stoppage in the steady flow of their product. Hence the workers became arrogant because they felt they were indispensable. During the general strike the wholesale news agents and distributors who handle the papers hired nonunion men and retained them with peace. The packers' union is now wide open and is likely to continue so.

Though the open shop is the exception, the institution of unionism generally is badly crippled, for the time being at least. The fact that only 30 per cent of the coal miners had paid their federation dues up to July first was not altogether due to pinched purses. The coal workers have lost confidence in their leaders. Years will elapse before the one-time arbiters of Britain's industrial destiny are back at par.

Meanwhile an agency for further disintegration has developed. It is the rise of a rival union growing out of the efforts of a man whose life is one of those romances of self-made success so rare in the annals of the British toiler. Horatio Alger might have made him the hero of one of those books to childhood's memory dear and called it From Pit to Parliament.

Forty years ago George A. Spencer, the son of a miner, was a pony boy in a Nottinghamshire coal mine. He was the youngest of sixteen children, all ground down by the most bitter poverty. George went to work when he was twelve and in one form or another has been hard at it ever since. He had aspirations to rise in the world and devoted all his spare hours to study. When he was twenty he wrote an essay on Nature that was praised by the master of Balliol. His interest in education caused him to be appointed to the local school board. He also found time to be a lay Wesleyan preacher.

Tradition decreed that he join the local union. In time he rose to be president of the Nottinghamshire Miners Association and became a member of the executive council of the federation. As a working-miner member of the Labor Party, he was elected to Parliament to represent the Broxtowe Division of Nottinghamshire—or Notts, as it is more commonly known in England.

Spencer had no sympathy with labor excesses. He opposed the general strike and the coal strike. As the long struggle developed he increasingly appreciated the futility of it. He therefore began to urge the Notts miners to go back to work and led the movement for resumption of labor in many pits in that county and in Derbyshire.

At once the unions were up in arms against him and he was bitterly denounced. In short order Spencer was expelled from the Miners Federation and also from the Socialist Labor Party. He retained his seat in Parliament, however.

The Spencer Movement

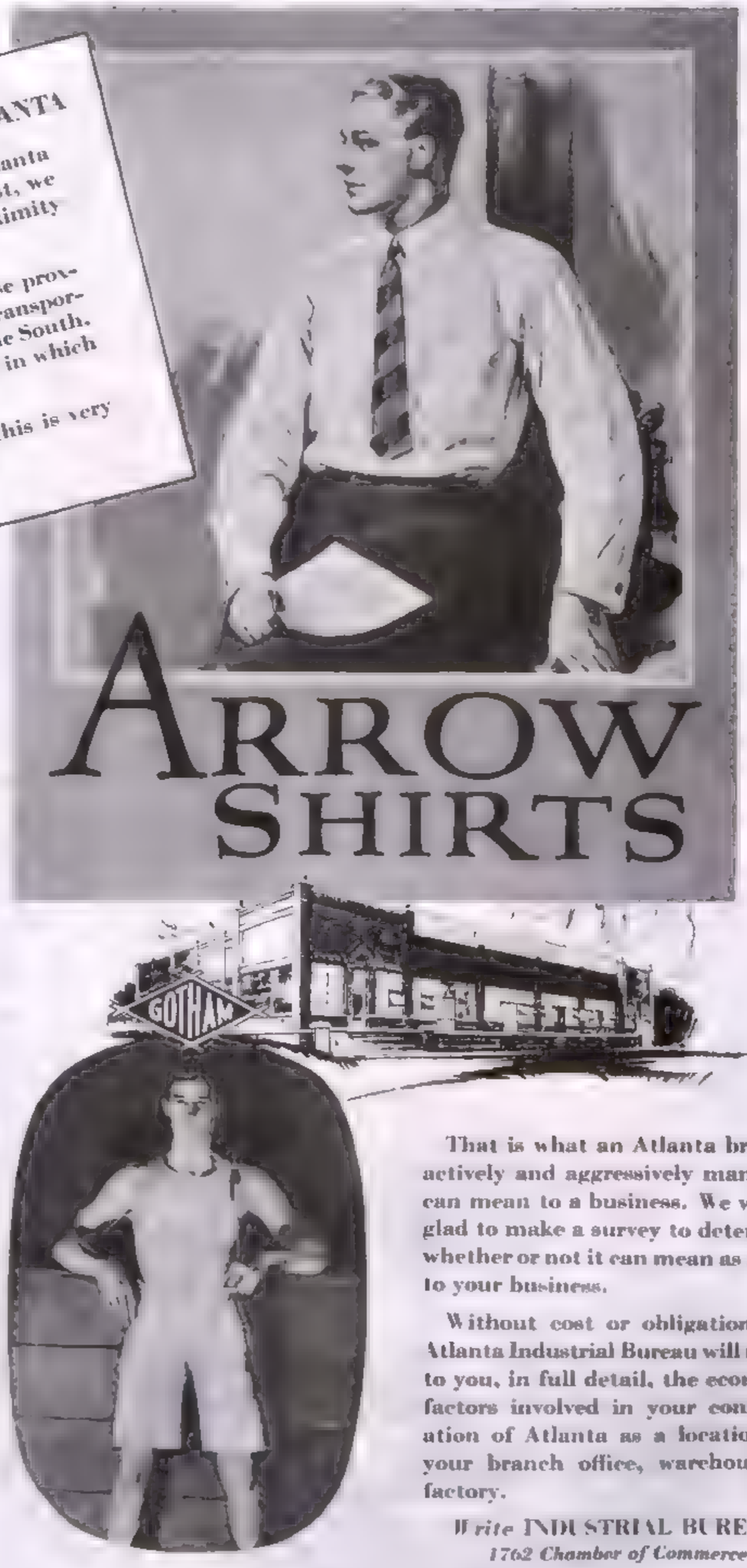
With the end of the coal stoppage Spencer realized that if coal miners were to emerge from the chaos that engulfed them with anything like economic security there must be a new deal all around. He saw that such a radical influence as was exerted by alleged leaders of the type of "Emperor" Cook must be checked. He visioned further that the miners must keep out of politics. Spencer therefore rallied several thousand of his native Notts coworkers around him and organized the first branch of what is called the Nottinghamshire and District Miners Industrial Union. The underlying idea is a nonpolitical association of and by miners to safeguard their working interests.

What is now known as the Spencer movement, which means the nonpolitical Miners Industrial Union, is spreading throughout the coal area. By the terms of its agreements with the owners, wages are increased as the price of the product goes up. Needless to say, the miners in the new unions are producing more coal than those allied with the old federation units.

When I left England in the middle of May the industrial unions had more than 60,000 members in branches in Notts, Derbyshire, North and South Wales and elsewhere. These unions made no compromise with the fundamental idea of unionism. Their chief virtue is that they are dedicated to honest work and noninterference with politics. In many respects this break from the old federation is the most significant departure in British coal history.

The parliamentary debate on the Trade Disputes Act projected Spencer dramatically into the spotlight. He was one of the few labor leaders with sufficient courage to support the measure. In what became a historic speech in the House of Commons last April he told the story of his life with such passionate eloquence, and at the same time such convincing simplicity, that even the most obstreperous radical opposition was stilled. He recounted his childhood spent in toil and privation; he explained how incessant strikes had bankrupted the union treasuries and family exchequers; he told how he had been abused and persecuted for persuading the men to go back to work. *(Continued on Page 160)*

And now the famous Arrow Shirts and Gotham Underwear will be made in ATLANTA



Why Cluett, Peabody & Co. Selected ATLANTA

"Having for several years maintained stockrooms in Atlanta for distributing our products through the entire Southeast, we have an added advantage in locating a plant in close proximity to this distributing center.

"Atlanta, itself, offers many advantages in labor, close proximity to the cloth mills and finishing plants, excellent transportation facilities for the distribution of our product in the South, splendid climate, as well as being a most desirable city in which to live.

"The labor supply is of a very high quality and this is very desirable in the manufacture of high-grade shirts."

THE history of Cluett, Peabody parallels closely the history of many of the 864 nationally known concerns that have established Southern headquarters in Atlanta. To begin with, these great concerns placed their Southern sales offices here because of the transportation facilities, the economy of routing men and merchandise.

The coming of hand-to-mouth buying caused them to warehouse their goods here, so as to better serve their Southern trade. They found that quick service, "overnight" delivery, meant increased volume and profit.

Then as the Southern market expanded and developed, with amazing celerity, they analyzed the field for branch plant locations from which to produce for this rich market. And as it developed that Atlanta location offered vital economies in the fundamental factors—savings in labor, power, raw materials, building costs, taxes and many other economies—they have, one by one, located their branch factories in the Atlanta Industrial Area.

Report Gains

A year ago, Sears Roebuck opened up their three million dollar branch in Atlanta. On the first anniversary they made this statement: "We have accomplished in our first year what we had hoped to accomplish in two . . Atlanta taught us we were losing business."

Selecting the more aggressive concerns that sell the South from Atlanta, the Industrial Bureau secured from them statements of business gains since their Atlanta branches have been in operation. These concerns cover a widely diverse group of industries. The executives replying report gains that average 11.07% *a year* for a period averaging twelve years.

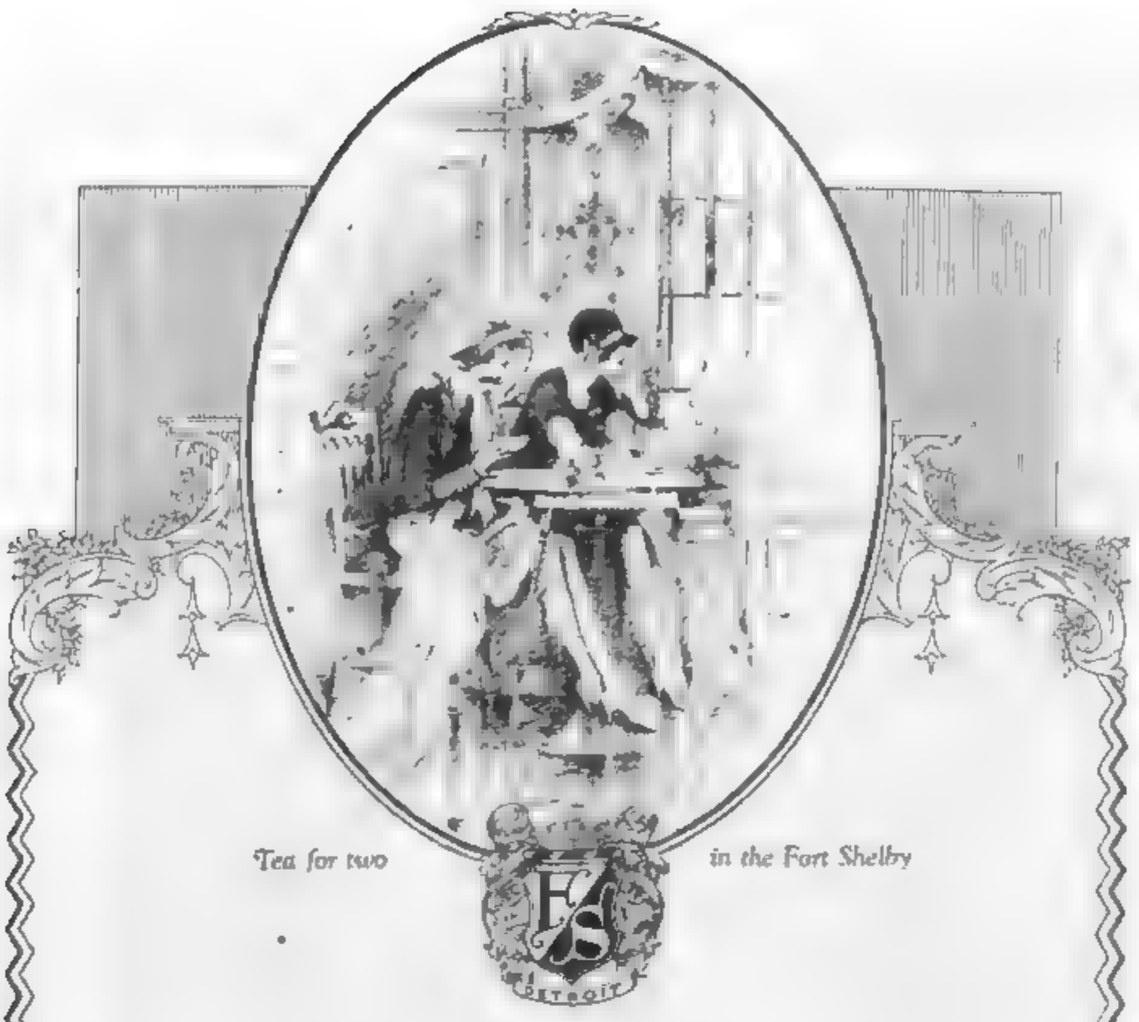
That is what an Atlanta branch, actively and aggressively managed, can mean to a business. We will be glad to make a survey to determine whether or not it can mean as much to your business.

Without cost or obligation, the Atlanta Industrial Bureau will report to you, in full detail, the economic factors involved in your consideration of Atlanta as a location for your branch office, warehouse or factory.

Write INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
1762 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South



Tea for two *in the Fort Shelby*

Hotel Fort Shelby's standard of accommodation has won the esteem not only of men but of women also.

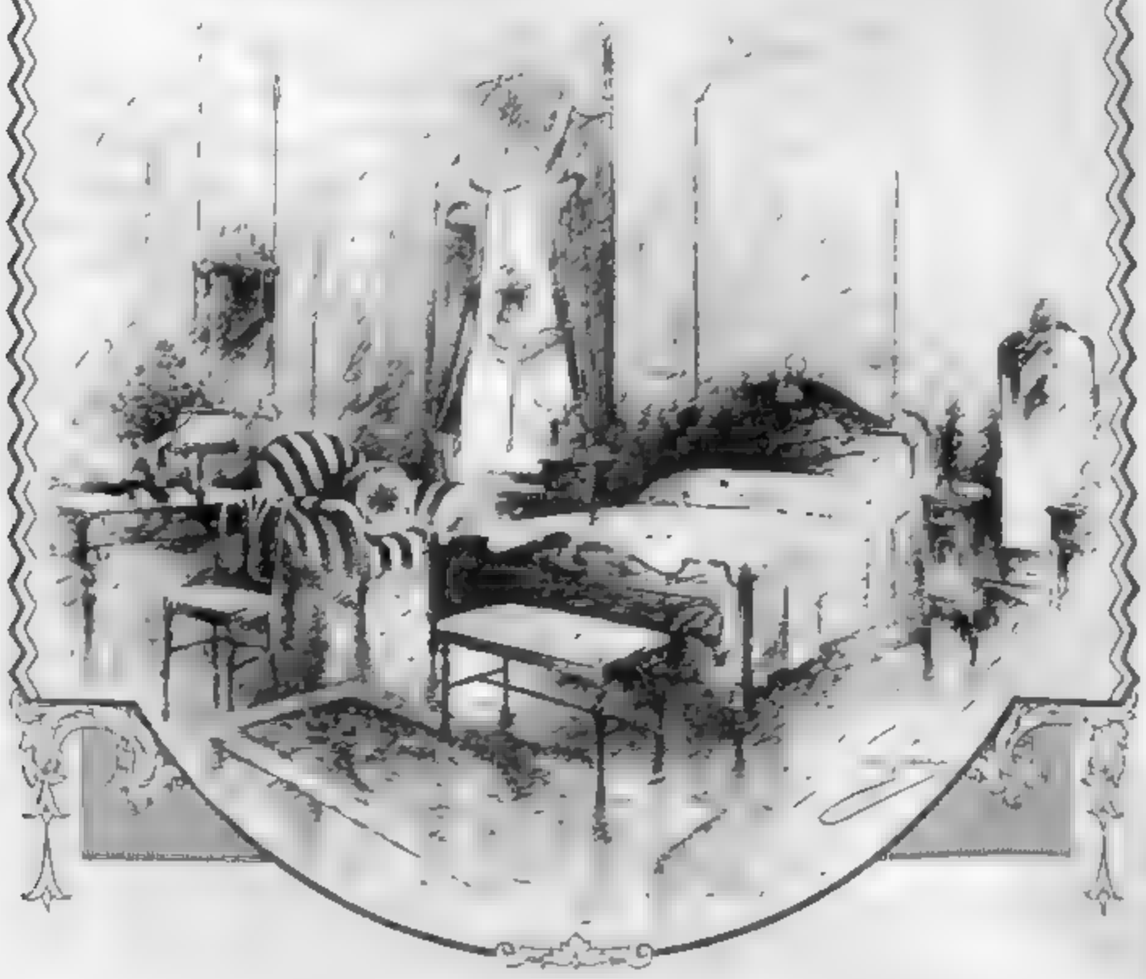
The guest rooms in the new twenty-two story addition possess an atmosphere quiet, soothing and comfortable, most restful after a busy day.

There are, of course, adequate facilities for entertainment of all sorts, from the simplest or most elaborate social affair to large conventions.

Everything downtown is practically at the door. Transportation, rail and water, is conveniently close. Guests arriving by motor are met at the entrance by competent attendants who relieve them of the care of their cars without service charge.

Whether your choice be one of the many very comfortable rooms to be had at $2.50, $3, or $4 a day, or one of the higher priced, especially large, richly furnished rooms or fire-place suites, with sunny bay windows giving an entrancing view of city, river and Canadian shore, you will enjoy a particular sense of value in the Fort Shelby. Write for brochure containing full details.

HOTEL
FORT SHELBY
LAFAYETTE AND FIRST
DETROIT



(Continued from Page 158)

Among other things Spencer said: "For getting the men the right to return to their jobs I am a marked man. The very people who are loudest in their demands for British justice and fair play for every foreigner deny it to one of their own."

I talked with Spencer on the day before the speech that made him a national figure. He was living in a modest residential hotel in Bloomsbury. At that moment he was scarcely known outside union and parliamentary circles. Within forty-eight hours his name flared in headlines in every British newspaper and his disclosures inspired talk on all sides.

Spencer is tall, spare, and looks more the student than the man who long worked with his hands in the blackest and most exacting perhaps of all labor. His voice is rich and appealing and his manner sincere. I asked him to tell me about his miner movement and he said:

"We are gaining in strength every day. For the first time the miners realize that they can join a union which is solely dedicated to their own welfare and which stops the strike drain. Let me emphasize the fact that it is based on the fundamental trade-union idea but has no desire to abuse the power vested in organization."

The Raid on Soviet House

"The whole idea is to infuse a new spirit into the industry by which the best can be got out of it for all concerned. It has been decided to set up company conferences consisting of representatives of masters and men to discuss freely and without restraint such subjects as the state of trade at home and abroad, new processes for preventing waste, the reduction of accident risk, and wages and conditions of labor. This movement is one of the results of the coal stoppage. In one sense experience has made fools wise. If we can remove misunderstanding and bad feeling between the owner and the worker, the British coal industry will get on its feet and return to the power it once had."

The labor intimidation I have described alone constituted a full-fledged agency for trouble, but it developed a dangerous and destructive feature. It was the increasing Bolshevik influence. The Minority Movement, which led unionism to commit its grossest excesses, was as Red as sympathy with and support from Moscow could make it.

The infection was only part of a larger empire penetration that began in March, 1921, with the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement, entered into by Britain and Russia to resume commercial relations between the two countries. It was valid, subject to the following conditions:

That each party refrains from hostile action or undertakings against the other and from conducting outside of its own borders any official propaganda direct or indirect against the institutions of the British Empire or the Russian Soviet Republic respectively; and more particularly that the Russian Soviet Government refrains from any attempt by military or diplomatic or any other form of action or propaganda to encourage any of the peoples of Asia in any form of hostile action against British interests or the British Empire, especially in India and in the Independent State of Afghanistan. The British Government gives a similar particular undertaking to the Russian Soviet Government in respect of the countries which formed part of the former Russian Empire and which have now become independent.

Like many other obligations entered into by the Soviet Government, the agreement was regarded as a scrap of paper to be torn at will. The trade delegation, emulating every other Moscow mission the world over, became an organized agency for sedition and propaganda that permeated schools, factories and the army and navy.

The trade mission had an ally in the Anglo-Russian Cooperative Societies, which is always referred to as ARCOS. It is a limited liability company, with Russian capital, organized to carry on importing and exporting between Russia and Britain. Both the trade delegation and ARCOS were quartered in the same building—Soviet House—located in Moorgate, one of the busiest business sections of London.

For many months prior to the now famous raid on Soviet House the British authorities were convinced that the Bolsheviks were financing a persistent traffic in official information, especially War Office and Foreign Office documents. The trail always led to Soviet House, where the purloined papers were supposed to be photographed and sent to Moscow. Early this year an employe of the air force was imprisoned for stealing two documents containing data about the army and selling them to the Bolsheviks. Subsequently what was termed a most secret and confidential report disappeared from the Foreign Office. Every circumstance pointed to the fact that it reposed at soviet headquarters.

The government thereupon obtained a search warrant and on May twelfth 100 members of the police force entered Soviet House without warning. Expert safe blowers were employed to open up the steel vaults, some of which resisted entrance for several days. The discovery of a complete photographic plant indicated that the business of photographing documents had been extensive.

Although the missing Foreign Office paper was not found, the discoveries more than confirmed the government's suspicions. The seized papers showed that Soviet House was a center for creating dissension and revolution in India, Egypt, China, Afghanistan, North and South America. A further revelation was that the hands-off China campaign, financed by the Bolsheviks to advance the Red cause and frustrate Britain in the Orient, had been largely directed from London. Additional disclosures revealed an extensive campaign to communize the British Navy and mercantile marine.

The best summing up of raid results was made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons. He said the evidence in the hands of the authorities proved that:

"First: Both military espionage and subversive activities throughout the British Empire and North and South America were directed and carried out from Soviet House.

"Second: No effective differentiation of rooms or duties was observed as between the members of the trade delegation and the employes of ARCOS. Both these organizations have been involved in anti-British espionage and propaganda."

Business With Russia as Usual

Drastic action followed hot on the raid. Relations with Russia were severed and the trade delegation expelled from the country. Though in a sense Britain locked the door after the horse was stolen, because the Red poison persists, she has effectually stopped flagrant abuse of diplomatic privilege in her midst.

The break with Moscow emphasizes two important facts. One is that recognition of Russia merely opens the way to pernicious propaganda. Soviet House was nothing more or less than a nest of espionage directed against the national and imperial interests.

The other is that trade with Russia is not dependent upon diplomatic relationship. Despite all the Red sound and fury, with threat of reprisal after the rupture, commerce goes on between the two nations. The United States has proved that, without recognition, she can vie with both Germany and England in exports to Russia, and sometimes exceed them.

Britain is clearing the decks for economic action. Through all the dislocation due to coal stoppage, the pound sterling stood like a rock. The spirit of reconstruction that now animates the country may again make it the symbol of a reborn world commercial might.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with Europe The next will be devoted to Germany

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Enduring beauty has been built into these towering successes

One of the most wholesome tendencies in the world today is the growing respect for beautiful merchandise. Sheaffer is proud of having pioneered the beautification of fountain-pens. The jade-green pen, with the little white dot, not only loomed high in greater beauty, but set new standards of *dependability* because it was the studied achievement of fine craftsmanship. The Lifetime° pen *costs more* and is *worth more.* It is built to spend the most time in the writing hand and the least in the repair shop. Unconditionally guaranteed—free of repair charges. And its twin, the Titan pencil, is a worthy companion to this world favorite.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower

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Your FUTURE
~made or marred by diet

THE FOODS we eat play a more important rôle in our lives than most of us realize. Many a bright future has been marred by ill health caused by indulging too much in heavy, indigestible, brain-fogging foods. The best, the sensible way to insure your future welfare and happiness is through proper eating and healthful living.

Authorities agree that in milk Nature has provided every element essential to the proper nutrition of the body. Drink a quart of pure, rich milk every day—drink it at mealtime and between meals, too.

Leading dairies everywhere deliver clean, wholesome milk in sanitary glass bottles.

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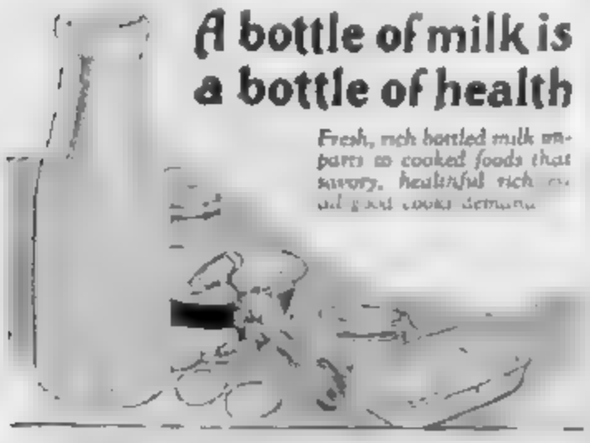

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to cooked foods that savory, healthful richness and good cooks demand

See What You Buy — BUY IN GLASS

DUMB ANIMALS

(Continued from Page 19)

gloves in place of woolen mittens. Even before he surveyed their faces in the dull lamplight, heard their gasping voices, he had made altogether sure of what they were and what errand had brought them here.

That faint line on the map that led off from the Canastego turnpike was the very road that ran before this house. And that blue car—he calculated swiftly: The storm would have delayed them a little even before they came to the crossing; after they struck up into the hills over the frozen ruts they'd have been lucky to cover ten miles in an hour's driving; the drifts would trap a car long before it could toil up to the summit and down on this side.

"Close call!" One of the men spoke from the stove where they both huddled, shivering, while the melting snow from their coats spatted and hissed on the hot iron. "We were just about all in when we spotted your light."

"Ear's froze," said Pa. Mr. Bloom's wits raced impatiently away from the observation; it was altogether characteristic of these cattle to notice such things while matters of major importance failed wholly to register on their atrophied intelligence. His own eye, watching while Pa, with a handful of snow, administered crudely effective first aid, confirmed his original suspicion.

There was about both newcomers a quality that he could not put into words, but which unmistakably classified them. He told himself that they were like frozen snakes. A man might feel a brief compassion for them, but even in their first few moments of warmth and safety this would yield, in any shrewd observer, to repulsion and reasoned fear.

A short newspaper experience had brought him into contact with their type: Men as amoral as rattlesnakes, killers, needing no heat of passion to strike. Somehow, though the door was shut behind them, a cold wind blew on Mr. Bloom's spine and, meeting the opaque eyes of the man whose ear had been frozen, he felt a sudden helpless impulse to cry out for help. There was an ancient muzzle-loading shotgun on pegs set in the wall. He measured the distance with a quick side flicker of his eyes: Four or five steps, at the best of it; another fraction of a second to reach up, his back turned toward the stove; the thought sent another shiver along his spine. He'd be dead, probably, before his hands had touched the gunstock

Again he encountered the watchful gaze of the man beside the stove; it seemed now to be more sinister than before, as if the gunman had followed that brief glance and understood the thought behind it. A queer tightening of his scalp informed Mr. Bloom that the old *cliché* about people's hair standing erect from terror was more accurate than he had believed. His wits cleared, however, under the chill of fear.

These two men hadn't any reason to dream that anybody suspected them. They'd kill, instantly and without provocation, if they saw any reason, negative or positive, to warrant it, but without that reason they weren't likely to take the risk and trouble. Killing was an incident in their trade, he thought. They wouldn't do it without necessity any more than a blacksmith would make horseshoes, after hours, for sheer sport's sake.

Mr. Bloom's breath came more easily. He contrived, now, to smile, to counterfeit a look of unsuspicion and belief as he gave ear to explanations. The newcomers had been driving south from Wellington, according to the one whose ear had now begun to thaw, when the blizzard had swooped down upon them; they must have strayed from the turnpike somehow—you couldn't see twenty feet ahead of you in the storm—and by the time they were sure they'd taken the wrong turn it had seemed safer to go on than to try to get back to the highway.

"Thought we'd come to a house if we kept ahead." The second stranger spoke for the first time; he showed his teeth in a grin which somehow frightened Mr. Bloom more effectively than the sullen look of his companion. "We'd have got here a couple of hours sooner if we hadn't stuck in a drift. Wasted quite a while trying to pull out. Just about frozen when we gave it up and started ahead on foot."

"Hungry, I take it." Pa manifestly accepted the story at its face; Mr. Bloom, for that matter, guessed that it was true except for the one detail of starting point and direction. Ma was already setting dishes on the table, and Mr. Bloom, as he saw the look with which both strangers observed her, remembered the way caged cats at the zoo watched their keepers at feeding time.

It did not escape his notice that, for all their animal hunger, they sat so that their backs were toward the wall, the whole room under their gravely vigilant eyes; they kept on their overcoats, too, in spite of Pa's contrary suggestion; probably their guns were in their outer pockets, Mr. Bloom decided, or perhaps they merely wanted to be ready for instant flight.

Food loosened their tongues. The spokesman, returning circulation staining his plump face scarlet, explained the urgency of their errand. They had to be in Binchester by nine in the morning—a big deal, he said, required their presence there. What were the chances of moving on tonight? They'd pay well for a lift into the nearest town.

Pa, meditating, shook his head.

"Sold my team last year when I quit workin' the place," he said. "Don't know as it'd be much good, anyhow, weather like this. Guess you got to stay all night."

Mr. Bloom's wits moved quickly. More and more vehemently, under the cold speculation he saw in the eyes that watched him, he desired to see the last of the strangers. They, he guessed, were no less eager to move on.

"If it's important enough, you could make it," he said. "They'll keep the tracks clear on the railroad and it's only about a mile farther along. There's a bad grade, too, so that it wouldn't be much of a trick to hop a train—or you could flag one, if it's worth while."

He was pleased with himself. Get them out of the house on any pretext; that was all that mattered. Maybe the storm would trap them again; if it didn't and they managed to get away safely, Mr. Alfred Bloom's skin, at least, would remain pleasantly intact.

"Hadn't better resk it." Pa spoke up quickly. "Chances are the railroad's drifted up by now, and you'd freeze solid, anyhow, waitin' f'r the first train 't's due. Won't be nothin' through till around four in the mornin', even if they run on time."

"There's a Binchester train through at ten or so," said Mr. Bloom. He managed, with an effort, to hold his voice steady; if he could only get it through Pa Pibdy's thick skull that he was lying for their lives. If the old idiot had the intelligence of a sheep he'd guess who and what these men were; even cattle had instinct enough to know when the shadow of near death lay on them.

"That don't run in winter," the old man declared. "Won't be no train till the freight goes through."

The plump man's glance lay briefly on Mr. Bloom's. Again, as a crazy impulse to scream possessed him, his throat tightened in time to paralyze his voice.

"Well," there was danger, unmistakable and deadly, in the tone, "who's right? We want the first train out, but we don't care about freezing while we wait for it."

"This here's our boarder, Mr. Bloom," said Pa. "Ain't been here only a coupla weeks. Guess you better go by what I tell you. If you're bound to resk it you c'n get down to the railroad in half an hour. You can set here by the stove till it gets near train time an' then start down. But it's a resk, all the same. Wouldn't nothin' but a fire get me out in this here weather." He wagged his head as if the statement pleased him. "No, sir; wouldn't get nobody that lives here out, a night like this, without they was a fire." He considered the idea. "Guess I'd have sense enough to stay home even if they was a fire," he decided, "but they's some that'd go. Ammy Deeter would. Ain't missed a fire in thutty years, Ammy ain't."

Mr. Bloom wondered dully at the length of the speech. Not since he had been living at the farmhouse had the old man used as many words. Evidently the unexpected visitors had vaguely stimulated his half-forgotten faculty of utterance. Mr. Bloom watched the two men. He saw the consulting glance that passed between them; the plump one spoke.

"We'll wait here," he announced. His eye moved meditatively back to Mr. Bloom. Under its deliberate, unwinking inspection Mr. Bloom's scalp crinkled again; fear wholly strange to his experience swept in upon him; a terror that flooded over his reason, drowned his wits. He struggled punily against it, setting his teeth against a sudden shivering chatter. They suspected him; they'd spotted him instantly as different from these mindless peasants; if either of them saw the slightest advantage in the act there'd be murder here, and Mr. Bloom knew beyond any doubt with whom it would begin.

His very panic slowly cleared his mind and steadied it; he could think now, but to no purpose. They'd never let him leave the house, but even if they did he couldn't hope to reach the Deeter place, across the narrow valley; his experience of the afternoon, struggling home in the storm when the snow had just begun to fall, made him wholly sure that he'd die miserably in the drifts long before he covered those two endless, intervening miles. The thought gave him a dim, malignant satisfaction; perhaps the two thieves would have no better luck when they struck for the railroad. That was, at least, about all that Mr. Bloom could hope for.

They both continued to watch him; he thought of patient cats before a rat hole. He was safe, perhaps, as long as he gave them no positive reason to suspect that he guessed who they were, as long as he managed to seem unaware of danger. It flashed across his mind, as he tried to relax his stiffened posture, that at any moment one or the other of the witless peasants might reveal a knowledge of the robbery; he faced, now, a new terror, a fear that deepened as he heard Pa Pibdy's creaking voice.

The old man seemed to find a medicine for his muteness in the presence of the two strangers. His fixed habit of silence yielded to a persistent, drawling garrulity that Mr. Bloom found strangely hard to bear.

"Don't know when we've had so much comp'ny in the house," he said. "Can't hardly get used to the notion of it—specially when it's started in to snow. Ain't apt to see nobody f'r a week, mebbe a month, most winters."

The plump man put in a question, his voice, to Mr. Bloom's strained ears, touched with something of the quiet vigilance that was in his unmoving gaze.

"Haven't you got any neighbors?"

"Nighest house is two mile an' more away—other side 'f the valley." Pa's warped forefinger pointed. "Come weather like this it might 's well be two hund'd "

"Don't hear much news then, I guess."

Mr. Bloom saw the quick exchange of glances between the two outsiders; his nerves jerked tight; it would be just like the old simpleton to take that careless bait and say something about the robbery. If he d.d —

(Continued on Page 164)

Keep TEETH Free *of* Film

Thus They Attract With Dazzling Whiteness

In this special way dentists urge you to remove film every day

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Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern Dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities

The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement

THE essential difference, according to present-day dental findings, between sparkling, white teeth and dingy, "off-color" teeth is that clear, white teeth are *film free*, and dull, dingy teeth, *film-coated*.

• • •

The essential difference, too, modern dental opinion holds, between properly protected teeth and gums and gravely *unprotected* teeth and gums is founded largely on the same factor: *film*.

• • •

Able dental authorities say brushing alone does not effectively remove that film. Thus, greatly on dentists' orders, people everywhere are adopting Pepsodent. A special film-removing dentifrice. *A tooth paste essentially different from all others in many ways.*

Feel With Tongue

You can feel it now with your tongue, that film; a slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. It clings to teeth, it gets into crevices and stays beyond the power of ordinary cleansing.

When one eats or smokes, food or nicotine stains that film. Teeth look dingy and off-color. White and sparkling clearness comes only when that film is removed.

Tartar—Gum Troubles

Film, too, is the basis of tartar. And with germs, tartar is a cause of pyorrhea. Thus film and gum troubles are definitely connected by many respected authorities. Film, too, holds food particles in contact with teeth, which ferment and foster the acids of decay.

Remove Twice Daily

To cleanse teeth to high lustre, and better to safeguard against tooth decay and gum disorders, the dental profession today urges that film be removed *TWICE EACH DAY at least.*

Feel now for film on your teeth. Find out, to your own satisfaction, whether or not your present cleansing method is adequately removing film.

Because many old ways of cleansing had failed in effectively removing film, and because tooth and gum troubles were so gravely increasing, dental science sought and found new ways. An utterly NEW type of tooth paste—Pepsodent—was the result.

Curdles and Removes Film

Compounded in exact measure to the exactments of present-day dental thought, Pepsodent has, largely on dental advice, altered the tooth-cleansing habits.

Pepsodent acts two ways on film. First it curdles the film. Then removes it in complete safety to enamel.

Thus it cleanses your teeth as you have probably never felt them cleansed before. Thus it lightens and brightens them. Thus it fights decay.

Firms Tender Gums

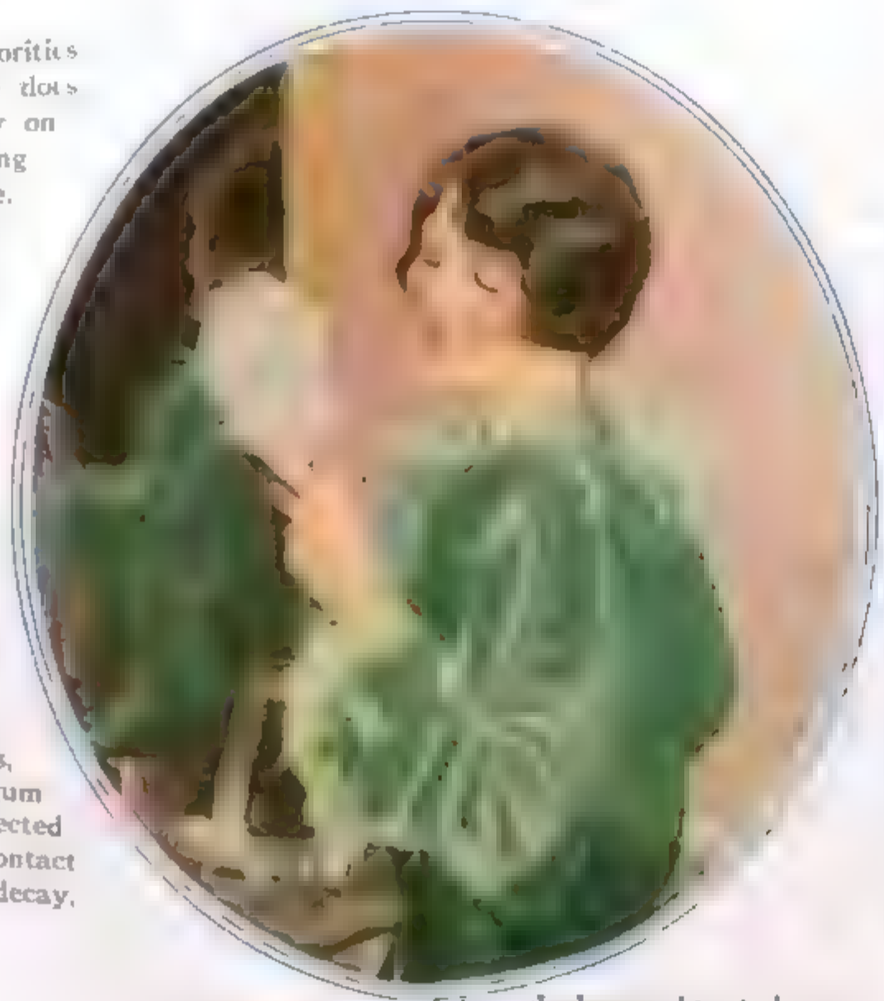
Then Pepsodent acts to firm the gums; supplying for this purpose the latest men of science know as an aid in gum protection. You use on the brush for this purpose. You massage the gums with it each night.

Pepsodent, too, acts to neutralize mouth acids by increasing the alkalinity of the saliva; an exactment modern research proves essential in a tooth paste.

Thus, in virtually all important ways, Pepsodent creates a new era of clear teeth and healthy gums.

Send for Ten-Day Tube

Mail the coupon for a 10-day tube of Pepsodent. Use it twice daily with the brush. Massage it nightly into the gums. Note how your teeth lighten as film coats go. Note how much better your gums feel. After this test, we believe you will agree that, next to your regular dentist's care, Pepsodent is the most important tooth protective factor you can find.



Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus, Pepsodent that brightens teeth by removing dingy film is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid

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The Quality Dentifrice Removes Film from Teeth

Is Your Town Safe?

These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that could be prevented. One-half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the death rate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry, in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the death rate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the entire city supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33⅓%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 162)

"Ain't much news to hear, up this high," said Pa. Mr. Bloom drew in his breath. He fancied that something of the tension abated in the manner of the two who watched him. The old man prattled on.

"What there is don't travel fast, neither," he confessed. "Been waitin' 'most a week to see Ammy Deeter so's to tell him 't Dan Finch is stayin' up to the old Milsom place. Ammy'd make out to git up there, weather like this, even, if he heard Dan was there, but I don't know when I'll git a chance to tell him. Snowed in as tight as we be, Ammy is, an' sence he froze his nose last winter he hates like time to stick it out in real cold weather." He cackled thinly, as if he found comedy in the notion; remotely Mr. Bloom made a mental note for La Terre: The American peasant had the same elemental kind of humor that Zola had so mercilessly described in his French prototype—pain and terror in somebody else were funny.

"Yes, sir," Pa gabbled on, "guess it'd need a fire to get Ammy Deeter outdoors on a night like this here one. Great hand to go to fires, Ammy is. Went clean up top the mountain time old Saul Pender's haystack burned." He laughed his shrill, witless cackle once more. "Yes, sir; walked a good six mile on snowshoes jest to see what was left of that there stack! Got his nose froze f'r his trouble too!"

He clicked his tongue against his teeth and wagged his head with reminiscent relish. "Wasn't wuth nothin' to speak of, neither, that there hay of Saul's. D'know but burnin' was all it was fit f'r." His look soured. "Got some stacked up myself, out yonder back of the house, 't ain't much better'n what Saul's was. Can't seem to git no decent hayin' weather nowdays. No sooner git it mowed'n it sets in to rain. D'know why I ever took the pains to stack up that there grass—all it's good f'r is to breed rats." He scowled. "If there was money raisin' rats they'd be some sense to farmin'. State'd ought to pay a bounty on the critters."

He contemplated this pleasing fancy at some leisure. The pause renewed the unhappy tension on Mr. Bloom's nerves; he tried helplessly to overcome the numb paralysis of his own tongue; on the very edge of saying something about the robbery he caught back the words; the old man's drawl was almost musical in his ears.

"Make a sight of money out 'f that there stack of mine if the state'd pay f'r rats." Again he wheezed his thin chuckle. "Mind my father used to say it wasn't good sense to burn a house to git shet of rats, but I guess he'd change his tune if he was to see that there stack of mine. Must be a thousand rats in it if there's one! S'pose the state'd pay a dolla' a head f'r 'em! Gorry!" He paused again and Mr. Bloom, for all his reviving terror, could follow the process of his meditations: he was multiplying one dollar by a thousand rats; again Mr. Bloom made, almost subconsciously, a mental note for the book. Here, he thought, was crude folklore in the making; out of such wistful stirrings of primitive imagination all the ancient fables must have sprung. To the old simpleton beside the stove a thousand dollars was not a mere sum of money; it was the farthest limit of his capacity to envision riches. A stirring of compassion softened Mr. Bloom's contempt; probably the whole earnings of Pa Pibdy's lifetime wouldn't foot up to much more than the imaginary head bounty on those haystack rats!

Ma crossed his vision, dragging her limp. He marveled at the blank dullness of her face, its look of weariness etched permanently in deep-bitten lines. Behind that tired forehead, scored with horizontal wrinkles from the perpetual, straining lift of her bewildered eyebrows, no thought above the powers of a weary, patient beast could conceivably be moving. She lived, Mr. Bloom told himself, in hope of bedtime. He almost forgot, for the moment, to be afraid, his mind intent upon the contrasting values of the group. The word "theater," in the esoteric sense in which such profound thinkers as Jeffrey Gruhn delighted to employ it, occurred to Mr. Bloom. Vaguely he was displeased to find it present here, to discover that a veritably Russian quality of drama could enact itself in the absurdly incongruous setting of these Yankee hills. It was, he felt, bad art on somebody's part, and yet it held him in spite of his share in its grim potentialities.

He saw it, for a little, as a play rather than as crude reality: The two dull peasants, too stupid for even the blind, unreasoning fear that instinct would have wakened in cattle; the other two, still and watchful, waiting till whim or convenience bade them kill or spare, Alfred Bloom himself, between the two groups, as informed as the one, as helpless as the other.

"I guess," said Ma in her tired fashion, "I'll go to bed."

Mr. Bloom's mind snapped back to realities. He saw the flicker of a glance between the strangers, saw the plump man's eye move deliberately to the open doorway of the little bedroom, a tiny cubicle partitioned off, like Mr. Bloom's, at the end of the kitchen. There was an instant of suspense while something was decided in the plump man's mind; breath came back into Mr. Bloom's lungs at the sight of his short nod.

"Don't let us keep you up," said the smooth voice. The teeth showed for an instant between the full lips. "Go right along."

Mr. Bloom watched the door shut behind her with a sudden stab of envy. If he could escape as easily! Even the thin protection of a flimsy door seemed infinitely to be desired; he'd get away, at least, from the steady, watching eyes. He rose, stretching his arms and yawning.

"Turn in myself, if you don't mind," he said, straining to hold his voice to carelessness. "Can't keep awake much longer."

Again he saw the brief flick of the consulting glance. This time the plump man needed no time to reach decision.

"What's the hurry, brother?" The tone was almost friendly, but it sent a shiver, nevertheless, between Mr. Bloom's shoulder blades. "Stick around and keep us company, won't you?"

Mr. Bloom's knees bent obediently. They let him down to the straw cushion of the rocker without waiting for instructions from his brain. He was wholly sure, now, that the robbers suspected him; they weren't going to let him out of their sight until they were ready to start for the railroad. Then he saw the alternatives in two flashing visions: Either they'd leave in peace, if nothing warned them of the risk, or else—he seemed to feel the tearing impact of a bullet. They shot you through the stomach, these modern yeggs, he'd heard. He resisted an impulse to lift his hands in futile defense.

The old man rose and shuffled to the woodbox behind the stove.

"Better build up the fire some 'fore Ma gits to sleep," he announced. It seemed to Mr. Bloom that talking had strengthened the voice. "Don't want to wake her with the racket it makes."

He piled split sticks in the bend of his elbow and, fumbling with his free hand for the stove-door latch, let the wood fall clumsily to the floor. The plump man chuckled as Pa stooped to pick them up.

"Wake the dead if you always do it that way," he said. Pa was piling the sticks on the shelf below the fire box; he laughed shrilly at the speech; his hands were clumsy with the stove lids and before he had clattered them back into place above the replenished fire, the hot closeness of the room was sharp with wood smoke. Mr. Bloom frowned; it seemed as if he had been sufficiently uncomfortable before, without the sting of smoke to blur his eyes.

He managed to lean back in his chair, counterfeiting a relaxation wholly artificed, while Pa's unloosened tongue clacked on; he ventured to let his eyelids droop as if he drowsed; below them he could see that both

Continued on Page 167

If Cities Service Operated in One Community Instead of 3000

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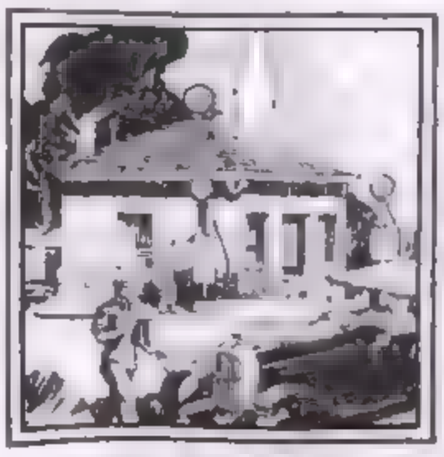
In the outskirts of the city would be 4000 oil wells producing more than 12,000,000 barrels of crude oil yearly. There would be 1000 miles of oil pipe-lines and 7 refineries with a capacity of 12,000,000 barrels annually. In the railroad yards would be 3000 tank cars, and in the harbor a fleet of tank ships. Beyond the city would be 1700 natural gas wells, supplying gas to 1,600,000 people via 7700 miles of pipe-lines.



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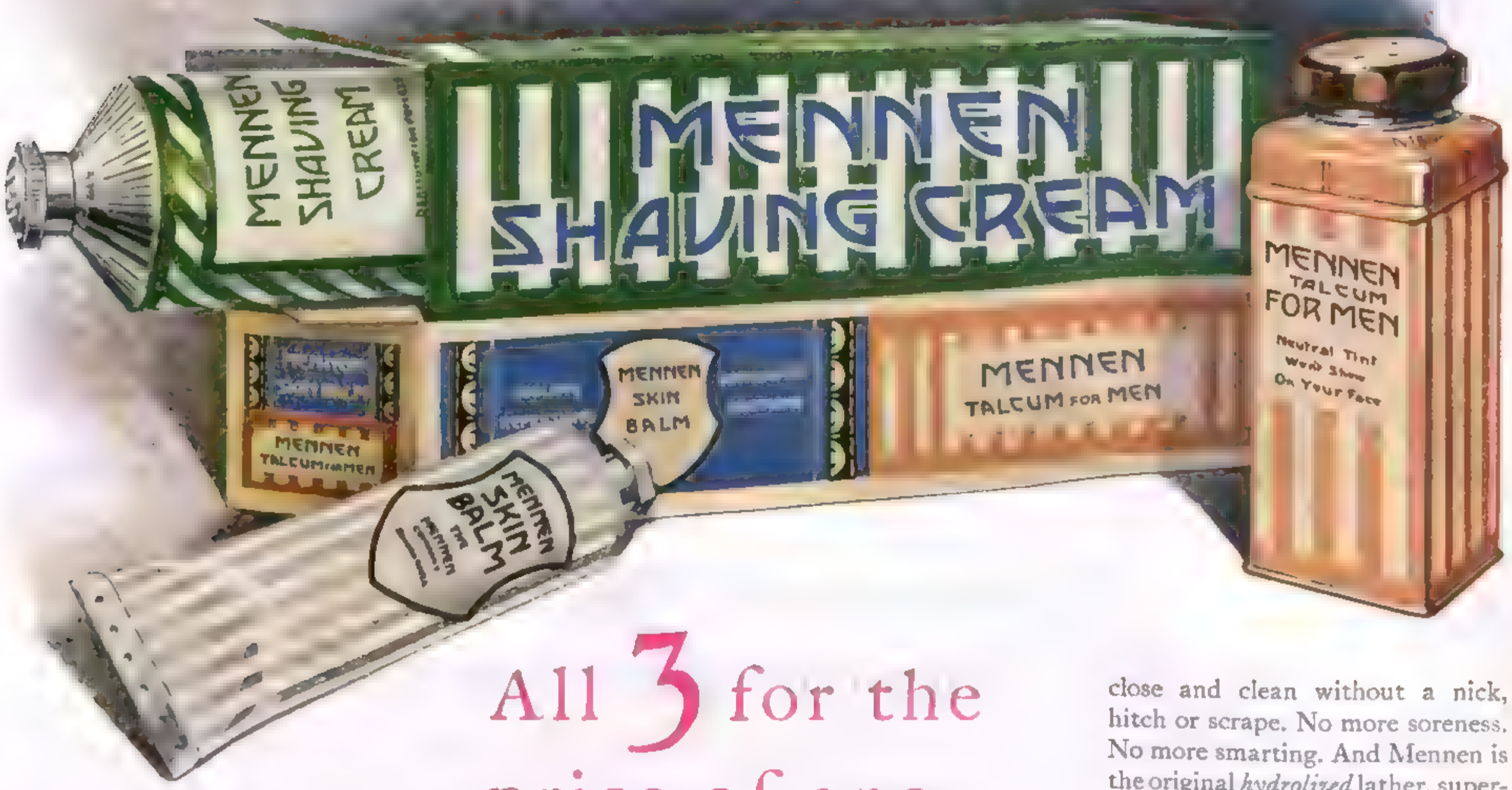

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MENNEN The Improved SHAVING CREAM

Continued from Page 164

the strangers still watched him. He scarcely followed the rambling prattle of the old fool by the stove—witless, disconnected talk of stupid things and still more stupid people, an endless narrative having to do with a horse trade in which, half a century ago, Pa had outwitted some confiding neighbor. The clock on its little shelf beside the window beat a solemn, plodding obbligato to the drawling chatter; now and then the sashes rattled under a sudden push of wind and a spurt of snow would hiss spitefully against the glass.

Pa rose in the middle of a sentence to pull down the shade of the window behind him.

"Draft keeps blowin' down my neck," he complained. "Can't seem to git these windows tight—come cold weather every dratted one of 'em 'll shrink and leave the wind through." He creaked across the room to the two front windows and drew down their shades. Mr. Bloom noticed, with an absent, inattentive contempt, that the cracked green cambric swung inward at each thrusting gust. A fine way to keep out drafts! Probably the old man had done this very thing a hundred times in every winter of his life, without once observing its futility.

He watched the crawl of the clock hands, barely aware of the old man's obstinate garrulity. Once, rising to get a drink from the water pail, he looked above the rim of the tin dipper to find both of the strangers sitting up a little straighter, both glances fixed upon him with an effect of heightened interest. He went back to his chair more alarmed than ever; his errand had taken him straight toward the shotgun; he had stood, as he drank, within easy reach of it. Suppose they'd taken it into their heads that he'd gone to get it—suppose accidentally, he'd moved a hand in its direction! He saw the slighter man's hand come away from the pocket of his coat with something like a sense of eleventh-hour reprieve.

Ten o'clock! Five hours more, at least, to wait! And at any minute some random impulse might prompt that chattering old fool to talk about Canastego and the robbery! He stiffened to renewed attention, his nerves on edge; Pibdy was talking, now of harmless things enough—the record winter when the drifts were so deep that he'd had to tunnel out to the barns; the other one when he and Ma had been snowbound for six weeks on end.

"Apt to happen again this year," he said, "if it don't slack off pretty soon. Might be a month 'fore we can git down to town. Ain't apt to see nobody, anyhow, for a week or so."

Faint and remote Mr. Bloom heard the hooting of a whistle. He saw the two men straighten, saw the sinister narrowing of the eye which the plump one turned on Pa.

"I thought you said there wouldn't be a train through before four," he said. His voice was quiet, but it frightened Mr. Bloom more effectively for the restraint. His anger flared up suddenly toward Pibdy. If the old idiot hadn't been so cocksure that the night train wasn't running they might have hurried on as soon as they were warm and fed. Now ——

"Guess that's the snowplow," the old man was saying placidly. "Track'll be open f'r the freight if it is."

The plump man moved quickly to the door and a thrust of wind swept in as he flung it open—a wind that carried, beside a swirl of snow, a swift, freezing premonition of disaster to Mr. Alfred Bloom. In the rectangle of darkness he was able, mysteriously, to see through the drive of snowflakes and make out the naked, wind-tormented branches of the stunted apple trees along the road; it was not the feeble extension of the lamplight that made them visible; even as the knowledge came home to him a slashing inward gust extinguished the lamp and the oblong opening of the doorway became, instead of a blot of darkness, a frame of light.

Mr. Bloom stared in dazed fascination at the yellow glow upon the tossing branches and the slanting files of snow. The man beside the doorway was dimly visible in the reflected light, and at the sight of his face Mr. Bloom felt again that sudden, suffocated impulse to scream. He saw the man turn sharply, saw his hand dive to the pocket of his coat; his companion stood beside him now, so that they blocked the doorway.

"Hadn't better do nothin' foolish."

The voice was unmistakably that of Mr. Pibdy, but it sounded strange in Alfred Bloom's ear; there was in it now a note of complacency that was almost sophisticated.

"Can't see me," it drawled on, "but I got two bar'ls full 'f buckshot pointin' right at the both of you. Couldn't hardly miss if I tried."

Mr. Bloom saw the figures in the doorway stiffen to immobility, heard the voice behind him wheeze in its thin, senile chuckle.

"Wouldn't do no good to kill me, anyhow," said Mr. Pibdy. "Ammy Deeter an' his two boys'll be right out yonder waitin' f'r you to start wallerin' through the drifts. Only got to trail along behind you till the snow gits you f'r em."

He lifted a frail, quavering shout. Beyond, from somewhere in the storm, came an answer, more robust. Breath penetrated mercifully to Mr. Bloom's paralyzed diaphragm.

"Got 'em waitin' f'r you, Ammy—right in the door, with their backs toward you. Sneak up side of 'em, so if I shoot I c'n miss you."

Something happened at the doorway; Mr. Bloom saw it only dimly, aware of movement and blurred shadows. A match sputtered behind him; the relighted lamp revealed the captives, sullenly acquiescent in the grip of Ammy Deeter's two lank sons, each of whom, Mr. Bloom observed, had possessed himself of a flat, short-barreled pistol, precisely such a weapon as Mr. Bloom's accurate fancies had forevisioned as spitting untidy death in his direction. By the mere process of transfer to the mittened hands that held them now, however, these guns had become, in Mr. Bloom's sight, wholly benignant; he regarded them with warm, sincere affection, as under their suasion the two strangers moved forward into the room.

Behind them, methodically closing the door, Mr. Bloom discovered Ma Pibdy, a snow-covered patchwork quilt about her head and shoulders, her skirts snow-dusted to her hips, her eyebrows still arched above her spectacles in her fixed look of patient, baffled inquiry; a look wearily familiar to Mr. Alfred Bloom, but now faintly tempered by a quality he could not immediately identify.

He stood back, a mere spectator, while the three Deeters, employing clothesline provided by Ma Pibdy, trussed the two prisoners, knee and elbow, with unhurried thoroughness. He volunteered, however, to count the mass of paper money discovered in the leather brief case which the plump man carried below his overcoat. Engaged in this agreeable proceeding he gave inattentive ear to debate between Pa Pibdy and the Deeter family.

"Guess you ain't got no cause to complain, Ammy, if you git half the ree-ward. Sight of money to git paid when you wasn't only figgerin' on goin' to a fire."

Pa chuckled thinly. "Wish't you'd been settin' here listenin' while Ma an' me talked it all out, right in front of these here fellers, an' never left 'em ketch on!" He regarded the captives with a glance in which Mr. Bloom detected an element of compassion. "Wan't rightly sure Ma knew who they was ——"

"Did, though," Ma put in briefly.

"Kinda thought so," said Pa, "but I knew you'd ketch on soon's I said Dan Finch was stayin' to the old Milsom place."

He wheezed his diluted laugh, and his bleached eye shifted to Mr. Bloom. "Dan Finch's been wanted f'r murder goin' on ten years, an' this here farm belonged to Joe Milsom till Ma an' me bought it."

"Might've saved your breath," said Ma. "Guessed who they was minute I laid eye on 'em. Stands to reason wouldn't nobody turn off the Canastego road a night like this without they was real anxious to be somewheres else!" Her voice found a querulous note. "An' the way you kep' a-talkin' about how to git Ammy an' his boys! I was real scart they'd ketch on—the way you kep' tellin' me, over an' over, to go set fire to the haystack! Don't seem's though a body could be so simple they wouldn't know you was gittin' at somethin'."

"Wan't rightly sure," said Pa mildly. "Been hearin' a sight of talk lately, you an' me have. Noticed I git so's I don't pay attention." His eyes moved again to Mr. Bloom. Ma sniffed.

"Lived with you goin' on forty-six years. Guess I know you ain't the kind't talks when you ain't got nothin' to say!" She joined him in his inspection of Mr. Bloom, who became aware of a vaguely defensive attitude of mind. "Come real near leavin' 'em git clean away," she charged. "Tellin' 'em about the ten o'clock train! If Pa hadn't spoke up real quick the way he done they'd 've cleared out long 'fore Ammy an' the boys could git here."

"I hoped they'd go," said Mr. Bloom. "I knew they'd kill us all if they thought we knew who they were, and I was afraid you or Mr. Pibdy might accidentally mention the robbery. I didn't know that you'd guessed ——"

"Mean to say you never knew what Pa was drivin' at—with all the talkin' he done?"

"Well," said Mr. Bloom, "you see ——"

She clicked her tongue against her teeth.

"Good land!" The exclamation, to Mr. Bloom's ear, held a quality of wonder. "What's talk good f'r? Figgered, by what I could make out, 't you was kinda in the talkin' business. Ain't done nothin' sence you been here, Pa an' me ain't, only listen. An' you never even suspicioned what he was tellin' me!"

Mr. Bloom fumbled uncomfortably for adequate response, conscious of a singular similarity in the expressions with which all five peasants were regarding him.

Pa Pibdy spared him the need; the old man sighed with a note, unmistakably, of relief.

"Needn't fret, Ma," he said. "Guess it ain't ketchin'." He stretched his lean arms and turned upon the prisoners a look of complacent possession. "Five hundred dolls's!" He contemplated the idea at leisure. "Almighty sight of money," he meditated. "Guess it'll be quite a spell 'fore we got any call to take in no more boarders, Ma. Snowin' like time too. Ain't apt to hear much more talk till spring."

"Here, at last," wrote Mr. Jeffrey Gruhn in that issue of the "colyum" dedicated singly to the review of Dumb Animals—Gibnitzer & Strofuss, $2.50—"here, at last, is the American Zola and the American La Terre, a novel which effectually kicks the guts out of the sop-and-slush school of fiction in which the great American peasant is glozed and glorified to demigodhood. Here, drawn with a merciless, photographic realism that not even the booberei of the Bible Belt can misunderstand, Alfred Bloom gives us the truth, all of it, and nothing else about the human cattle who infest our hinterland. We see them, for the first time, as they are dumb animals in whom the faculty of speech all that lifts man above the level of brute creation has, through slow generations of disuse, been rusted out, until, not only brethren of the ox in the atrophy of their tongues, these debased and degenerate slaves of the soil have come to feel the stalled beast's very fear of the human voice, even its dull distrust and hatred of those in whom its use survives!"

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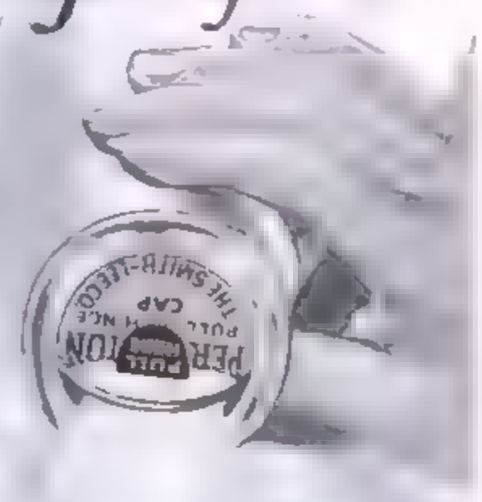

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I'M A HARD-BOILED BOZO

(Continued from Page 13)

"I'm afraid we are," said Ted. "You are going to take the tractor away, and I suppose they will foreclose the farm mortgage in the spring. Then Anne and I will have to go back to Chicago, and I'll probably have to work about five years in some filthy office before we can save enough to come back here and try again."

"So you aren't completely discouraged with farming?"

"I should say not," spoke up Anne. "We've been happier here than ever before in our lives. We are both crazy about the country, and we think it is the only place to bring up children. You see, we hope—that is, we think—I mean, we expect that next summer we will have—that is, there will be an addition—there will be three of us."

I have put in all the above dashes to indicate hesitation, so you can see that Anne is really a very nice, old-fashioned kind of girl, and is properly somewhat reluctant to discuss these delicate subjects—even with such a friend of the family as I have become.

After I had congratulated them on the coming event, I tactfully changed the subject by asking if I could see the tractor.

"Sure," said Ted. "Old Betsey—that's what we have christened her—is right out in the barn." He lit a lantern, and Anne and I followed him out.

I was pleased to see that Betsey was in fine condition—as bright and shiny as the day she left the factory. Ted and Anne both seemed very proud of her, and it filled me with sorrow to think that I was about to take this beautiful machine away from these two excellent people. After we had finished looking over the tractor we returned to the house and Anne showed me up to my room. Since then I have been writing this report, which I will mail as soon as I get a chance.

I have made a very full report of the situation here, so you can see just what sort of a problem I am up against. And I wish to point out that you did very well in sending a hard-boiled bozo like myself to handle things. If you had sent a soft-hearted, sentimental guy, he would have been so overcome at seeing such nice young people as Ted and Anne in such a hard fix, that he would have let them hang onto their tractor whether they paid for it or not. This would have been very wrong, as it would have made them into dead beats and would have left the company holding the sack.

On the other hand, I must admit that I rather hate to take the tractor away. I always try to look at things from all points of view, and it occurs to me that it is not good for the reputation of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company to have it known that an Earthworm owner had gone busted because he could not find enough profitable work for his machine to do. The problem as I see it is to find some way by which the Beekmans can get hold of enough money to climb out of their financial hole and keep their tractor. At present it does not look as if there was any way to do this. But if there is a way, you may be sure that Alexander Botts will find it.

I will now go to bed, and while I am asleep I will let my subconscious mind tackle this problem. And tomorrow morning, when I am rested and refreshed from my long waddle through the snow, it is my intention to start things moving around here, and stir things up in such a way as to get some real results.

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 6, 1921, 9 P.M.
WRITTEN FROM: THE BEEKMAN FARM.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS.

It gives me great pleasure to report that I have put in a very busy day, and have made a good start toward bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

You will remember that last night the prospects looked very gloomy indeed Here were these two excellent young people on the way to losing their tractor and their farm. Here was the entire countryside presenting the most disheartening picture; all the roads blocked with snow, all the automobiles put up for the winter, and all the merchants of Centerville so snow-bound that they had practically no business at all. Everything seemed all wrong.

But when I sprang from my bed bright and early this morning, my heart was full of joy and hope. For, just like an inspiration, there had come into my mind a scheme for doing away with all this sorrow and grief.

The scheme was simple but magnificent. The chief thing that the inhabitants of this benighted land need is to have the snow plowed off their roads. The chief thing that these splendid Beekman children need is a good paying job for their tractor. The answer is self-evident.

As soon as I could get into my clothes, I rushed downstairs. "Ted," I yelled, "it is all settled! We are going into the snow-plowing business."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"We are going to put a snowplow on Old Betsey's nose, and we are going to plow the roads, and we will make all kinds of money."

"Who is going to pay us?"

"The county road commissioners."

"I doubt if they will," said Ted. "I made a proposition to them last fall that I would keep the roads cleared for them this winter. But they said it wouldn't be practical, they never had done it, and they didn't intend to do it."

"That's what they think now," I said. "But wait till they see what sort of work we can do. We will plow the main road all the way from Centerville to this town of White Creek free of charge. And when they see how good it is they will give us a regular job."

"I tried to talk them into it last fall," said Ted, "but they are too stubborn and set in their ways."

"Wait till I get after them," I said. "With a sample of our work to show them and a flow of language such as I have got, they will soon be eating out of our hand."

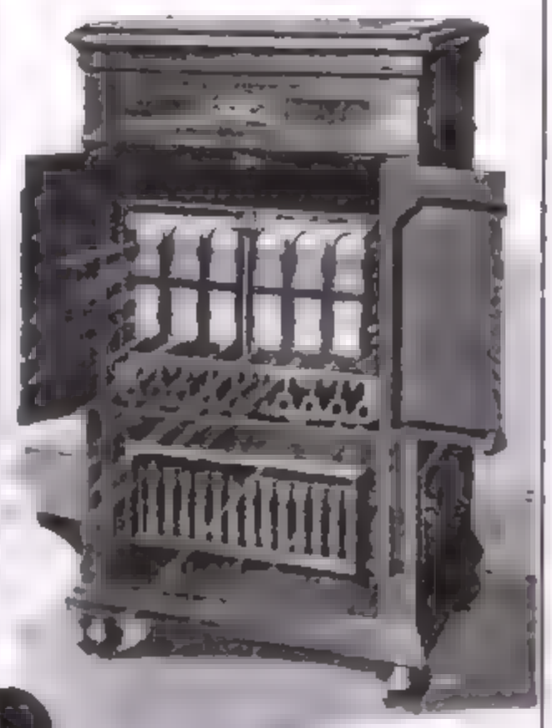
"I'm not so sure about that," said Ted, "but I would just as soon try."

So, immediately after an excellent breakfast—which proved once more that Anne is a swell cook—I started things moving in my usual energetic fashion. With Ted and Anne to help me, I gathered together a lot of timbers and planks from around the barn. Then we all worked fast and furious, and by noon we had a rough, but large and imposing locomotive-type snowplow rigged up on the front of Old Betsey. We filled the old lady up with gas and oil from the filling station, after which we had lunch. As I said before, this little girl Anne certainly understands the art of cooking.

After lunch Ted cranked up, and we both climbed aboard and started. The grousers on the tracks gave us splendid traction and, as Ted had taken very good care of the motor, we had all the power we needed. We nosed our way through a tremendous drift in front of the barn, swung out into the road, and opened her up wide, while Anne waved encouragement from the front porch. The snowplow worked to perfection—great mountains of snow rolled off to the right and left—and with the motor roaring like an airplane, we moved majestically forward at three miles an hour in the direction of White Creek.

As this was strictly a money-making venture, I was determined to pick up as much on the side as I could. Consequently I stopped opposite the first farmhouse I came to and floundered through the drift up to the door. An old man with a beard

ALLEN'S Parlor Furnace



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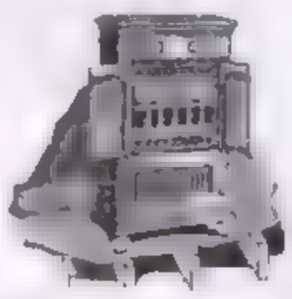
Due to its scientific construction and extra heating capacity provided by heat-radiating fins, Allen's Parlor Furnace supplies large volumes of circulating heat which flow from room to room. That is why Allen's replaces two, three and even four stoves—heating the whole house with moist, warm air and maintaining uniform temperature without forcing the fire.



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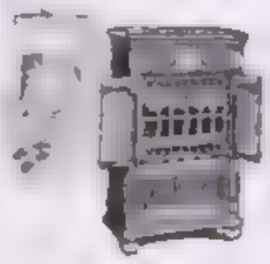
No cellar is required for the Allen. It is placed in a room or hall without installation expense and performs the work of an efficient furnace. Requires only a minimum of floor space.



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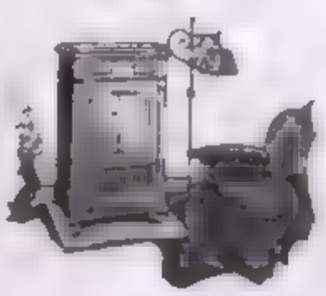
When the ALLEN outer cabinet doors swing open, you have all the sweetness and comfort, the cheer, restfulness and the great call to the imagination that for centuries has been associated with the old-fashioned fireside. This unique and distinctive combination is a patented Allen feature.



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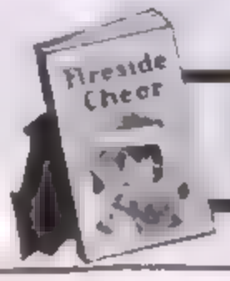

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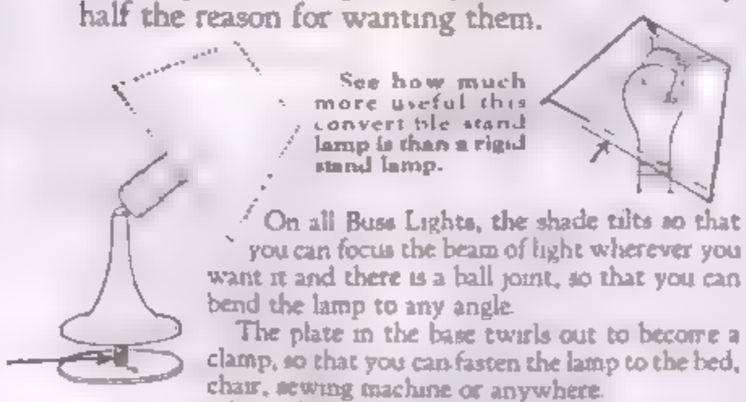

See how much more useful this convertible stand lamp is than a rigid stand lamp.

On all Buss Lights, the shade tilts so that you can focus the beam of light wherever you want it and there is a ball joint, so that you can bend the lamp to any angle.

The plate in the base twirls out to become a clamp, so that you can fasten the lamp to the bed, chair, sewing machine or anywhere.

There is also a slot in the base, so you can hang a Buss Light and make it a handsome wall bracket beside the dressing table, or in the bathroom, hall or elsewhere.

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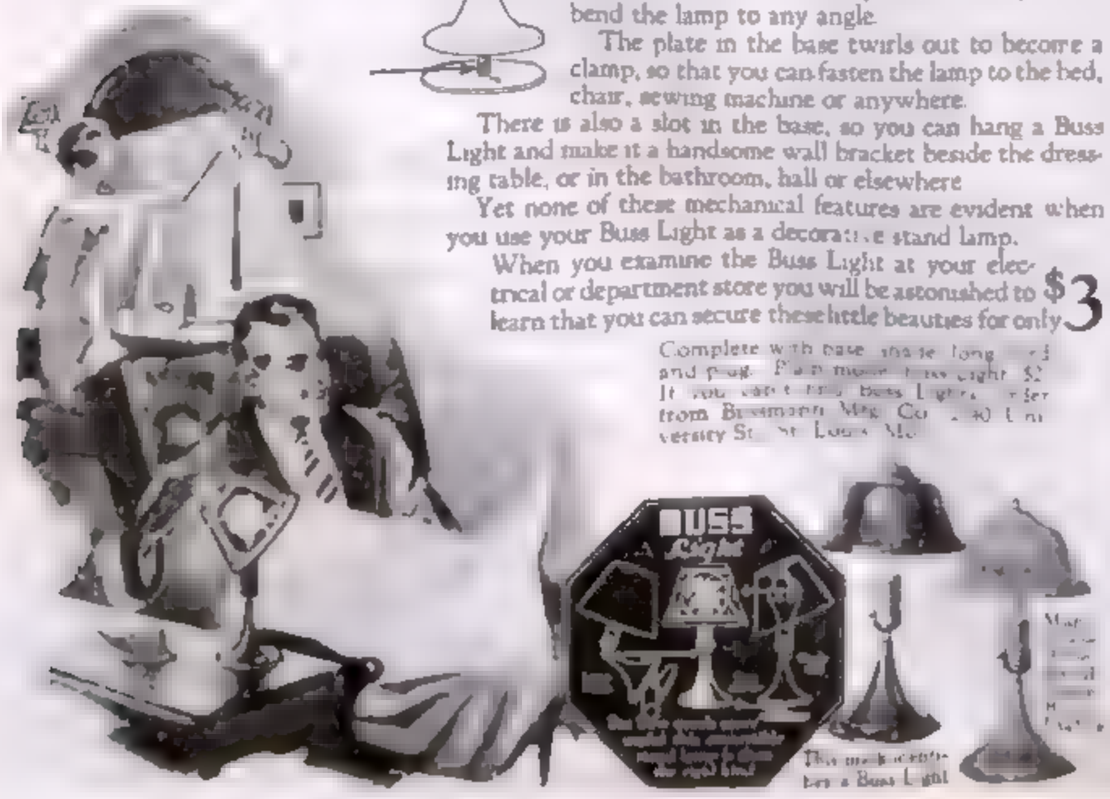
There are so many places in every home where a touch of color remakes a whole room; so many spots have become drab and familiar, and need to be brightened and brought to life by just such vivid coloring as Buss Lights bring



answered my knock, and I asked him if he would like to have his driveway plowed back as far as the barn.

"The main road is going to be plowed all the way from Centerville to White Creek," I explained, "and if you have your driveway plowed also, you can take your car out and drive to town just as easy as if it was summertime."

"It's a fine idea," said the old man. "Go ahead and plow her out."

"The charges," I said, "will be ten dollars. Just slip me the cash and the work will be done in the twinkling of an eye."

"Ten dollars!" said the old man. "I should say not. I'd rather shovel it myself."

"Very well," I said. "Good-by."

The old man shut the door, and I returned to the tractor. As I am quick at sizing up a situation, I soon came to the conclusion that ten dollars was perhaps a little too much to ask. Consequently I quoted a price of five smackers at the next farmhouse. But even this seemed to be more than they cared to pay. So at successive houses I dropped down to four, three, two, and finally one dollar. At this last price I picked up jobs from about half the people interviewed.

This stopping at each house delayed us a good deal, so it was five o'clock in the afternoon, and already getting dark, when we arrived at White Creek. Accordingly, after I had dropped my yesterday's report into a mail box, we turned around, put the machine in high, and came clattering back along that beautifully plowed road as fast as we could—arriving at the Beekman place at about eight o'clock.

I had no use for my snowshoes on this trip, but as the weather was distinctly cool, my newly purchased Arctic garments, including the red flannels, were all that saved me from freezing to death. I mention this fact so that you may recognize my wisdom in buying these articles, and so that it will be easy for you to O. K. the expense account on which I have charged them.

Upon arriving at the house we were warmly welcomed by Anne. That girl has one of the most attractive smiles I have ever seen, and she also puts out a wonderful meal of victuals.

On counting up the money we had made by plowing driveways, I found we had fifteen dollars—just about enough to pay for the gas and oil.

"But we haven't really made expenses," I said. "We ought to figure about ten dollars a day for interest and depreciation on the machine, and quite a bit more than that to pay us for our valuable time."

"Yes," said Ted. "Considering that this machine will do the work of eighteen or twenty horses, we ought to get at least fifty dollars a day. And at that price we would really be making money."

"Right you are," I said, "and I figure that the amount of plowing we can do in a day ought to be worth at least a hundred dollars a day to the inhabitants of this snow-infested region. Consequently," I went on, "we will clear the road to Centerville tomorrow, and we will put it up to the county commissioners that it is their duty to pay us that much for our services. One hundred dollars a day, or, if they prefer, three dollars and a half a running mile."

"I hope you can convince them," said Ted.

"Trust me," I replied. "I am one of the best little old talkers in the whole United States. As a persuader, I am good, and I admit it myself."

With these words I came up to my room, and now that I have finished my daily report I will retire with high hopes for the morrow.

Yours enthusiastically,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 7, 1921, 1 P.M.
WRITTEN FROM: CENTERVILLE HOTEL, CENTERVILLE, WISCONSIN.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS.

It gives me great pleasure to report that the day's activities are proceeding in an unusually auspicious manner. Bright and early, after a really swell breakfast, Ted and I went out and twisted Betsey's tail. As was to be expected, she started up with a beautiful roar. Waving good-by to Anne, we swung out into the road and headed for Centerville. On the way we collected twenty dollars for plowing out driveways, arriving in town at about eleven o'clock.

On this trip I did the driving myself, and it is lucky that this was the case, as we very nearly had a serious accident which was only averted by my coolness and skill. This near accident was caused by the fact that the weather was not as cold as yesterday, so that, after we had driven about a mile, my Arctic garments began to be a little too warm. This warmth, in conjunction with the somewhat rough, woolly texture of my red flannels, produced a condition which made it absolutely necessary for me to twist about in my seat and scratch various parts of my person.

While I was reaching with my left hand for a point on my right shoulder blade, and while, as a consequence, my eyes wandered momentarily from the road, there came a sudden, sickening crash. Quick as a wink I grabbed the levers, stopped the tractor, and then backed up a few yards. A single glance of my practiced eye told me what had occurred: The machine had veered to the side and had run into the railing of a concrete bridge over which we chanced to be passing at the time. Had I been a less skillful driver, or had I waited one-tenth of a second more before stopping, we would have gone right on through the railing and dropped to the frozen surface of a stream twenty feet below. As it was I escaped with no damage at all to the tractor or the sturdy plow, and without knocking off more than about fifteen feet of the concrete railing.

When we got to Centerville we were most fortunate in finding the county road commissioners gathered at their regular monthly meeting. I at once introduced myself, explained what I had been doing, and persuaded them all to come out and look at the tractor and the results of the plowing. I then brought them back to the courthouse and offered to plow as many of the county roads as they wanted for a flat price of one hundred dollars a day or three dollars and a half a running mile.

As they seemed a little hesitant I started in and made one of the finest orations I have ever put across. I compared the paltry three dollars and a half that I would charge with the hundreds of dollars it would cost to shovel a mile of road through these drifts by hand. I told them that a plowed road would dry out so quickly in the spring and be in such good condition that the plowing would pay for itself ten times over by saving most of the spring road scraping. I pointed out the tremendous loss suffered by the merchants of the town through the inability of the farmers to come in and do their trading when the roads were impassable.

And after going into these and other economic aspects of the case with great thoroughness, I concluded with a tremendous emotional appeal on sentimental and humanitarian grounds. In the choicest English at my command, and with many graceful gestures, I pictured the case of a beautiful child taken suddenly ill in a farmhouse far out on one of those snow-blocked roads. I pictured the weeping mother and the desperate attempts of the father to telephone the doctor. In vain! For the telephone wires are down, and owing to the condition of the roads, it is impossible to repair them. Furthermore, even if a message could be sent to town, the doctor would not be able to make his way out to the farm through the terrific drifts that block the way. I then pictured the heroic father rushing out into the storm and the night to seek help in this great emergency. But again in vain! For the father freezes to death in a great snowdrift, while his beloved little one perishes for lack of proper medical attention.

(Continued on Page 172)

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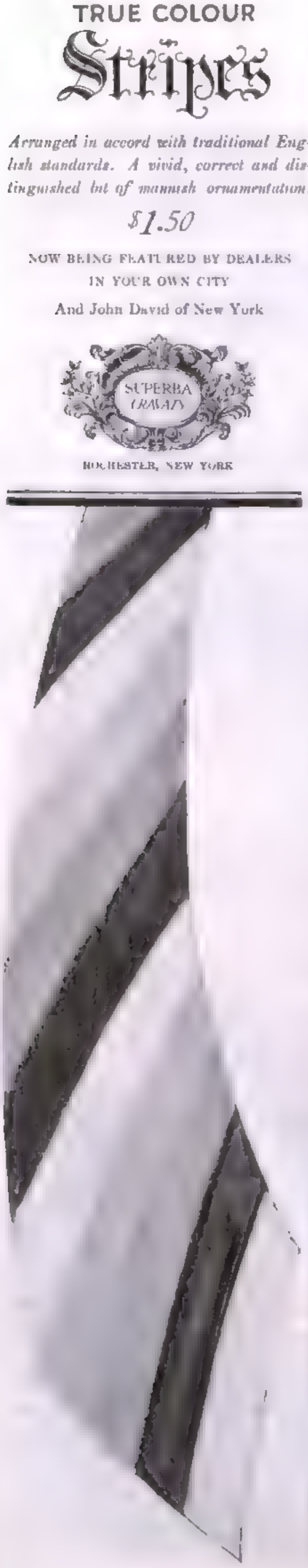

(Continued from Page 170

"But if the roads had been plowed," I said, "the father could have telephoned, the doctor could have sped out in his high-powered car, and two precious lives would have been saved."

As I finished this recital I was practically in tears, and I noticed that several of the commissioners were using their handkerchiefs. The chairman said he was much impressed, and requested me to withdraw while they deliberated.

I accordingly took Ted over to the Centerville Hotel, where we have had a dinner that was not so good, and where I have been writing this report. As it is now mail time, I will close, and in my next communication I expect to report that Mr. Ted Beekman has started to make so much money that we need have no further worry about the payment of his notes. And thus will come to a close another brilliant chapter in the record of my services to the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 7, 1921, 9 P.M.
WRITTEN FROM: THE BEEKMAN FARM.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS.

It gives me great pain to report that a train of distressing circumstances entirely outside my control has for the moment delayed my activities in this region. I will explain exactly what has occurred, so that you can appreciate what I am up against and see that the present regrettable situation is not in any way my fault.

The first unfortunate incident was the almost incredible action of the road commissioners. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you this, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that these men—after listening to my masterly address, which had them all practically in tears—proceeded to put away their handkerchiefs and unanimously vote against spending any of the county money on such an unheard-of activity as plowing the roads.

By the time Ted and I called at the courthouse the commissioners had already adjourned and gone home, and there was nobody there except the county clerk, who told us this shocking news. He further informed us that the commissioners had in some way been informed that we had knocked off fifteen feet of railing from the bridge outside of town. And they had directed the county clerk to hand Ted a bill for two hundred dollars to cover the cost of repairs.

This last unkindest cut of all was almost more than I could bear. But I never faltered. I decided to save what I could from the wreck of our lost hopes.

"Let us drive Betsey back to your house," I said. "Then you can give me that eight hundred dollars before these worthless commissioners get hold of any of it, and I will see that you are allowed to keep your tractor till spring. As soon as the weather opens up you may be able to get enough work for the machine to pay the rest you owe. It is a slender hope, but all we have."

Ted at once agreed to this proposition, so we drove back to the farm, where Anne greeted us with a glad, happy smile, and reported that the filling station had been doing a rushing business. Apparently the news that we had cleared the road had spread rapidly; people had got out their cars; the motor bus had started running; and Anne had sold twenty-eight dollars' worth of gasoline and oil.

But our joy at this news was short-lived, for Anne proceeded to tell us that there had been other visitors besides the customers for gasoline. The man who owns the mortgage on the farm had had so little sense of decency that he had actually taken advantage of our snowplowing and come out in his flivver to demand a payment of five hundred dollars which was a month overdue. Furthermore, the manager of the oil company had had the bad taste to appear with a demand for two hundred dollars due him since last fall for gas and oil. And poor Anne, although she is a splendid girl, a swell cook, a dutiful wife, and—will be next summer—a loving mother, seems to have no business sense at all. She had actually signed checks to pay both of these bills, so that the eight hundred dollars bank balance was now reduced to one hundred.

This was a stunning blow, but I could not very well bawl out Anne about it, as I had already refused this eight hundred dollars when I first came, on the ground that I would take a thousand or nothing. And Anne, in her innocence, had supposed that I really meant it.

The whole deplorable incident proves what I have always contended—that there ought to be a law against this insidious modern practice of husbands keeping their money in a joint account and letting their wives have a check book.

Ted offered me the remaining hundred, and remarked that if I wanted it I had better take it at once, as there would probably be other bill collectors after it first thing in the morning. I said I would think it over. After carefully pondering the situation, however, I finally came to the conclusion that it would be useless for me to take this paltry hundred berries. If these people could not even make a decent start toward paying for their tractor, the most merciful course would be to end the agony as soon as possible and take the machine away from them. But as it was getting late, and as there was no way to get back to town, I resolved to take no action for the moment. I accordingly partook of an excellent supper, hiding my dreary thoughts under a jovial exterior, and cheering up poor old Ted and Anne with an entirely new bunch of Swedish wise cracks.

I have now come up to my room, where I have been writing this report. And tomorrow morning, although I hate to do it worse than anything I have ever done in my life, I will take possession of that tractor like the hard-boiled bozo that I am.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: JANUARY 8, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: THE BEEKMAN FARM.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS.

Well, I have been hard-boiled. I have carried this matter through to a conclusion, and I am leaving for Chicago on the noon train. When I relate exactly what has occurred, you will see that I have done my duty, and done it pretty damn well, if I do say so myself.

Bright and early this morning I went downstairs all ready to announce that I was taking the tractor away. But Ted and Anne greeted me so cordially that I decided it would be better to wait until after breakfast. And by the time I had finished this meal—which was as usual most excellently cooked—I felt in such a kindly frame of mind that I decided to wait a little longer. Consequently, leaving Ted and Anne in the kitchen, I walked into the front parlor and spent about five minutes scowling at myself in a mirror so as to get worked up into a mean state of mind.

About the time I had completed this exercise and got myself all ready for some real dirty work, but before I had had a chance to go back and start in on Ted and Anne, I chanced to glance through the window. A luxurious motor car had stopped just outside, and a large and important-looking man in a tremendous, expensive fur coat was coming up to the house. I promptly opened the door, and he asked to see Mr. Edward Beekman. As I was—as I have explained—in a hostile frame of mind, I lost no time in telling him exactly what I thought of him.

"You dirty bill collectors make me sick and tired," I said. "Why can't you leave these poor people alone? Isn't it enough that you are already lousy with wealth?

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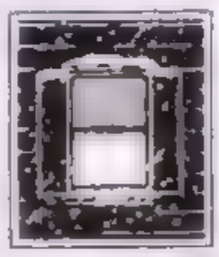

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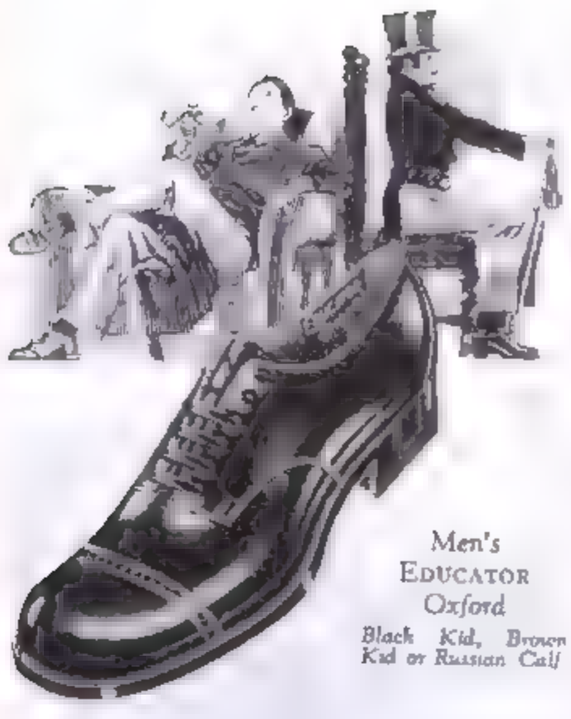
Address_____

City_____ State_____



Men's
EDUCATOR
Oxford
Black Kid, Brown Kid or Russian Calf

Today's Style is COMFORT!

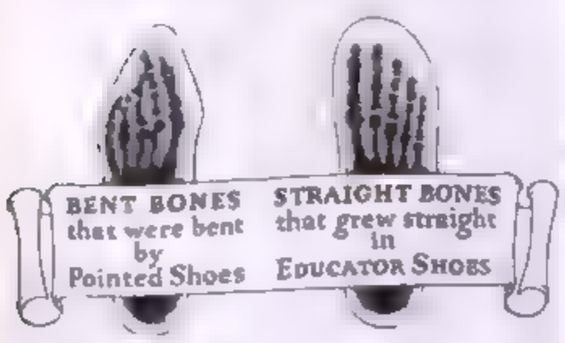
YES, the stiff and starchy age is past. Well dressed people today are at their ease comfortable from top to toe—every toe. That means the end of old-fashioned pointed shoes. It means the wearing of shoes that are shaped to the natural foot. It means Educator Shoes.

Educator Shoes let the feet grow as they should. They're as easy as treading soft sand on the beach. Generous room for five *straight* toes. Every bone and muscle free to act as Nature planned. No pinching or cramping. No corns or ingrowing nails. Blessed comfort—walking or standing—all day long.

EDUCATOR SHOE

Now, thanks to Educator Shoes, men, women and children can be at peace with their feet and also be in style. Educators are made in the popular leathers and trims. They are flattering, attractive, smart.

Wear Educators yourself. Put them on your boy or girl. You'll all be grateful as long as you live. Genuine Educators bear the trademarked Educator stamp. If your dealer does not have them, order direct from Rice & Hutchins, High Street, Boston, U. S. A. Send for booklet, "Inside Comfort, Outside Style."



Made for Men, Women and Children

The "Clarendon" Tie for Misses or Children in Black or Tan Calf

Look at your elegant car! Look at your disgustingly expensive coat! Think of the money you have probably extorted from widows and orphans! Then think of these two splendid young people you are hounding, and if there is a spark of decency left within you, your fat face will be suffused with a blush of shame'"

I have repeated exactly what I said, so that you can see I am still one of the best talkers in your whole organization—although in this particular instance it appears that I did not know what I was talking about.

The man in the fur coat appeared somewhat taken aback. "Let me explain," he said. "Let me explain."

"Very well," I replied, "but make it snappy."

"My name is George Westerville," he said. "I am the president of the Central Wisconsin Autobus Company, and I wish to hire Mr. Beekman to do some snow-plowing for me."

"Step inside, Mr. Westerville," I said.

He entered and took the chair I offered. Ted and Anne came in from the kitchen at this moment, but I motioned them to keep out of the discussion.

"I am Mr. Beekman's partner, Mr. Westerville," I said, "and I am the guy you talk business with."

I sat down, and he explained that he ran five hundred miles of bus lines, covering a good portion of the state, and that he suffered tremendous losses when the roads were blocked. The snow in Wisconsin, he said, was too heavy for horse-drawn plows and for plows on trucks and busses. He had never heard of the Earthworm tractor before, but since he had seen the work we had done, he was convinced it was the only thing for him. He had tried to get the state and county commissioners to buy some of the machines, but he had had no luck, so he had decided it would pay him to do the plowing himself.

He had tried to buy an Earthworm, but the dealer in Chicago had wired that he couldn't promise delivery for several weeks. He wanted action at once—he was losing money every day—and he wanted to buy Mr. Beekman's tractor or else hire him to plow out the roads.

While Mr. Westerville was explaining these things I was watching him very narrowly, and as I am a wonderful judge of men, I detected that my aggressive greeting had forced him into a somewhat apologetic frame of mind. His manner betrayed that he actually thought we would be doing him a great favor to work for him. I at once decided that it would be just as easy—now that I had started the day as a hard-boiled bozo—to keep on the same way. I recalled the words of General Hines in the Battle of the Argonne: "Now is the time to strike, and strike hard."

"I am sorry, Mr. Westerville," I said coldly, "but the tractor is not for sale. Furthermore, we have taken a contract to haul logs for the Eureka Wooden Box, Barrel, Kitchen Cabinet and Furniture Manufacturing Corporation up in the northern part of the state. If we are behindhand in this work we will forfeit a bond of one thousand dollars which we have posted with them. So that is that. Kindly close the door as you go out."

Note: Perhaps I should explain that, as far as I know, there is no such company as the Eureka Wooden Box, Barrel, Kitchen Cabinet and Furniture Manufacturing Corporation. But I thought that as long as I was evolving a name, it might as well be a good one.

For a moment I was afraid that Mr. Westerville might actually go out—closing the door as I had suggested—but such was not the case. He became even more apologetic and pleading than before. He stated that he absolutely must have this plowing done.

But as I contemplated that elegant fur coat and figured on the money it must have cost, I became more and more disagreeable. And when I finally yielded, I wrote out and made him sign one of the prettiest little contracts I have ever seen.

It provided that Ted was to hire extra operators, and run three shifts, so that he could plow day and night and get over the whole five hundred miles of bus lines in something like a week. Payment was to be made every Saturday night at the rate of six dollars a running mile—which was not so bad, in view of the fact that the day before we would have been glad to get three and a half from the county commissioners. Furthermore, the contract was to be in force two years—Ted to plow the roads after every snowfall exceeding six inches in depth, U. S. Weather Bureau figures. And in addition to all other payments, Mr. Westerville was to give us at once his check for one thousand dollars, as a bonus to cover the bond to the Eureka Wooden Box, Barrel, Kitchen Cabinet and Furniture Manufacturing Corporation.

When Mr. Westerville read this contract he let out a faint groan. But I pointed out that his increased profits would more than cover his payments to us; and I further cheered him up by telling him that out of pure generosity we wouldn't charge him anything for the thirty miles we had plowed already; and he finally signed the contract and the thousand-dollar check like a man.

After he had gone Ted indorsed the check over to me, so he is now all paid up to date. As he will take in about three thousand dollars on this first plowing; as there will undoubtedly be other snowstorms both this year and next; and as the gasoline filling station is now doing a brisk business, he will have no trouble in paying the two thousand dollars which he still owes on Old Betsey.

It is now time to leave for the railroad station, so I will not be able to go into any greater detail regarding the energy and resourcefulness I have displayed in handling this little collection affair. In conclusion I wish to state that I am leaving these two splendid young people in the best of good spirits, and I may add that they have quietly informed me that they hope it will be a boy, so that it can bear the brave name of Alexander Botts Beekman.

Proudly yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

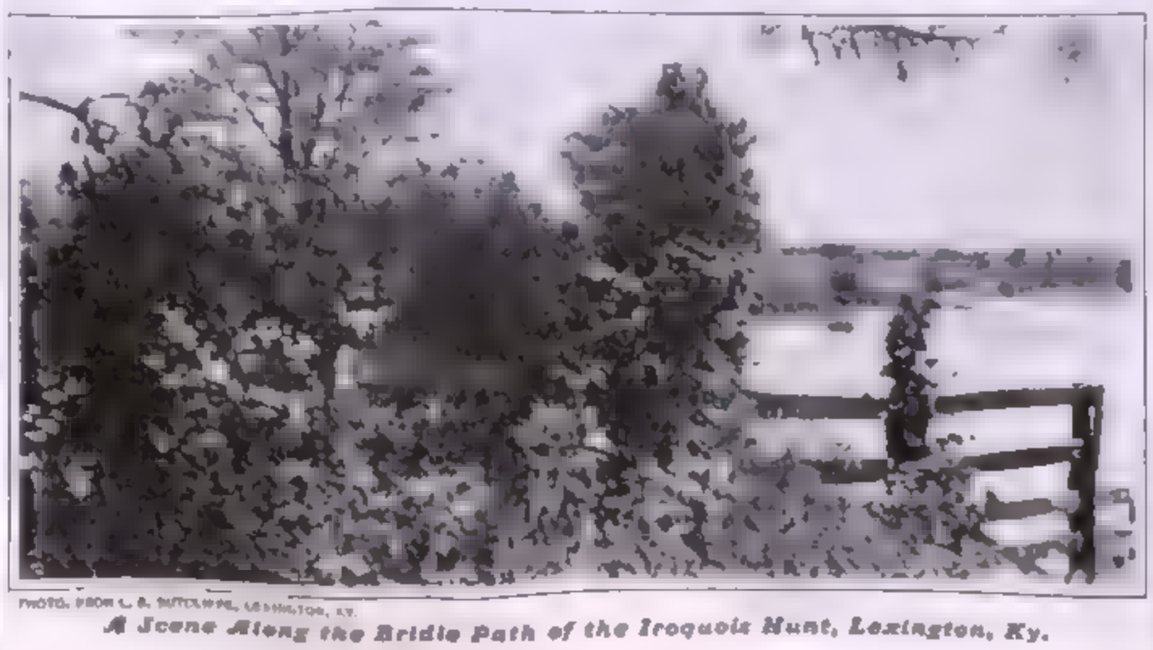


PHOTO. FROM C. B. SETTLES, LEXINGTON, KY.

A Scene Along the Bridle Path of the Iroquois Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

$36.50 can't buy a finer gun than this FOX STERLINGWORTH

Every advantage that has won for Fox the reputation of building "The Finest Gun in the World" is embodied in the Sterlingworth—for twenty years a favorite of men who know guns.

At the new price of $36.50, every sportsman can have this gun of superb quality.

—Fewer working parts than any other make of double-barrel hammerless gun.
—Rotary taper bolt, automatically compensating for wear and preventing gun from "shooting loose."
—Coil springs throughout, guaranteed for life against breakage
—Three-piece lock, simplest and strongest known.
—Combined hammer and firing-pin of nickel-steel.
—Stock and fore-end of fine American walnut, with weatherproof Duco finish and attractive checkering.

A new plant, the finest of modern equipment, and manufacturing methods refined by years of experience now make it possible to produce an even better Sterlingworth at a lower price

You have your choice of 12, 16 or 20 gauge; barrels 26 to 32 inches in length, and any boring you prefer.

Other Fox Guns are priced from $52.50 upward. These grades may be custom-made to the buyer's specifications

Your dealer will gladly show you the Sterlingworth and other Fox Guns. Write us today for the Fox catalog and the booklet "How to Buy a Gun."

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FOX GUNS

FOX PLAY GUN

Here's a "real" double-barrel, breech-loading gun for the youngsters—the only toy of its kind, and absolutely harmless. Looks and works for all the world like a big Fox, but it's perfectly safe to use indoors. No powder—no danger. At all sporting goods and toy departments. Send for folder

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PRAISED as they are for accuracy, Colonial Clocks are infinitely more than faithful timekeepers. In the fortunate homes where you find them, Colonial Clocks are cherished for their beauty, their soothing chimes, but most of all for their increasing hold on one's affections. Treasure-like, a Colonial Clock is of enduring worth, prized the more highly from generation to generation. Such a clock has been built for you in the size and style you want. You can buy it with the assurance that time but serves to increase its value. Inside the door you'll find the voucher for the ultimate in clock-making art—a "Colonial" name plate.

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Colonial Manufacturing Co.
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Herman Miller Management

COLONIAL CLOCKS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 42)

go about the strange business of making money. Thus I was left entirely upon my own resources.

In the process of rebuilding, new furniture and fixtures were in demand. So were delivery wagons. I made the most of both demands, and saved my money. In driving through the devastated streets with my load, I had to stop every now and then to take a cinder out of my eye. Other drivers were doing the same thing. The air was thick with the dust of charred buildings—another opportunity to give people what they needed. Why not sell goggles? They would be even more in demand than the delivery of baggage, furniture and fixtures. They were. At first I experimented with only a dozen goggles. They cost me twelve and a half cents apiece and I sold them for twenty-five. My first day on the busiest corner in Chicago netted me exactly twelve and a half dollars. I was happy beyond words.

If there were only more of me, I thought, to stand on other corners and sell goggles, think of the money I could turn over each night!

Inside of two days ten little boys were stationed on ten busy corners selling goggles for me. I bought the goggles by the gross now, and delivered them in my wagon. Several times during the day I would go around and collect the money so that I could buy more goggles. Billy was a godsend in those days of the harassed jobber.

I paid the boys a nickel for each pair they sold. It was not long before they all decided to go into business for themselves and make twelve and a half cents a pair instead of only five.

In two weeks almost every driver was wearing huge goggles, and the air had cleared considerably.

Again I faced the problem of finding a job. Newsboys were then buying their papers at five cents a copy and selling them for ten or fifteen cents—depending upon the salesmanship of the boy. A fair profit, and not to be overlooked! Again I became a producer; but not for long. The boys went on a strike, demanding their papers at three cents a copy instead of five. I did not have time to strike. I continued selling papers. Furthermore, it seemed logical that if the price was cut for us, we, in turn, would be forced to cut the resale price. Then our margin would be less than before. One afternoon while I was in the midst of such meditations my papers were snatched from under my arm, tossed into the gutter, and I after them.

The newsies had won their battle and lost it—that is, they could buy their papers at three cents, but the public immediately refused to pay more than five.

There was nothing for me to do but go back to old Billy. This time we haunted the auction houses. Billy would wait patiently outside, while I picked up a bargain here and there. Sometimes it would be a case of soap or a gross of canned goods, but more often it would be furniture. Everything was loaded into the wagon, and either sold again at other auction houses, or from the sidewalk in front of our store—father having passed away soon after the fire—or from the wagon itself. It was at these auctions that I unconsciously gained a knowledge of furniture values, a knowledge which finally led me into that business.

Now not all of these jobs which I went through were turning points in my life. There was only one turning point which I recognize, and that was the Chicago fire, which turned my life out of its natural course. It was the privation it caused which set me thinking; a privation which planted that age-old reasoning in the mind of a child: Do something people actually need done. Don't waste your time trying to make them need the thing you have to sell. And whether I was hauling débris or selling goggles, I was always doing the thing people needed done, and doing it at a profit. That is the practical philosophy which grew out of the ashes of the Chicago fire; a philosophy which led me out of one job into another until finally it dropped me on the doorstep of the furniture business.

It happened one day that I told a furniture dealer who frequented the auction houses with me that I would like to sell furniture for him. He named a nominal figure for a salary, and on the following day I entered his store on Fifth Avenue as a furniture salesman—not the Fifth Avenue of New York, but the Fifth Avenue of Chicago, which was a very different thing.

It was here that I grew to love furniture, in the same way that some people love old china or foreign coins or books or machines. I loved furniture to the extent that I wanted a store of my own so that I could buy my own pieces. A bold desire, after two bank failures had wiped out most of my small savings of the past five years. A bold desire, with $300 and only eighteen years to my credit—not eighteen years of business experience, you understand, but eighteen years of life. However, I knew that somewhere, walking the streets of Chicago, was a man as eager to strike the trail for himself as I. There was, indeed. And more to his credit, he had $500!

The little store we finally established grew and prospered beyond our wildest expectations. I became daring in my moves—so daring that my partner felt uneasy, and offered to sell out to me for $22,000 only a few years after we had organized. The daring stroke which agitated him was a suggestion that we rent the entire structure on the corner of Randolph Street and Fifth Avenue, in which we then had but a small store.

It was probably eight or ten years after this move that the opportunity came for me to rent a large building on Wabash Avenue. This proposition was even more risky than the first. In fact, the company which had just vacated the building had suffered considerable financial strain. At that time grass and dandelions grew up between the cracks of the sidewalk on Wabash. Anybody who expected to do business in such a rural atmosphere—a full block away from State Street—was simply defying all the gods of common sense.

Well, the gods accepted the challenge, and it was a long war; for no sooner was my reorganized company established in the new building, among the grass and dandelions, than along came the panic of 1893. The bank was carrying us. It had loaned us $100,000. I felt none too easy. Neither did the banker.

It was during this panic more than ever that I needed my old philosophy. It became the very tool of my business. I insisted, to encourage myself, that people still needed furniture, but since they could only afford the essentials, I would buy only the essentials. From 1893 until 1896, we lost money heavily and consistently. Our bank account showed $234,000 against us. And then, in 1897, the first figures in black ink! We made exactly $11,000. Never—even when we reached six figures—has a year's profit seemed more fabulous!

Now this last move is not told with a view to belittling the conservative. It is told with the view of making you stick to your convictions and your original plans when you know they are sound. They may take you through the regulation fire and brimstone—in fact, they always do—but after fifty-six years of business, I can say to you, with the emphasis of my own experience: If you believe your plan is right, see it through. Conquer opposition as relentlessly as the Chicago fire conquered every object in its path. And just as a new and greater Chicago rose out of the ashes, so a greater realization of your dreams will rise out of the ashes of your failures.

—ALEXANDER H. REVELL.

Clarence Chamberlin

famous trans-Atlantic flier

endorses it!

Clarence Chamberlin says:

"I have worn an Aero-Jack on some of my recent flights and find it a sturdy, serviceable jacket for all kinds of weather. It is a wonderful protection against wind and rain, has kept me comfortable at all times."

Aero-Jack is made of the new fabric, *Aerosuede*, which is the closest thing to a duck's back yet devised. Its satiny outside surface *sheds* rain, snow and sleet like a duck's back, and stops wind like a wall. The inside is soft, fleecy cloth for added warmth and comfort.

Aero-Jack will keep you snug, warm and dry in all possible weather conditions. And when the sun comes out again, Aero-Jack is as jauntily stylish as ever.

Aero-Jack is made for men, women, boys and girls. It comes in red, blue, grey, tan and green with knitted or corduroy collar and snug fitting elastic waist-band. Aero-Jack is fully guaranteed—look for the Aeroplane guarantee tag. Boys' and Girls' Sizes—**$3.50.** Men's and Women's Sizes—**$5.00.**

FREE Send for "Famous Aeroplane Flights" and Flying Aeroplane booklet (it flies as it opens).

Ask your dealer for Aero-Jack—if he hasn't them, write us.

Aero-Jack

The new all weather jacket for men women boys & girls

Aero-Jack, 75 Leonard St., New York City

Yes... EXQUISITE HOSIERY *can give long wear*

—"DATING" *is the proof*

FEW women who buy Durham Hosiery for the first time really expect to get the weeks of added wear that we claim for every pair. They buy it for its smartness—because they like its filmy beauty, the niceties of finish, the lovely colors.

Only when they put Durham to the "dating"* test do they learn that exquisite hosiery can also give long wear. That is why eight out of every ten people who 'date'* Durham Hosiery continue to buy it.

Try a pair of Durham Hosiery. Choose it for its smartness, of course. But test it for its wear. 'Date'* it and see just how many extra weeks of wear you get.

A wide range of styles from which to choose. In silk, lisle and cotton—not only for yourself, but for men and children as well. Nothing higher than $1.95 the pair. Durham Hosiery Mills, 58 Worth Street, New York.

**THE DURHAM "Dating Test" . . . . The store from which you purchase Durham Hosiery will furnish on request a charming hosiery record booklet and a set of numbered cloth tags . . . . . By identifying your stockings with the tags and entering in the booklet the make, color, style, price and date of purchase of the stockings you can exactly measure the wear, not only of Durham Hosiery but of any other make . . . . . Try the Durham Dating Test . . . . . It is simple, convincing . . . . Start it today.*

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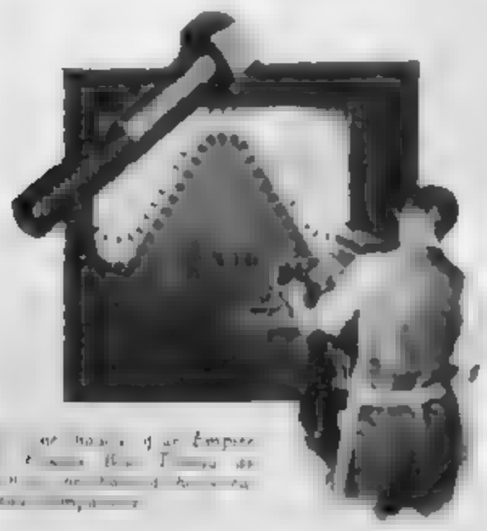
THE Empire New Process Bolt is one of the most remarkable pieces of metal in the world.

Manufactured in millions on wonderful automatic machines and shipped to all parts of the world, the marvel is that every one of these millions is just as accurate, held to just as close limits as every other one and the tensile strength is unvaryingly in excess of 80,000 lbs.

Such uniformity of accuracy and strength is characteristic alone of Empire New Process Bolts owing to the special machinery and processes invented, controlled or adapted by this company. The strength and lasting qualities of all manufactured products using Empire New Process Bolts are automatically increased over such products using ordinary bolts. Yet there is no difference in price.

Samples for testing will be furnished to responsible concerns.



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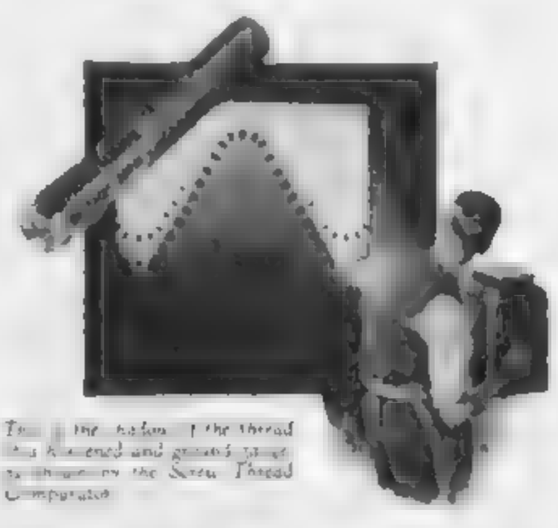
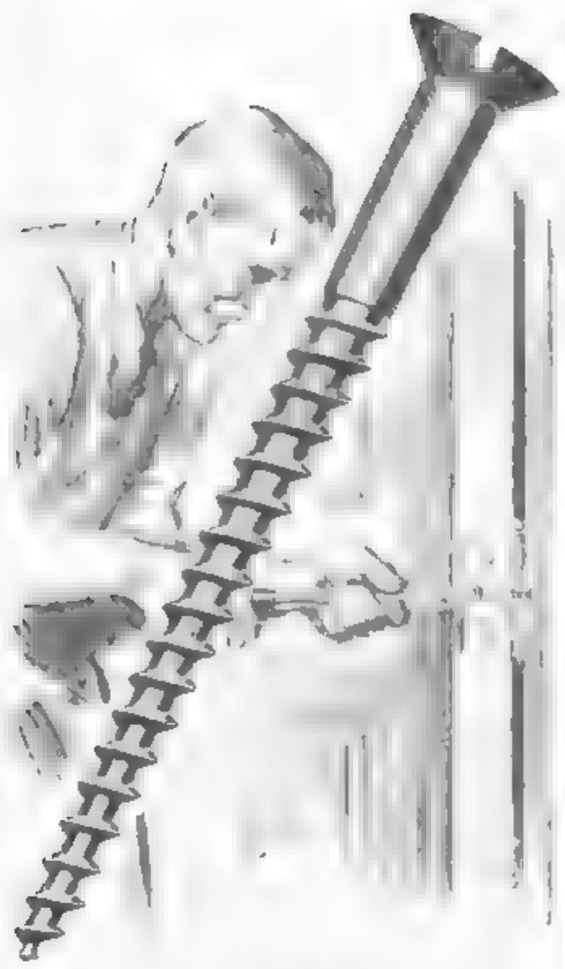


EMPIRE New Process BOLTS

Threads of Gauge-Like Accuracy

Over 80,000 lbs. Tensile Strength



Rust-Proof
Because
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IF you use iron or steel in your product, what assurance do you give the user that it will not go quickly into the scrap pile of rust?

The dealer, who is your final salesman, is putting your reputation behind every sale. Isn't this important enough to make rust-protection a vital factor in your production program?

There is a wonderful message of service in the words "our product is rust-proofed because Parkerized."

Parkerizing is a simple and effective process of rust-proofing iron and steel parts. It checks corrosion before it starts. The base of Parkerizing is Parco Powder, an inert dry chemical which, added to a tank of boiling water, forms a rust-proofing bath into which the metal parts are immersed.

It can be easily applied to your individual requirements. You can rust-proof every exposed part—every screw, nut, bolt, spring, hinge, stamping or casting can be Parkerized.

Parkerizing adds to the sales value and life of usefulness of your product. In economy and efficiency it stands alone as the method of rust-proofing iron and steel.

Parkerizing Jobbing Service Plants are located in twenty-one industrial centers.

Get all the facts—THE PARKERIZER, our monthly publication, and our book, the "Parker Rust-Proofing Process," are well worth reading. Write for them.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

OUR NATIONAL NO MAN'S LAND

(Continued from Page 31)

dropped clean out of our national consciousness.

It lies within our borders, this forgotten no man's land, a vast and valuable property which its indifferent owners have permitted to deteriorate year after year and tumble into dangerous decay. Already some of the dangers consequent upon this deterioration loom visible and menacing to the eye; some others, more deep-seated and not quite so apparent to the casual observer, are quietly shaping for disaster within a brief span of years. It is a forgotten empire, crumbling into a dust heap before our unseeing eyes.

If it were conceivable by a flight of the imagination that some nation should cede to the United States, for a valuable consideration, 186,000,000 acres—a tract vaster in extent than our largest state, Texas, with its 170,000,000 acres—and if, moreover, this territory were not remote or worthless and the deal had no strings on it—no political Ethiopian craftily concealed in the woodpile—but was, in fact, a straight-out, honest proposition, the cession of a vast tract lying right at our back doors, accessible to our transportation systems and capable under proper handling of yielding to our Government, directly and indirectly, millions of dollars in revenue, the news of this fresh acquisition would be heralded on the front page of every newspaper, Congress would appoint a commission to investigate its resources, and the subject would be discussed pro and con in every city and hamlet and country crossroads store in the land.

Yet we have such a tract, greater in extent than our largest state, which, based upon a value of even two dollars an acre, means more than $300,000,000 of public property lying idle and rapidly deteriorating in usefulness. Nearly all the rich and varied resources of this country have been brought under some form of control by means of which the wasteful methods of their exploitation have been moderated or eliminated. The outstanding exception in this general conservation scheme has been the preservation of this tract, our public domain.

Leaks in Our Roof

As far back as 1903, President Roosevelt recognized that some action should be taken looking to the preservation of the public domain, and he appointed a special commission for that purpose, asking it to investigate and hand in a report. Pursuant to his orders, the commission spent nearly two years in careful research, making an intensive study of the situation from every angle. It reported that the great bulk of the vacant public lands was unsuitable for farming under present agricultural conditions, but extremely valuable for grazing purposes. The report concluded with these significant words: "Prompt and effective action must be taken, however, if the value of very much of the remaining public domain is not to be totally lost." That was in 1905, and legislative action was put off for another session of Congress. Since then nothing whatever has been done. But Nature is doing something in the way of erosion—trust that old dame!—which may force attention yet. For most of this public domain is located on or about the great watershed—which means our national roof. A wise man attends to his roof in season. A fool lets it leak. We have let the leaks run a quarter of a century, and we are beginning to hear from them.

It is worth our while, as owners of this vast and neglected property, to look it over, discover exactly what our legacy amounts to and in what condition it is today. Conceive that we have unearthed the will of a rich old uncle, one of those grand, two-fisted old fighters and empire builders of yesterday, who has bequeathed to us his entire inheritance, and we are about to appraise the estate and see how much we are worth.

And as this estate is widely scattered and often inaccessible by train, let us board an airship—call the plane WE, since it represents the interests of all the people—and hop off on an exploring trip to get a bird-man's view of our forgotten legacy and perhaps obtain some data which may transform our present liability into an asset and net us a handsome income if some expert management is installed.

First of all, we hit the air trail for the deserts of the West, for these constitute 10 per cent of the entire public domain. Set them down in the red-ink column. Let us skim low over one of these great, arid wastes, Salt Lake Desert, west of Salt Lake. Here nothing greets the eye but a vast saline, alkaline sink, absolutely bare of the refreshing green of trees, bare of forage of all kinds. Value at present, zero. Sail on; there is no money in this portion of our estate until some great magician comes along who can transmute those burning sands into gold.

In the Red-Ink Column

Steering south, we come presently to a second nonproductive area, the region around the Salton Sea and Death Valley, a desolate land which God forgot, lying scorched and blistered in the fiery eye of the sun. Its chief products are coyotes, jack rabbits, rattlers and horned toads, which thus far are not commercially valuable.

Check that off on the list as a financial washout and go on. And now we are above Southwestern Arizona, where the third great desert lies, running north from the Mexican boundary to about fifty miles beyond the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. You remember those illimitable, weary wastes, glimmering and weaving in the torrid heat when you shoot through them on the train. Sultry dawns without a breath of air, ushering in days of sizzling heat. The thermometer hugging the hundred point. Rabbits crouched from the fierce ardors of the sun in the transparent shade of fence posts. Cactus and mesquite, and in very rainy seasons a growth of weeds and grasses, but as a whole, decidedly in the red-ink column.

In these sections the average rainfall is about four inches, and in bad seasons four minus. Here grotesque cactus thrives, dust devils spiral up to the wide, pale sky; big, hairy trapdoor spiders build their nests between the cracks of sun-baked clay, and buzzards hang motionless on outstretched wings as if suspended by an invisible wire let down from the blue void. In winter the drifting snow plays pranks on the high windy divides and embroiders each twig of sagebrush with a glittering frill. Scenically not so bad, just by way of diversity to show what Nature can do in a mordant mood, but viewed from a financial angle the outlook is pretty scaly.

But that still leaves us in round figures 160,000,000 acres to play with. Fair enough. Some of this remaining land is good, some bad and some indifferent in quality, and all is in varying stages of deterioration from neglect, exploitation and wanton overgrazing. Understand, a kind of free-for-all grazing common is what these lands have been used for ever since the old days of the open range. And before that they were the ranges for millions of wild animals, but with this difference: Wild animals, by a kind of fine, sublimated instinct, are conservers by nature; they have their winter ranges, their spring and summer ranges, and are so perfectly coördinated in their instincts with the seasons and the growth of living green that through countless ages they have left the wild pastures annually in better condition than when they came, harvested as they should be, but not despoiled.

Our next port of call in this trip of exploration and appraisal of our national

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POWER does *more* useful work with "American" Steel Split Pulleys. Made of pressed steel for strength and light weight, they reduce line shaft loads and lessen hazard.

Split construction makes installation easy and quick. Just clamp on the two halves.

Save power, time and installation labor with these power transmission units. Details on request.

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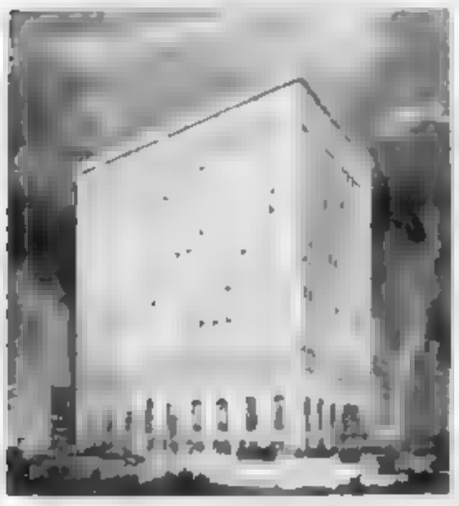

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estate is the great desert range in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, used extensively for spring grazing of cattle and sheep. For these rich upland pastures the livestock men pay no grazing fee to Uncle Sam. The feed on them may be counted as pure velvet, and the feed is superlatively good of its kind. In early spring the owners trail in their livestock to what, if the fall and winter rains have been normal, is one of the most wonderful grazing areas in the whole West. If you cruise over this region any time during nine months of the year you will find it nothing put pure desert, dry and barren of all growth except for a meager growth of mesquite thorn and creosote bush. But in February, as if at the touch of an invisible wand, spring comes on with a shout of glory, like a surging army with splendid banners unfurled. Suddenly, almost overnight, the brown, dry land bursts into vivid green, until the range, mile upon mile, looks like a vast field of alfalfa; an endless sea of pink blossoms. Viewed from afar it is as if these bare, brown flanks of hills had clothed themselves in a chiffon garment of delicate rose. It is the alfilaria. And now from all sides the owners begin to drive in their livestock in overwhelming numbers to graze on this rich, free pasture land, and for two months the region is alive with them. For putting a finish and bloom on range lambs this desert has no rival, and though it is always stocked to the limit, so rapid is the growth of the alfilaria that no impression is made on the feed. There is always enough and to spare. And then, as suddenly as it came, the green vanishes; the veil of tender rose chiffon is shriveled up in the torrid sun; the plants dry out, are broken off by the wind and drift into deep arroyos, and the desert once more sinks back into its sere, dead-alive torpor. But the spring pageant has served its purpose; the livestock returns from these lush wild pastures in prime condition to be transformed into the nation's lamb chops and beefsteaks. And all throughout our Western range states we find these early spring pastures, portions of the public domain, rich upland meadows of emerald green, tucked away in the mountains, below the highest peaks, but well above the lower valleys, where spring comes on with a rush, lingers for a full bursting moment of splendor and then passes on.

Fine Range While It Lasts

Here, then, in these intermediate spring ranges, halfway between the floors of the lower valleys and the austere snow-painted peaks, the nation owns some highly valuable property. Unregulated, unrestricted, free to all. And moreover, the majority of these spring ranges have withstood the ravages of uncontrolled use without the damage that has followed grazing in other parts of the public domain. This cannot be set down to man's credit, for here Nature herself sets a ban. The season during which these pastures can be used is extremely short; if they are not grazed when the plants are young and tender they dry out, turn sere and brown, and the stockmen are forced to move on and seek fresher feed. This drying-out process allows the seed to mature and so the plants are reproduced year after year without injury, even under heavy grazing.

But from this point on the picture grows more somber. These spring ranges, protected by the briefness of the season, constitute only from 15 to 20 per cent of the entire 160,000,000 acres of public domain. The major portion, approximately 130,000,000 acres, should be classed as winter range, or range to be grazed on only during the winter. These are the great sagebrush plains of the West.

In order to see what is actually taking place on some of these winter ranges, let us select certain big outstanding areas, very valuable to the stockmen, where the grazing conditions are already in an extremely bad way. First of these is the Red Desert in Wyoming, so-called on account of its peculiar red clay. We have climbed up to an altitude of more than 6000 feet and are hanging directly over the Continental Divide, snow-capped peaks on every side. Directly below lies an arid semidesert covering approximately 7,000,000 acres. The vegetation is scant—sagebrush, salt grasses and sedges, with here and there clumps of junipers and cedars. A bleak landscape. Encircled as it is on all sides by timber-covered mountains which are used for summer grazing, the Red Desert is naturally in great demand for wintering stock. So far, good. But what some of the stockmen have failed to realize is that they are killing the goose that laid the golden egg by overgrazing the region, rendering it less and less profitable to themselves each succeeding year.

Results of Overgrazing

For the first thing we observe about this area, once a notable grazing range, is the sparseness of the vegetation. Most of the palatable stuff has been killed off or at least pruned down to such an extent by the sharp teeth of hungry sheep that the vitality of the plants has been greatly reduced, and each spring sees a more meager growth. What look like patches of fine vegetation are in reality the unpalatable species of sage the sheep will not eat, and which have survived simply because they are not relished by livestock of any kind. But despite this scarcity of feed, skimming down closely, you see the whole region dotted by innumerable bands of sheep. As many, in fact, as it supported years ago when it was justly considered one of the finest grazing ranges of the West. But in the old days the bands left the Red Desert in first-class condition; now the feed is so scant and poor that the owners eke it out with artificial feed, and even then the animals leave it in such bad shape and the winter losses have been so heavy that the cost to the owner is extremely high. We lunch with a weather-beaten sheepman of the old régime, who hands out a tale of woe.

"I used to make money hand over fist on these winter ranges," he said. "In those days the lambs born here were as husky little critters as you'd wish to see, and the ewes came through in fine shape. Now I can't use it for lambing at all, because there's no early spring feed. It's gone, exterminated. I don't know what we're coming to. Maybe we'd be better off if the whole range could be closed up and the stockmen forced to provide feed on their farms. That wouldn't cost us as much in the long run as the financial burden we now bear in the loss of lambs, flesh and wool."

And now let us hop off to the West Desert, in former days a marvelous winter range, lying to the west and south of the Great Salt Lake, a vast rolling desert of scant rains but abundant snowfall, providing almost ideal conditions for winter grazing of sheep. Our map shows a vast area in Utah and Nevada, totaling 16,000,000 acres, or slightly less than the combined areas of New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts. A noble heritage, with room enough for everybody if proper control were exercised. But here also extensive overgrazing has been practiced on a large scale until the range has steadily deteriorated.

So severe have been the losses in mature sheep as well as in young lambs that the stockmen decided the animals had been eating poisonous weeds and asked the government officials to investigate. So the government experts went into this ravaged and despoiled no man's land and they discovered that the losses were due not to poisonous plants but almost wholly to lack of nutritious forage. For this is what actually occurred: First the sheep consumed the scanty palatable stuff, then, as that grew more and more scarce due to overgrazing, they ate the tougher forage; they had to, or starve. Eventually, after years of excessive overgrazing, only the most unpalatable plants survived, for the tender, nutritious ones had been exterminated, and the sheep were forced to fill up on the

(Continued on Page 180)

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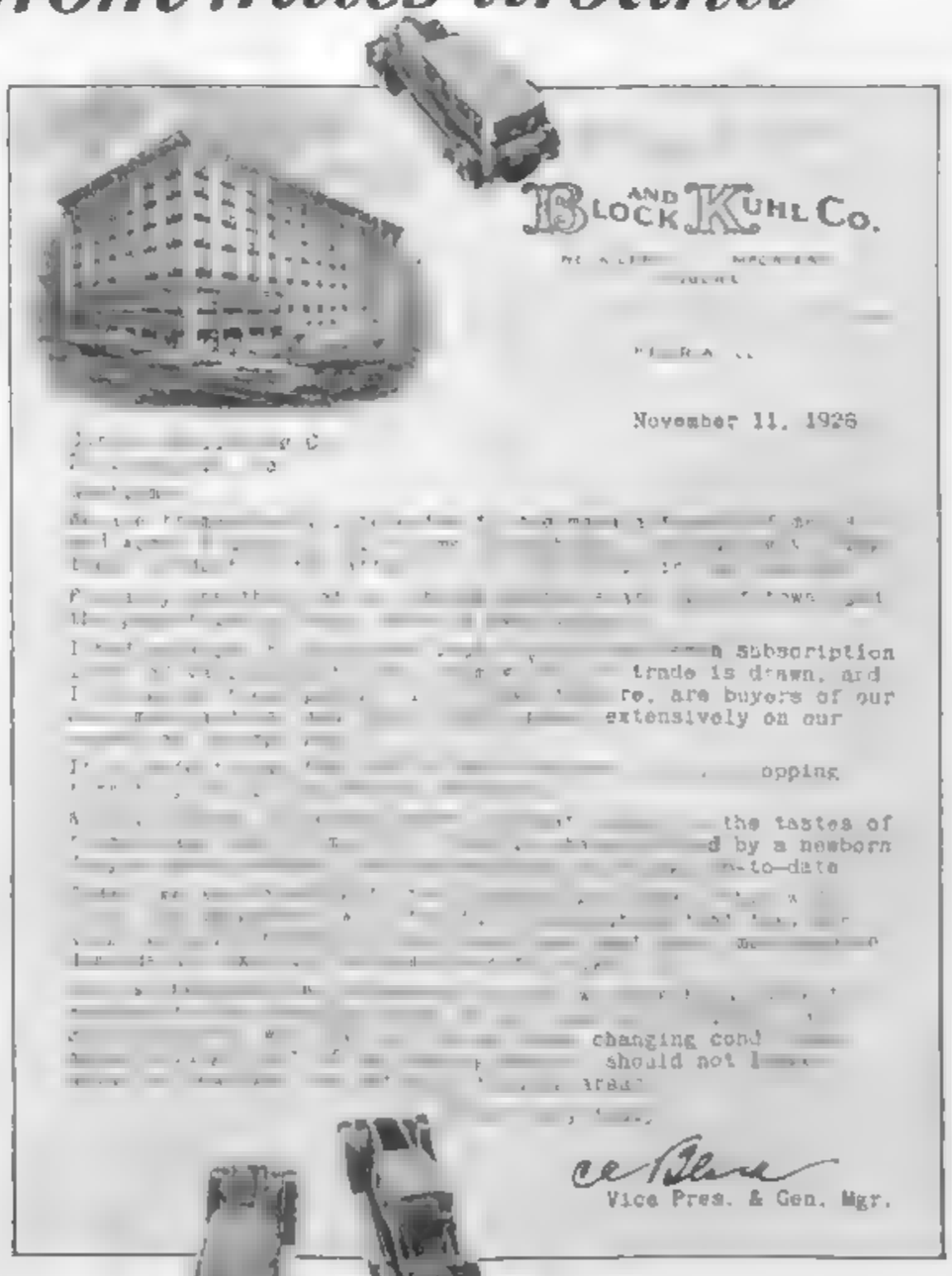

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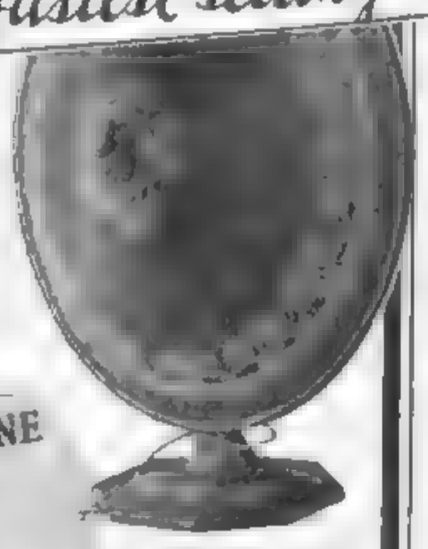

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(Continued from Page 178

harsh ends of limbs, twigs and indigestible bark. Their stomachs mutinied under such brutal treatment and they died in large numbers.

Of poisonous plants the investigators found no sign, and it was their unanimous judgment that the heavy losses were due almost wholly to the overgrazed condition of the range. In plain language, the sheep had been starved to death.

But there is another reason why this originally fine winter range has been trampled into a practically worthless dust heap. The area has been used not only in winter but also throughout the summer months, so that at the present time portions are in almost constant use from one year's end to the other. Many of the sheep occupying the range, especially in Northern Nevada, belong to alien operators who are not even citizens of this country, who own little or no ranch property and turn to the public domain as the best place where they can graze their bands to the limit without paying a cent.

In the majority of cases these alien nomads let their bands roam at large over the desert, heedless of season or the condition of green feed. They practice no system of management for the protection and growth of forage, and trail their sheep from one locality to another when and as they please, wearing out as much grass under the trampling hoofs of their animals as they utilize. Few of them own a foot of land. Their great sheep wagons with a few pack mules and camp outfits are their entire equipment, and wherever night overtakes the herd, there is range headquarters. And there exists no law, either state or Federal, which can touch the situation. The public domain is free to all comers, regardless of race or citizenship.

An old Utah sheepman, complaining of this situation, said, "Up to very recent years, when we went to the West Desert in the fall, we each drifted our sheep to that part of the area we had used before, confident we would find everything just as we had left it in the spring, our old camping places, corrals, and so on, perfectly safe, and the feed, untouched during the long summer season, ample for our needs. We all respected one another's rights. But now we find our range rights disputed by a lot of alien transients, who in some instances have taken full possession of our improvements and laugh at our demands for possession."

Old Bill's Surprise

"But can't you do something to protect yourselves?"

"Well," he said, and a faint glimmer of a twinkle came out in his faded blue eye like a star glimpsed down a well, "some of us have tried. There was old Bill. Bill was a rough-and-ready kind of cuss who hailed from Kentucky, a genuine blend of blue grass and Bourbon. He had only one eye, but at that he had keener vision than most. He'd had a run-in with some of these aliens who had used his improvements without saying by your leave and grazed their sheep on his range. So Bill laid low and planned to give the outfit a pleasant little surprise. He kept track of their movements, and one day when that alien outfit with its big camp wagons drove in to take possession of his place, Bill was waiting for them with a bunch of friends who jumped out from behind a corral yelling like demons. Only Bill had his gun out, and he let off a hot fusillade into the air just by way of welcome. The alien operator tumbled down from his seat on the wagon and came forward, scowling.

"'Who the h—— might you be?' he began.

"'Now, my unchristian friend,' says Bill, 'don't let's parley. You're wasting your time arguing against facts,' and he waved his gun in the direction of a dozen six-shooters slouching languidly at the hips of his friends to emphasize the truth of his remark.

"Well, the alien hung up a string of sultry threats, promising what he'd do, for well he knew Bill couldn't go to law, but Bill cut him short:

"'Now, my polecat friend,' he says, sweet as blackstrap, 'I see you're bargaining for a lot of amusement and I notice you're carrying a gun. Now I propose you get the hell out of here, and when you come back, come a-shootin', so we'll know who you are, for I'm here to say that there'll sure be some powder burned before you get control of my improvements again.'

"Well, they slunk off and never bothered him again. For Bill circulated the information that if any of them came around his area he'd plug them on sight. That was all right for Bill, who was impulsive, but you don't get far these days with that movie stuff. The courts have a way of sending the wrong man to jail. Still, we had to do something, so a lot of us got up steam and took our case up to the United States authorities for redress. Well, we went up against some big augers back in Washington, and they figgered on the lay awhile and after that they said:

"'According to the law which governs the public domain, there is no way to put a stop to such practices or to control in any way the grazing use of the public domain. Citizen or no citizen, honest man or not, under present conditions these aliens have as much right on the land as you. Nor can you prevent them from overgrazing or using your improvements. That's the law.'"

There Ought to be a Law

"Well, we went out of there spitting mad and gritting our teeth. As it stands, these usurpers have the whip hand, for where we do not find them in actual possession of our improvements it is because they have already been there with their sheep in the summer and have gone, leaving the range stripped bare as a bone of everything in the way of feed. Our winter losses have now become very serious. In the spring our sheep are poor and weak. And yet we must continue to use the range; we are bound to use it or sell out. Nevertheless, we are about at the end of our string and the time is not far distant when we shall be forced to give up the range in despair."

Altogether these transient aliens and nomads with their tramp herds exterminating the forage, and using the improvements of other stockmen, afford an excellent example of the inevitable destruction which takes place when there is no control, no law, for it gives the unscrupulous their opportunity, upon which they pounce as instinctively as a cat pounces upon a mouse. The public domain was intended to be free to all the public, a kind of great grazing common; but the original democratic principle took for granted a certain innate decency and sense of justice on the part of that public; it did not contemplate that aliens should be able to drive out the honest men by grabbing everything in sight. It is a good idea gone wrong.

We come to the third great tract of winter range included in the public domain—the Owyhee region, a large semidesert country lying in the southwestern corner of Idaho and running over into Oregon. With a total area of 25,000,000 acres, it is undoubtedly the best part of the remaining public domain for grazing purposes in the whole range region of the West. Its lack of water and the extremely tough nature of the desert land have combined to prevent utter destruction.

But here again the rights of local residents and stockmen are disputed by wandering herds of sheep belonging to alien operators who have no regular ranges, possess no ranch property and are forever on the move. Migrating back and forth from one state to another, they often manage to dodge their taxes year after year, and through their utter contempt of the rights of others or the reasonable protection of forage, they are destroying the range as fast as they can.

Discussing this situation, a cattleman of that region said: "The majority of the better class of sheepmen around here are now in favor of putting this public-domain range land under some form of government control in order to check the wholesale destruction caused by these alien tramp herds, which swarm like locusts over the desert. But I can remember the period when the sheepmen kicked like steers at the idea of government control, and fought the cattlemen, who have always wanted some form of regulation by the Government. Now the aliens have the inside edge and are going to hold it as long as they can. That's human nature, though I'll admit it's human nature at low ebb. But if I were an alien nomad sheepman, with no fixed location, no home property, no taxes to pay and all of Uncle Sam's fine domain for my run, and to hell with anybody who got in my way, I'd consider myself a fool to advocate government control of public domain. The sheepmen who stood out against Federal control for fear it would infringe on what they considered their inalienable rights are now up against the real article in hogs, and the majority of them are ready for some form of regulation in order to put a stop to this wholesale destruction of the open range."

And now let us take the air trail to Nevada, which contains the largest remaining unbroken acreage of public domain of all the states in the Union, 52,000,000 acres of government land, absolutely unadministered, 28 per cent of the entire public domain of 186,000,000 acres. Semidesert, mountainous and with scant rainfall, this region is worthless except for grazing in the winter. Lack of water for the stock is a great drawback, but this could be provided by drilling wells.

Why Not Drill Wells?

"But who's going to drill them?" demanded a stockman of the region. "Certainly no operator in his right senses! For why should he undertake to develop water on these lands? He has absolutely no assurance that others will not at once crowd in and reap the benefits of his investment. There are many places on the desert where the spring flood waters might be impounded to supply the stock for large areas, but who's going to foot the bill?"

On the other ranges of the Southwest—in New Mexico and Southern Colorado—it is the same old story. Once valuable winter feeding grounds for both classes of livestock, these regions are so depleted by overgrazing that at the present time nobody depends on them for regular use. As a whole, these Southwestern desert ranges were among the finest in the whole West, possessing ideal qualifications of water, shelter, nearness to summer ranges and a wide variety of valuable forage plants. But their very richness tended to bring about utter destruction under unrestricted grazing.

Touching Everyone's Purse

"But," interrupts Mr. Average Citizen, "what I rise to inquire is, what is all this to me? If I were a big livestock operator I would be burning the road to my congressman's door to ask him how come. I'd land like a thousand of bricks on that alien nomadic gang. For it would be to my plain self-interest to stand for some form of central administration and control. Or if I were one of those alien nomads with tramp herds, bumming my living on the public domain, I'd be yelling my head off for the status quo. Self-interest again. You can't get far away from that grand old principle in real life, let the reformers spout as they will. But as I see it thus far, it looks like a game of strip poker between the various factions. Why should I sit in? Let them lose their shirts."

This is good realistic doctrine as far as it goes, but it is a shortsighted policy in the long run. For it is a truism of economics that high cost of production in any industry is passed on to the ultimate consumer. And if our public lands are worn out by overgrazing so that the stockmen are forced either to buy or raise winter feed—both expensive propositions—the increase in production costs will be tacked onto the price of every beefsteak and lamb chop in every butcher shop throughout the length and breadth of the land. So in the end it is the public which pays.

But there is another aspect of this question of the destruction of the public domain

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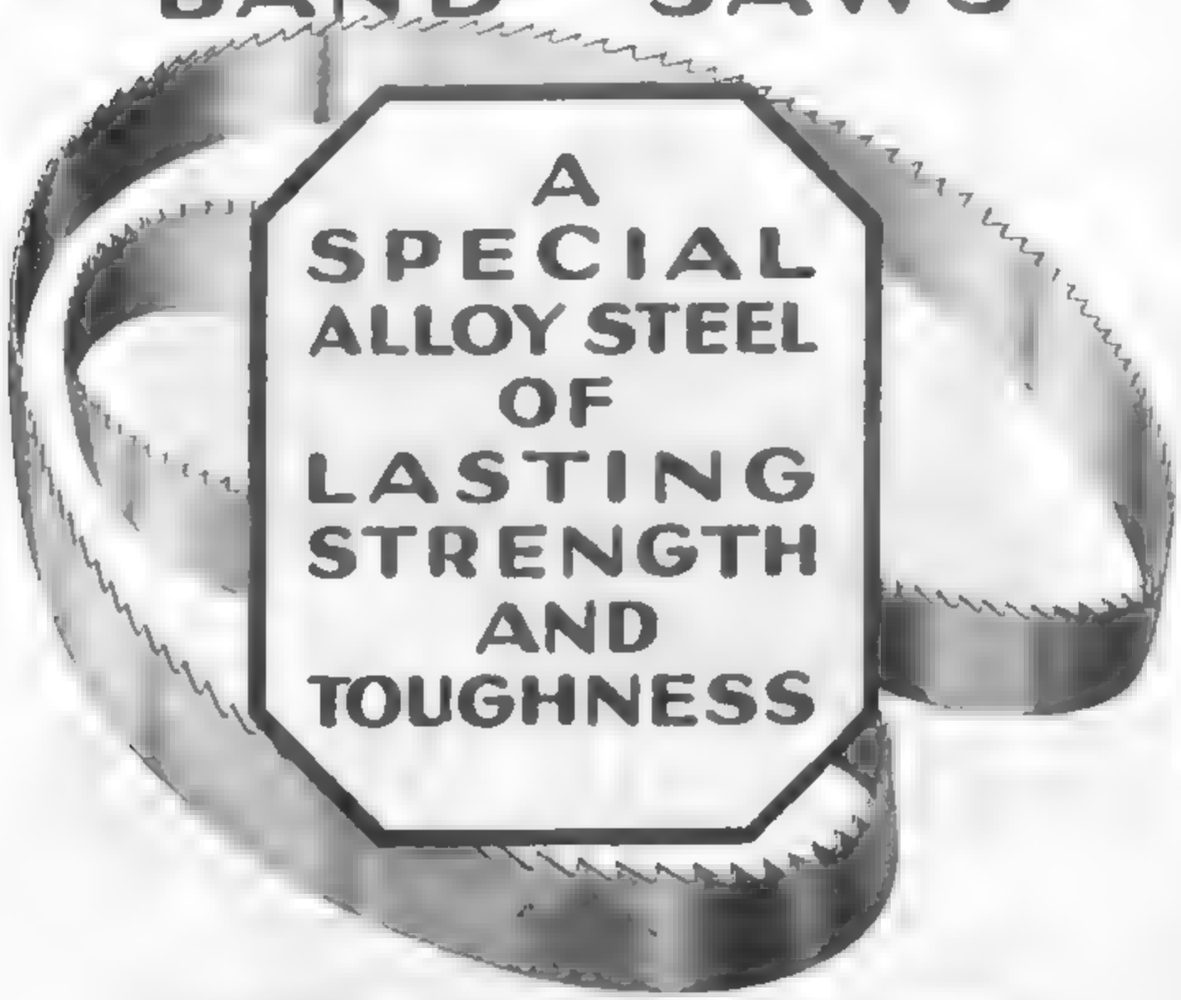

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which touches us even more closely. That is the question of erosion. Practically every one of these 186,000,000 acres of the public domain is part and parcel of some watershed. Lying as they do about a mile high in the air, most of these lands may be said to form a goodly part of the roof of this continent.

"It is impossible," said Mr. Will C. Barnes, of the United States Forest Service, "to estimate with any degree of accuracy how many millions of tons of soil are carried seaward by the flood waters each year. Each rivulet flowing from some snow bank on either side of the Continental Divide carries small particles of soil in its roiled waters. Joined by other rivulets, it grows in size and often becomes a flood that moves mighty masses of earth and stone, fills the clear mountain streams with débris of every kind, chokes the irrigating ditches of settlers in the valleys below, and gaining strength and volume, overwhelms towns and cities, buries the farmers' fields under worthless silt, wrecks bridges and railroads, and fills the mouths of our great rivers with waste material that costs millions of dollars each and every year to keep dredged out sufficiently to allow shipping to enter or leave our harbors. This situation has been brought about by erosion, and it is this damage to these remaining public lands through their overgrazing and the denudation of their protective cover that should appeal to the general public far more than the single one of grazing, a matter that comes home directly to but a comparatively small part of our people."

Checking Erosion

It is not the purpose of this article to connect the effects of uncontrolled and unlimited grazing upon the public lands, and the subsequent denudation of their protective cover, with the recent Mississippi flood. The solution of that great problem is a proper subject only for highly trained engineers. But it can be proved beyond doubt that some smaller floods are directly traceable to erosive action on watersheds that have been denuded of their forage by overgrazing.

Soon after the creation of the Manti National Forest in Central Utah, the Forest Service of the United States began a systematic study of the effects of uncontrolled and unlimited grazing upon that watershed.

"For several years previous to that time," says Mr. Barnes, "the town of Manti and several prosperous communities on the west side of this range had suffered from a series of floods that filled their irrigation ditches and in some instances deposited in the streets of their towns huge bowlders and tons upon tons of sand and silt carried down from the highest ranges by the force of the water. It was the unanimous opinion of the people of the region that the floods were caused by the removal of the forage cover by excessive grazing. As rapidly as possible the number of stock was reduced. Those which were allowed to continue to use the area were not allowed to enter the ranges before the soil was dry enough to prevent damage by the trampling feet of the stock and the tender young plants had reached a safe size to withstand grazing without injury. This experiment—for such it really was—has been a success. Within a comparatively few years the vegetative cover has renewed itself to such an extent that the old-time floods are almost a matter of past history. It has required no arguments to convince the farmers in the vicinity of the Manti Forest of the efficacy of the plan for their relief. They believe absolutely that the floods which ruined hundreds of acres of their best farming lands and filled up, beyond hope of repair, miles and miles of their irrigation ditches were caused by overgrazing."

From Boone's Time Till Now

It is interesting to note the various attempts to place this vast, neglected public estate of ours under some form of administration and control. As far back as 1775, Daniel Boone, the mighty hunter and pioneer, proposed a plan to prevent overgrazing. A century later, in 1878, Major Powell, then head of the United States Geological Survey, sent in a very able report advising action, but he was too many years in advance of his time to receive support. In 1898, the National Livestock Association at its annual meeting discussed the matter, but the sheep and cattle interests, always antagonistic, could not find a common meeting ground. In 1908, President Roosevelt urged a national conservation program which went through in its essentials with the exception of the public domain. Since then, at almost every session of Congress, measures have been introduced by various senators and have without exception found their final resting place in the graveyard of unsuccessful bills. Why is it that these bills, so often introduced, never go through, but are killed in committees or drowned in oceans of talk? The answer is simple: The people of the United States, owners of this vast and deteriorating property, are not sufficiently interested to demand some form of Federal administration and control to stop the abuses. When the people as a whole become sufficiently aroused to demand action, that much-introduced measure will go through with a bang.

Decker's Creek Gorge, Near Morgantown, West Virginia

All the Talk about Heating Comfort Gets Right Down to *This:*

MODERN heating plants, insulation against winter cold, weatherstripping, storm sash—important as these are, and deserving of consideration, all depend on one fundamental factor in modern heating: automatic temperature regulation. With it they attain their highest effectiveness. Without it, they fall short of their purpose.

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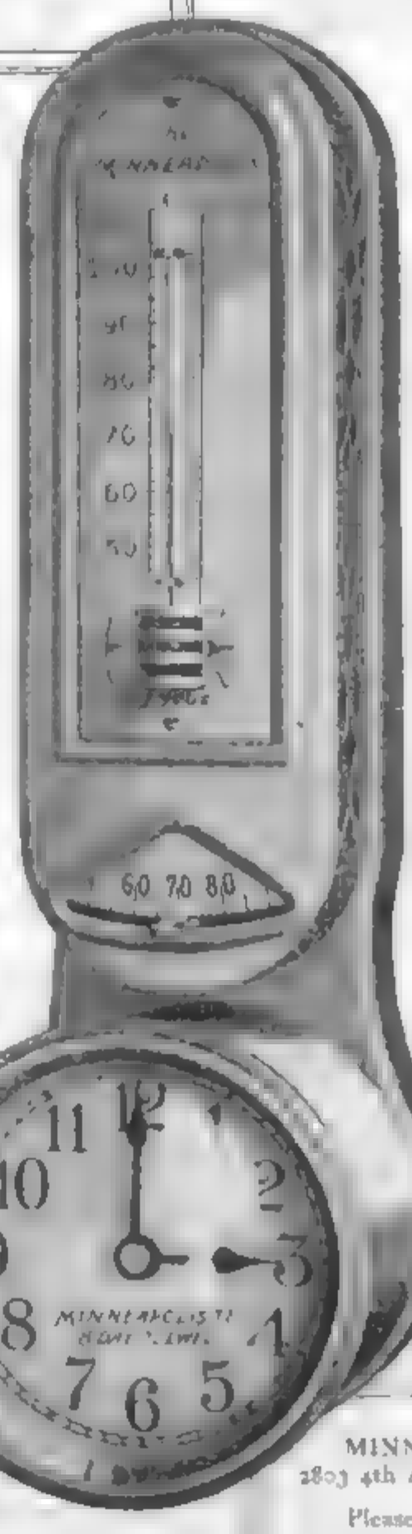
Send now for free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant." It's packed with concise facts on this vital subject of heat regulation. Lists forty ways to save fuel.



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When you decide to operate your radio set with dependable light socket power, ask your dealer for the unit best suited to the requirements of your receiver. Look for the Raytheon Seal of Approval, be sure you see it—then buy with confidence in the integrity of its maker and the performance of the power unit.

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60 m.a.
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125 m.a.
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Type BA
A-B-C
power 350
m.a.

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

Raytheon

THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

THE YOUNG MEN'S CITY

(Continued from Page 26)

Whether or not she succeeded in convincing her sister, the new resident herself was more firmly intrenched in her beliefs after she had written them. Then one day when she had begun to think she understood the general social structure of the city, she looked across the hotel dining room where she was lunching with several of her new acquaintances and saw a girl with whom she had gone to school at home. As this old friend was alone, she went over and insisted upon bringing her back to her own table.

"I had no idea you were out here!" she exclaimed as they crossed the restaurant.

"Oh, yes, my husband came out on business almost a year ago, and the children and I came too."

"Then you probably know these Detroit people better than I do." But when she introduced them to one another she found that not only had they not met before but the old residents did not know any of their fellow citizens whom the New York girl mentioned in the course of luncheon. Afterward the two school friends went upstairs to Mary's sitting room.

"It's splendid that you're here, too!" the hostess exclaimed. "Don't you love Detroit?"

"Love it!" the other repeated. Then she proceeded to give some of her views.

"Oh, it can't be as bad as that!" protested Mary. "Why, the people are so nice and their houses are so charming and they have such a good time."

"Not the ones I know! Oh, yes, I suppose some of them do, but that group is so rich that we can't afford to keep up with them. Most of the people we see seem to live for only one thing, and that's business. Every time we go out to dinner my husband is buttonholed by some man, and I hear him say, 'How about that little business matter?' When you're leaving a place, if a man wants to pay Jim the highest compliment possible, he says to him, 'I'm so glad to have met you. I hope we can do some business together sometime.' I think it's terrible!"

Mary was still loyal. "I haven't found any of that."

"That's because your husband happened to be associated with another crowd. Of course they took you up. But if, instead of the particular thing he's interested in, he had happened to be doing what my husband is you'd have fallen in with this crowd too."

Critical of Newcomers

It was hard for Mary to believe this. She preferred to think that they had become part of an attractive group entirely because they were qualified to do so through background and personality. But here was this other girl who was just as well equipped as she and whose husband was a delightful man. It was hard to reconcile her theory with these facts. She spoke of it to an older woman who came in later.

"My dear, you're right and you're wrong," she answered, when Mary asked if their place depended entirely upon the chance of John's business affiliations. "What I mean is this: If John had come here to be associated with these same men, but their wives hadn't really liked you, you wouldn't ever have been taken into their inner circle of friendship. They would have entertained you a little, no doubt, out of courtesy, but that would have been the end of it. You mustn't forget that in Detroit almost all the girls in any one set have grown up together. That means an inevitable exclusiveness and of course a critical attitude toward all newcomers. They don't feel the need of outsiders. In fact, the days are so short and so crowded that it's hard enough to keep up with their old friends.

"You must also bear in mind that this amazing growth which the town boasts about—it's tripled its population in the last fifteen years!—has a definite effect upon our society. We know, when we think about it, that among all those hordes of new people there must be any number who would be well worth knowing. But the mere quantity of them appalls us. I'm speaking of the women now. So we have developed a subconscious resistance to them. Our husbands don't know it - I'm not sure most of us realize it ourselves—but our attitude is the exact opposite of that which people have who live in a stabilized community where the attractive newcomer is a rare occurrence."

"I'm more than ever pleased then that everyone's been so nice to me," Mary said, as she busied herself with the tea tray which had been brought in. "But it discourages me in my idea of trying to do anything for this friend of mine."

Hard-Working Rich Men

"I'd give up that idea right away if I were you," her guest advised. "I've lived here forever, but I wouldn't try to launch anyone if I could help it. And for a comparative stranger, it would be a waste of time. The most you could do would be to ask her to luncheon with some of the girls you like best; then if they happened to take a great fancy to her they might take her up. But don't forget what I told you about our immunity from new people. I suppose we miss some awfully nice ones that way, but on the other hand, we'd be swamped if we began taking them all in."

The results upon society of the phenomenal economic life of Detroit are sometimes amusing and sometimes delightful, but they cannot be ignored, just as one cannot separate the economic and social elements in Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. There is, however, one important distinction between the Michigan metropolis and these others which makes it even more necessary for the outsider to understand the connection between the ways in which money is earned and the ways in which it is spent. In Detroit today the money is being made and spent simultaneously. In New York and Chicago many of the people who make up society are able to do so because their fathers or grandfathers spun the cocoon out of which the so-called butterfly was later to emerge. The same thing is true of Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston, if one prefixes an aristocratic-sounding "great" or two to the grandfather.

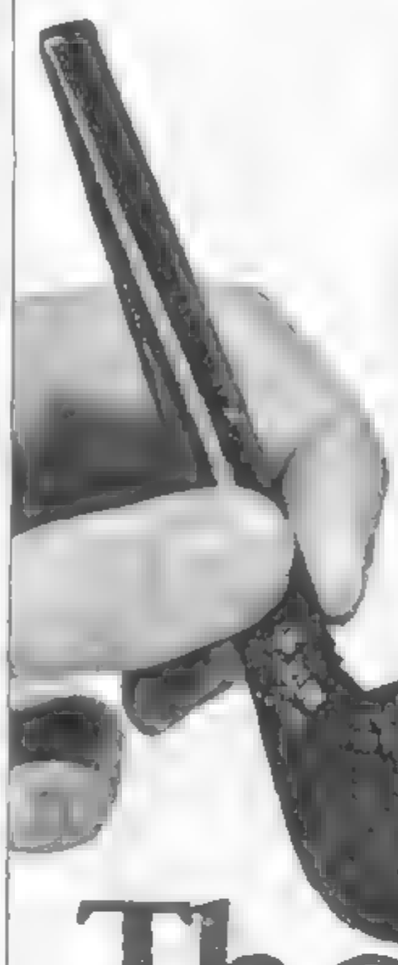
Now, Detroit has its quota of people who have known wealth for several generations. Some of them have had more than a bowing acquaintance with Wealth's adopted daughter, that proud girl, Culture. But the fact remains that at the moment even the richest of these young men work, and work hard. Among them are men whose annual incomes run up into figures as dizzying as a laboratory record of the red corpuscles in a healthy man's blood. Yet every morning they arrive at their offices at an early hour—one millionaire reaches his at eight—and there they stay until half-past five or six. Occasionally they find it necessary to work all day Saturday.

A man who has traveled extensively throughout our country declared the other day that Detroit was the only city he knew where he had never heard a young man say, "I'm just working so I can get enough money ahead to take care of my family, and then I'm going to retire and have a good time." He added, "In fact in this place they think they're having a good time when they are working."

The most interesting result of this activity in business is that the city's social life is run by men. Not older men, as in the case of Philadelphia; Detroit is run by young men. Young men are everywhere. The newest bank has in it no officer who is more than forty, with the exception of its president, whose advanced age of forty-one is

At last!

a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*



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YOU often hear one man say to another, "I want my boy to have the kind of training that I had!"

A father invariably thinks of his son in these terms when rifle practice is mentioned. He appreciates the usefulness of his son's rifle as an instrument of boy-training and character development—as the best possible connecting link for making man and boy real comrades.

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RIGHT now, with autumn well under way, with so many new things you'd like to buy—couldn't you use an extra $25.00 or $50.00? You can readily earn this much and more acting as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. No experience or capital necessary. Your cash earnings can begin as soon as our spare time offer reaches you. And here are some of the advantages you will enjoy:

① Profit from the start.
② Work wherever and whenever you please.
③ Renewals pay as generously as new.
④ Bonus paid to real workers.
⑤ No business experience needed.
⑥ Make money as you make friends.

overlooked in view of his outstanding ability. An astounding number of industries have as their chief executives men in the twenties and thirties.

Among the many slogans which the city advertisers use there are three which impress themselves upon the stranger: Detroit the Beautiful, Detroit the Dynamic, and Detroit, the City Where Life is Worth Living.

Detroit the Dynamic! Certainly there is a vast force here. There is growth of all kinds—people, wealth, power. The printed pages which prove all this and cite case after case in which Detroit leads the world, should stagger the reader. Yet one has no feeling that there is anything chaotic or unrestrained in all this. On the contrary, the changes, rapid as they may be, seem to be provided for before they occur. Even the most sensational events seem to be controlled.

The most impressive thing about it all is not its tremendous wealth—Detroit, the Billion Dollar City—nor its million and a half inhabitants who numbered less than a million in 1920. It is not its new office building, which one is told is "the largest of its kind in the world," nor its hotel—"the tallest hotel in the world." The impressive thing is that behind all this boasting there is the invincible power of youth. Youth with imagination, but also with shrewd judgment. Youth that has the childlike desire to talk in big figures, but which has in addition that priceless attribute of children and geniuses, simplicity.

"Maybe dynamic is a good word for it," one concedes at last.

And no one who has ever thought seriously about the fabric of society which our various cities weave can doubt that this predominating quality would cause Detroit's pattern of life to contain some original designs.

There is, for instance, that most important factor of homes. In Detroit the men insist upon them. Let the inquiring newcomer ask a typical young man prominent in business and social life whether he and his friends follow the growing custom of Chicagoans and New Yorkers to live in apartment houses or hotels during the winter.

"We certainly do not!" he will answer.

"But I thought that Jefferson Avenue, which used to be such a fashionable street, was losing all its private residences and was being given over to business and rooming houses."

Spontaneous Pleasure

"That's true enough," he will answer, "but, although it upset some of the older people, my crowd didn't mind very much. You see we're not limited up here the way they are in most cities. We just all moved out to Grosse Pointe and built out there. It's half an hour by motor from my house to my office. You can't do that in Chicago or New York, can you?"

If you press him, he may tell you that he disapproves thoroughly of the way some of his business associates in other places live. "I know men in New York who have twice as much money as I have who actually stay in a hotel eight months of the year. And now they're beginning to do it in Chicago too. Of course their suburbs are so far away compared to the community where most of us live. It takes twice as long to get to Lake Forest, for instance, or to Long Island, as it does to Grosse Pointe. Just the same, I'd live in a house of my own if it took me two hours to get to it."

They have an excellent reason for this point of view. These men who are so keenly interested in business declare that they want to go home—really home—after office hours, so that they can forget about business.

"Thirty minutes by motor into town every morning. Thirty minutes out every night. Just enough to keep the two divisions of my life separate," said one of the prominent bankers, a man in the middle thirties.

It is significant, too, that although for seven years there were ultra-exclusive assemblies, with a list of only two hundred and fifty members, they were so much in disfavor among the younger set that they were given up during the war and never were attempted again. The Bachelors and Benedicts dances were discontinued a few years ago also. Now most of the formal entertaining centers around the debutantes. Nor will the average young man go to dinner parties every night. He sees his friends frequently, but he prefers to do so with a minimum of formality.

"We drop in on our neighbors sometimes in the evening," one of the young Grosse Pointe set said. "I believe this custom has gone out in most places, but we enjoy it. And in the summer we are apt to go to someone's swimming pool late in the afternoon, perhaps have a tennis tournament, swim again and dine together, perhaps, at someone else's house, or at the club, then play bridge or dance. But it's spontaneous pleasure, not forced. The men enjoy it just as much as the women. Where else does that happen?"

Detroit's Interest in Horses

Philadelphians feel this way too. They have country homes. They resent living in city flats when they can afford, as one of them said, "to live like gentlemen and not like glorified tenement dwellers." They also want to mark well the dividing line between work and play. It is in the cities where women dominate social life that private households, with their fine flavor of personal hospitality, have been superseded by restaurant or club life.

In Detroit as in the Quaker City there are few smart restaurants. This is true of Chicago, but there it is due to the concentrated interest in clubs. In the cities where the masculine ideas prevail over the feminine even the standard of food is higher. Frog legs fried in butter are one of Detroit's specialties. Philadelphia is used as a prefix on all self-respecting menus throughout the country. Houses and gardens are more beautiful. There is greater informality in entertaining, and more relaxation. Recreation is more nearly restored to its true meaning. Parties are parties, not merely occasions when you go reluctantly to someone else's apartment in evening clothes and rush through a mediocre dinner in order to rush off to a play you've seen half a dozen times before.

And in both these man-ruled communities there is an intense interest in horses. The Detroit enthusiast will convince you that the Pennsylvanian's fondness for riding and hunting is only a mild hobby, however, compared to his zest. In this thriving city of Michigan they have hunt clubs, riding clubs, polo clubs, country clubs where they ride and play polo, and more hunt clubs.

A goodly number of congenial hunting enthusiasts among the young married set are building country places out at Bloomfield Hills, a district north of Woodward Avenue around which many magnificent houses have been built. Many of the Bloomfield Hills crowd live at Grosse Pointe in the winter, but from the standpoint of riding, the land there has become too valuable and too built-up.

Water life has an especial interest for all classes of people in Detroit, as the city is built along nine miles of river front and at one end there is beautiful Lake St. Clair and at the other, Erie. The opportunity for boating and bathing more or less at one's back door is undoubtedly one of the reasons fewer people leave Detroit in the summer than is the case in most cities. There has been a revival of interest in all manner of water sports in the last few years. Yachting parties are one of the most delightful forms of entertainment the summer offers. There are splendid yacht clubs and boating clubs and for the majority of the population, who take their recreation in public, there is Belle Isle, a

(Continued on Page 188)

The whole family trusts this honest minute hand!

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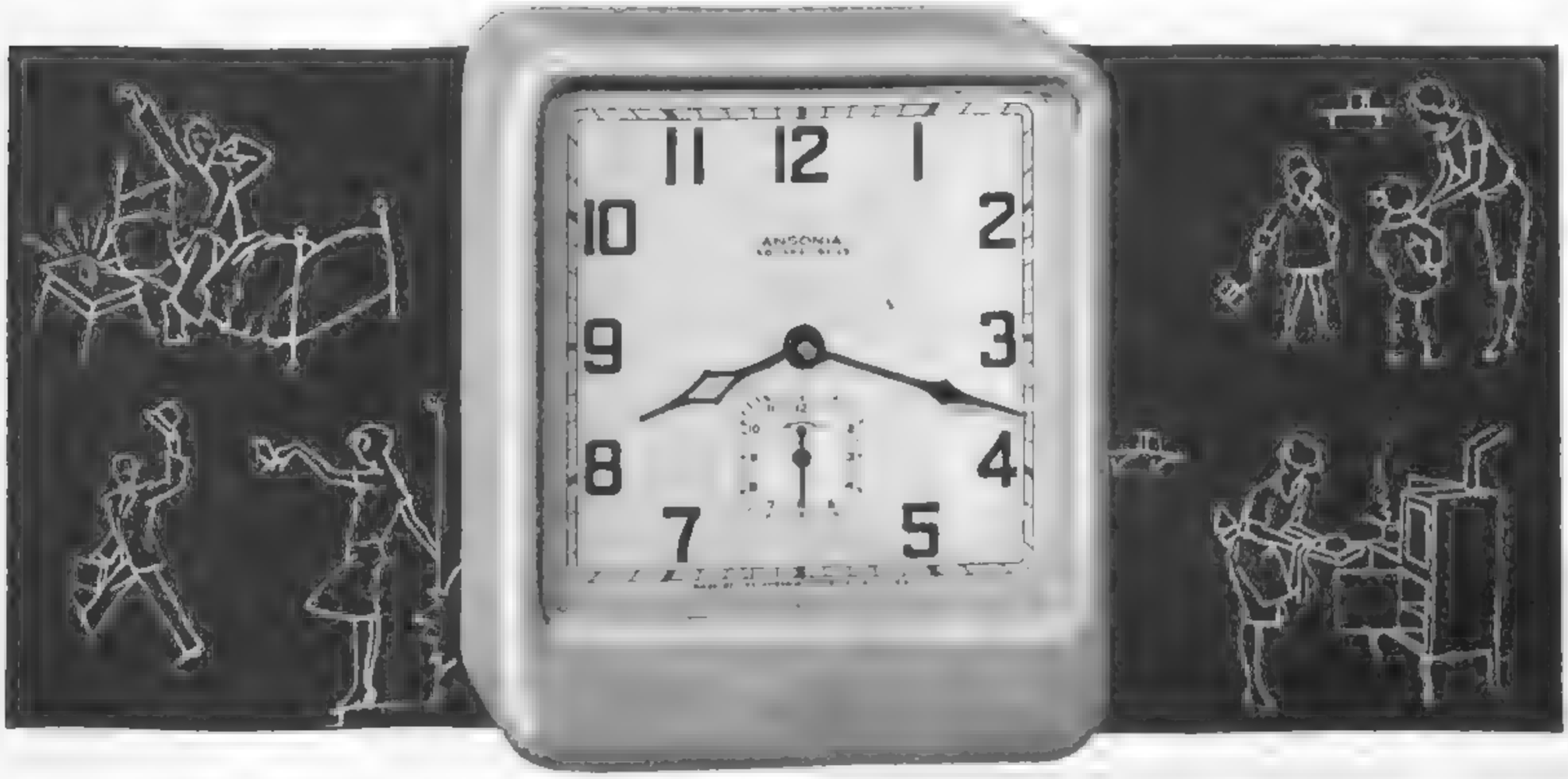

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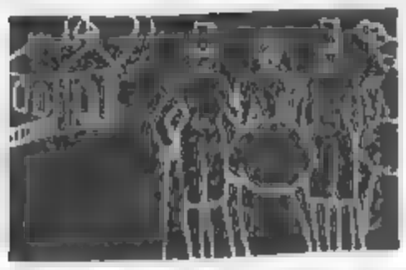

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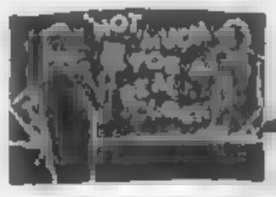

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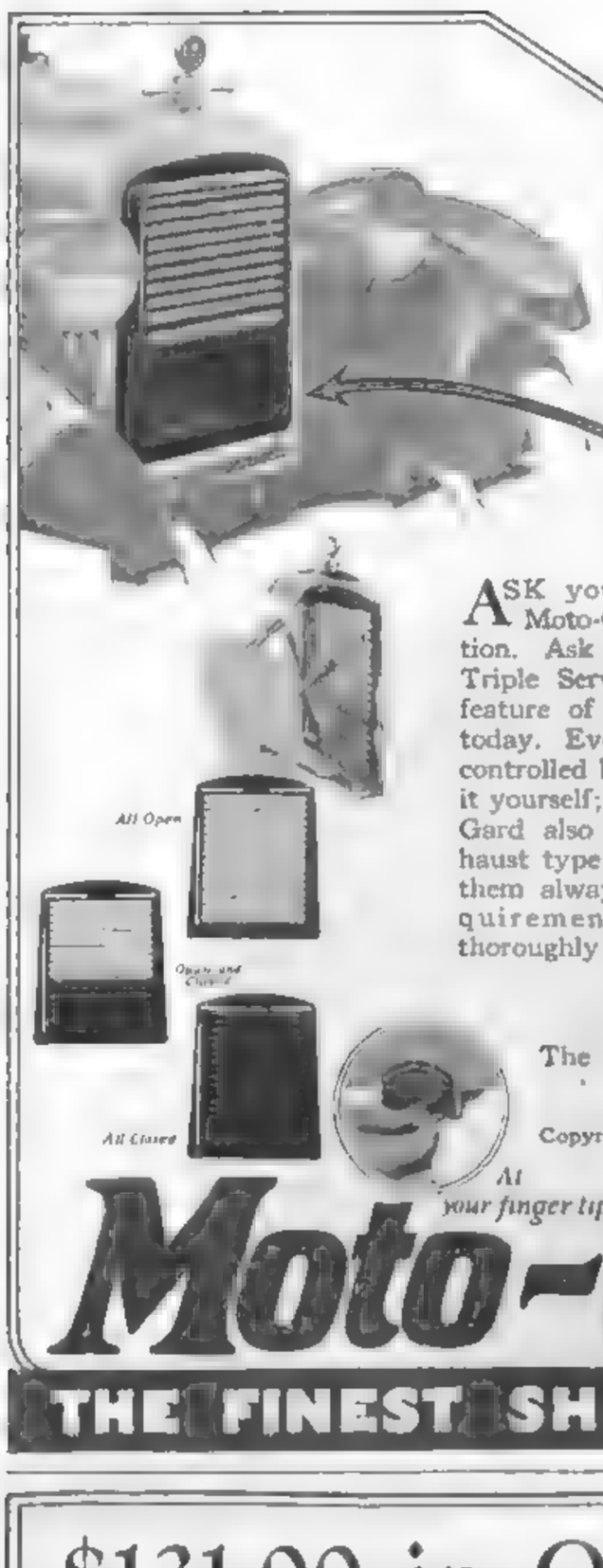

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LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

(Continued from Page 186)

beautiful municipal park with bathhouses and canoes, and the symphony orchestra playing every night for six weeks for good measure.

There are many excellent golf clubs and a new aviation club. But with all of these clubs—and the list is long—there is none which is a social factor, to which women alone belong. The young men have their Detroit Club, Racquet Club, University Club and the very small Yondetega Club, which Colonel Roosevelt declared the best club in America, but the wives of these young men have only the Women's City Club, which is not at all fashionable, and the Junior League, which is a place of hard work.

There is now a movement under way to start the Colony Club of Detroit, which will be patterned after the club of the same name in New York, but it is being organized by someone outside the city. These self-contained, busy, charming-looking young women seem not to be greatly concerned about it.

There is no self-consciously intellectual group which forms a drawing-room intelligentzia. It seems almost too much to attribute this also to the influence of the male. Nor is there great enthusiasm for opera. The explanation given for this is that they hear opera when they go to New York. On the other hand, the symphony orchestra is very successful, and the several theaters flourish.

Compared with other cities, Detroit has less than its share of fashionable proprietresses of expensive little shops where early American furniture and Stiegel glass and needle-point chairs are displayed. Can it be that the answer lies in the question of a modern novelist who, seeing a strange woman across the dinner table, said, "Tell me, is she happily married or is she an interior decorator?"

But if the young women of Detroit break with the tradition of their contemporaries in some of these points, they make up for it in their zeal for philanthropy. In most other cities charity work went out as an absorbing occupation about the time women began declaiming from their husbands' limousines that there was no justice in this man-made world and they must have equality. Detroit does not appear to be old-fashioned in other ways, but young women there who have money and leisure seem to feel very much as their mothers and grandmothers felt about using a certain amount of both for the benefit of those less fortunate.

The Debutantes' Season

The Junior League does excellent charitable work throughout the state. Most of the young women who are members of it also belong to one of two school societies, the Tau Beta or the Sigma Gamma, which exist for the benefit of needy adults as well as children.

"Yes, we do work hard," one of the most active girls admitted when an older woman spoke of her crowded days, "but then we play hard too!"

By coincidence, these were the exact words her husband had used a short time before in describing the men of his city.

A few of the younger society girls have gone into other people's shops to work.

"Don't ask me why!" the delightful woman who made this statement added hastily. "I'm one of those bromidic people who say it's economically wrong for a woman who doesn't need the money to take a job like that away from someone who does. More than that, I think there are any number of things a girl could do that would be lots more interesting. But they talk about self-expression! I wish that phrase had never been invented. As if any educated intelligent girl ever expressed herself selling a pair of stockings over a counter!"

The majority of youngsters are content with the work which the Junior League and the other associations offer, if they need an antidote for the activities of their debutante year. Usually they will have been away from home at an Eastern school for two or three years before this event, so it will seem all the more exciting. Most girls who come out—and there were thirty-eight last year on one official list—do so at two functions. The first of these—at which she is formally introduced—will be either a large luncheon or an afternoon reception given in her parents' home. Later they will give a ball, asking from a thousand to fifteen hundred people, at one of the new big hotels.

The season starts at the end of October, and after it gets under way, goes at full tilt until the middle of January. Every Friday night for next winter has been engaged for months, just as in Boston. The reason is the same, except that in the Western city, instead of Harvard undergraduates, they invite young men at the state university at Ann Arbor, about three hours away by motor, or two by train, if any one of them ever bothered to use that means of transportation.

"And do you just send general invitations to certain fraternities, the way they do to certain clubs in Boston?" a stranger inquired.

"Oh, no, indeed! We must know about each man before we invite him," said a prominent hostess. "We don't do things in such a wholesale way out here."

The Out-of-Town Men

Most of these Ann Arbor boys are what are called out-of-town men. Detroit youths are more apt to go farther away to college. Yale or Williams or Princeton, less often Harvard. At Christmas time the gayety is doubled by their presence at home.

"And, of course, we have new young men coming here to live all the time. Sometimes their fathers are big stockholders in some company and want them to learn the business. Sometimes they get jobs on their own. But if they come properly introduced by people we know, they are invited to all dances."

There is a woman who is a power in Detroit society who has always been a member of that firmly intrenched group known as the Woodward Avenue, or old, set. Some years ago the friends who knew her flair for social matters urged her to turn this talent for giving advice and aid into a profession. Today she employs a number of assistants who do the routine work of writing and addressing invitations and keeping the card catalogue up to the minute, but it is her personality upon which her clients really depend.

Other cities have bureaus of this sort. They have become a part of contemporary social life in places which are so large that it is difficult for the individual hostess to keep in touch with the changes and adjustments which constantly occur. If a large party is to be given for a debutante daughter or a reception for a distinguished foreigner, the average household becomes frantic in its efforts to remember whom to put on their lists. A clearing house where this can be done is a great convenience.

For the newcomer an institution of this sort is of especial value. She arrives in a strange city, meets a bewildering variety of old residents, cannot sort them out in her own mind, and when she desires to repay their hospitality she is overwhelmed. In the days before she could get professional advice on the subject of that haunting problem of whom to ask with whom and how to do it, she had nothing to do but to blunder or to consult some of her new acquaintances. Sometimes they were helpful, sometimes they were inept. Sometimes they paid off their own personal grudges or indebtednesses by means of her hospitality.

Now that it has been put on a professional basis, all she needs to do is to consult an expert to whom she pays a fee, and the expert will see to it that she does not invite uncongenial people to the same small party, or commit any other *faux pas* which would

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This principle holds as true in Detroit as in all other cities. An example can be found easily in the diverse social careers of two women who possess fortunes of the same magnitude. Neither of them was born into even the one-star group of Detroit society. But today one of them is triple starred, whereas the other has finally had to give up all attempts at social eminence. According to those in whose hands the fate of the two women rested, it was all a matter of personality. The successful one made herself liked, she entertained charmingly, she developed authentic social gifts. The other, with equal wealth and an equally huge house, was never popular. It became so evident at last that she definitely withdrew from the arena.

"So you see," they moralize, "money really doesn't count with us."

A City Not Quite Finished

But the stranger who is too polite to say "But you'd never have heard of the first woman—whom you say you now like so much—if it hadn't been for her money," concludes silently that perhaps this disbelief in the social power of mere money is a healthy sign.

People in old aristocratic communities rarely say it. They know too well how untrue it has always been. But in Detroit they can say almost anything, they are so prosperous and so self-confident. They have the faith those Boston merchants had almost a century ago when they declared they would, by the judicious expenditure of their new wealth, "make Boston the city of God."

Detroit the Beautiful, Detroit the Dynamic, is certainly taking long, breathless steps to live up to its description. It has a new public library, designed by Cass Gilbert, which is one of the loveliest white marble buildings one can find anywhere in America. Across from it is the new Institute of Art, which is not quite finished. A great many things in Detroit seem to be in this process.

One of the old residents pointed this out. "Our city is like a boy who's suddenly shot up in a year or two and become terribly tall. But now he's got to find the right kind of nourishment and begin to fill out if he wants to be a man."

This nourishment seems to consist in good part of reaching out all over the country for the ablest young men they can find who will come in and contribute not only brains but enthusiasm.

"And what a Mecca that makes it for the visiting girl," said one of his partners, suddenly becoming frivolous. He looked at the out-of-town debutante seated next him. "You know at balls here the stag line is four or five deep. There are four hundred bachelors on the official list."

"Oh," she said quickly, pointing up at the slogan in red letters that hung on the lobby wall, "now I know why you call it Detroit the City Where Life is Worth Living"!

cause an awkward entrance into the new community where she wishes to be well thought of.

"And don't forget the social climber," warned a woman who has watched with amused detachment three generations of Detroit society. "It is true that bureaus of this kind are useful to all of us when we want to give a big party, and I admit that to the stranger coming to Detroit they can be very helpful. By and large isn't it the outsider who has made necessary, and profitable, this careful cataloguing of people?"

She laughed. "I suspect that most of us are treated the way Baedeker treats churches. We get one, two or three stars in the little private book where our names are down. Then when someone who is on the three-star list herself wants to give a top-notch party, the invitations are sent out to all the three-star people."

"And how many could there be?"

"Well, let's see. Last year one of the very nicest parties was an evening affair given by a very prominent woman of the old conservative crowd. The symphony orchestra played in the garden and altogether it was delightful. I should say only the three-star list was asked. I happen to know that there were between four and five hundred of them."

In every city certain protestations are made. "Money doesn't count with us," is a favorite. They say that as vehemently in Detroit as in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. It is a delightful sentiment, of course, but its proper place is on a paper valentine. There has never been a time in the history of the world when money in sufficient quantity to mean power did not count. To be sure, in most communities there are small groups of ultra-conservatives who refuse to accept newcomers into their circle no matter how rich they may be.

Using Her Money Wisely

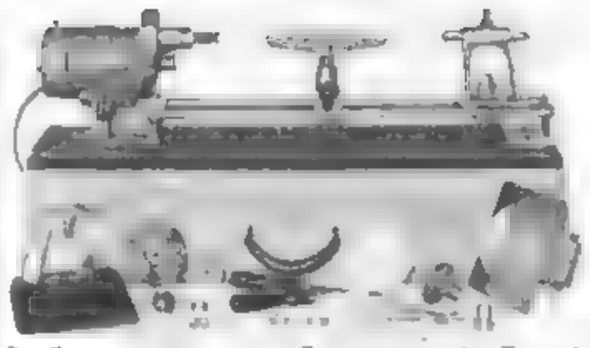
"But who wants to go to the parties those old fogies give, anyway?" asked an American girl who was told that her money would not help her in gaining entrance to certain old-fashioned households in a capital of Europe. "I can go wherever I want to go and I'll wager that I can get anyone at my parties that I want."

She was more than justified in this belief in a short space of time. Not only did she entertain royalty and diplomats and the most delightful of the younger residents in the foreign city where she had decided to live but before long she found people clamoring to bring their friends to her parties.

This was not primarily because she had money, but was because she knew how to spend it for the enjoyment of others.

"Of course the mere fact that you are known to have fifty million dollars in securities isn't going to make you popular," one of her friends explained. "It's what you do with your income that counts."

A Scene in the Black Hills of Wyoming



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A WOMAN IN LAW

(Continued from Page 17)

age—a letter written by her mother. Hardly able to believe her eyes, she saw that it was dated thirty-odd years before to the then President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison. Curious and not a little thrilled, Mrs. Willebrandt laid aside the other papers and read the following grief-laden plea:

LUCERNE, MO.
April 1, 1891.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRES. OF THE U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sir: I am a sister of the C. W. Eaton, one of the sheriff's posse, who was murdered with sheriff and others in No Man's Land, July 25, 1888, and I appeal to you for justice.

It was with sorrow that I read that prominent officials of the state of Kansas have asked you to interpose and prevent a judicial examination as to the guilt of the men charged with this murder.

My brother was the son of a soldier who gave four of the best years of his life to the support of this Government. Sheriff Cross was a soldier of the Union for three years. R. E. Wilcox was the son of one who was a veteran of the Mexican War, and an Indiana volunteer during the rebellion. The sole survivor of this massacre, Herbert Tonney, who positively identified some of the accused, is the son of an Illinois volunteer who died for his country. These men served our country to maintain the supremacy of law and compel an obedience to its demands. Their children have been taught that their fathers were inspired by love of our country, its laws and institutions, to venture their lives, and that their country denied justice to none and protected all its citizens.

The relatives of the sheriff's posse, who were murdered, are poor in this world's goods, and have no influential or political friends to plead the cause of their lost ones, to work with gentlemen big in official position for signatures to petitions for executive interposition and clemency. Therefore I appeal to you not to interfere, but rather let the laws of our country be enforced through the duly constituted courts, the source of all human justice, in the preservation of which the poor depend as their only hope.

May I ask you to consider that it was nearly two years after the commission of this crime before the parties charged were tried and found guilty by an impartial and unbiased jury of strangers to all parties. The U. S. Supreme Court granted these men a new trial, only because of the admission of improper evidence; viz, a report of a state official made to the then governor of Kansas. That the man who made this report was induced to defend the very men whom in that report he had charged with the commission of this crime is a significant fact that wealth and influence were thus endeavoring to prevent an investigation. Also that the petition presented to you by State Senator Kelley, signed by the now state senators and state officials of Kansas, was signed three years after the occurrence by gentlemen who live hundreds of miles from the scene of the crime, who are not and cannot be cognizant of the facts only from the representations of Senator Kelley, who himself testified on the trial that he was an associate of these men in the founding of the town of Hugoton and therefore bound to them in the ties of friendship and interest. And I beg of you to consider that by this petition you are virtually asked to accept as true the belief of gentlemen based upon statements of the friends of the accused, to act upon this belief, and by so acting to substitute an *ex-parte* belief and statements in behalf of these men, instead of a course pointed out by law for the due administration of justice.

I understand that considerations of public economy have been urged upon you. I can but say that I believe the United States of America cannot afford to deny justice and protection to the meanest of her citizens, nor to refuse its aid to bring to the bar of justice any who may have wronged the least of these who justly claim its aid to avenge their wrongs.

Believing that you will not "speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment," but that you will "defend the poor and fatherless, doing justice to the afflicted and needy," I remain, Yours respectfully,

MRS. MYRTLE E. WALKER,
née EATON.

A Nomadic Childhood

This letter identified the case she was studying with a crime which had been committed nearly a year before her birth and revealed anew a phase of her parents' attitude toward her. She remembered when she was but a young girl her mother had told her a tale of how she had prayed that her unborn child might in some way help to further justice in the world; then when she knew the bundle in her arms was a girl, she prayed even more fervently that through this wee human being some realization of justice might some day be performed. At the time, this story seemed deep and mysterious to Mabel—hard to understand. She knew dimly that political influence had triumphed over her mother's plea, and the "new trial" ordered by the Supreme Court had never taken place. Now, on this hot afternoon, it suddenly came to her that the prayers of her mother were being answered, and she might in many other cases become an instrument of justice, although to what extent neither of them could yet know.

Mrs. Willebrandt came into the world under the rude roof of a one-room shanty, half sod and half dugout, near Woodsdale, on the Kansas prairie, near what was then generally known as the Texas Panhandle. But she was cradled there in the cool shadows of the soapweed blossoms only the first three months of her life. Her father, David William Walker, began a series of wanderings which was to last, with occasional breaks, over the next thirteen years.

Mrs. Willebrandt's parents, David and Myrtle Walker, were incurable roamers during that period. Perhaps her father was driven by some rampant germ of wanderlust inherited from his German forefathers, matched only by the frontier-pushing spirit of his wife's English stock. Without doubt he gloried in the peculiarly nomadic existence which took him and his little family—sometimes in a covered wagon, sometimes in an ordinary two-seater—across the good and bad lands of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. They drove from one small settlement to another, always leaving a certain impress on the community wherever they tarried.

An Inveterate Editor

The Walkers were a couple whose observations of life were taken from entirely different angles. These they bridged together by complete sympathy, natural understanding and education. For instance, there was no situation in which Mrs. Walker could not discover some good, an element of romance or a hidden ideal. On the other hand, her husband was as a rule practical in his ideas. His judgments proved more sure, perhaps, because the very quality of his thought was slower. Their little daughter knew only the atmosphere of mental harmony and contentment, and it was soon obvious that she inherited many of her father's best attributes. She resembled him as well.

The Walkers, *père* and *mère*, although of pioneer stock, and in a large sense pioneers themselves, had had more than fair education in their earlier years. David Walker went West from Tennessee and his wife came from Northern Missouri, where she was a school-teacher. He, too, had taken examinations which qualified him for teaching and often when funds were low they depended upon their original profession and taught school for a winter term here or a spring term there.

But Mrs. Willebrandt's early memories are permeated with that peculiar, tangy odor of a printer's shop, the wet-harness smell of set-up type. It so happened that David Walker, spare and strong, honest-eyed and level-headed, had one weakness—a hopeless addiction for printer's ink.

With unerring instinct, Mr. Walker journeyed from the local paper of one small town to another. Often he arrived in the very nick of time to relieve some weary editor-publisher of his literary white elephant. Aided then by Mrs. Walker, they settled down for the time being, like three cuckoos happy in a strange nest, managing and editing to their hearts' content. This they would continue to do with more or less success until some secret voice indicated it

(Continued on Page 192)

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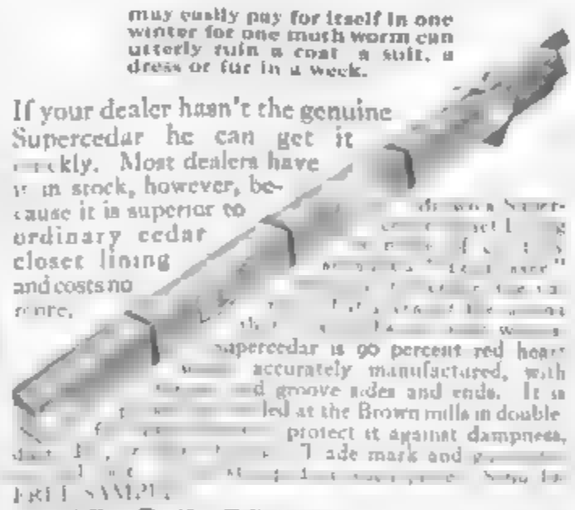

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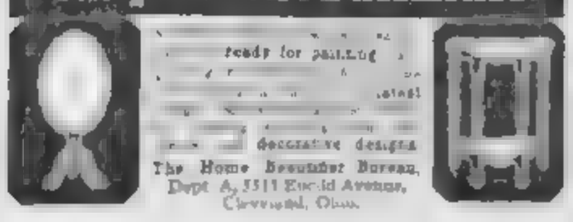

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(Continued from Page 190)

was time to move on—to the next local journal.

Although their instincts were primarily nomadic, the Walkers were extremely happy to settle for a year or longer in some small community. There, in a more or less sheltered spot—they had been known to publish a newspaper in a tent—they could write copy, stick type, read proof and exchanges, while their daughter slept peacefully on an improvised crib made of blankets wrapped around a composing stone. Once in Kay County, Oklahoma, a flood swept through the small town of Blackwell, with a special torrent for the Blackwell Record. Mrs. Walker saw the water rising and hurriedly placed Mabel, then about five years old, upon an inverted kitchen table, with cooking utensils, a few books and a small printing press for ballast. They floated about for a time unharmed. A frying pan and a cooking pot were lost in the whirl; but Mabel, with the printing press, remained intact.

Now and again, by way of variety, David and Myrtle Walker lingered in some more rural district, where they farmed and taught school according to their inclination. The superior intellectual leadership of a man who was pioneer, farmer, editor and schoolmaster, all rolled into one, called for more than casual attention from his neighbors. The farmers of the neighborhood sought him out to ask advice regarding their mortgages, their purchases of land or how to vote in the next election. Mabel Walker listened on many an evening to long political arguments, and as she grew older asked questions concerning the meaning of words and phrases or a local political situation.

By some strange chance, Mr. and Mrs. Walker never farmed near a schoolhouse. They always chose some inaccessible spot far from the district school. Either it was too great a distance to go or too lonely a walk for a child. Mabel had been taught to ride well, but David Walker in the rôle of farmer could not spare a horse for her use alone. And so by reason of these various vicissitudes Mabel Walker, on the eve of her thirteenth birthday, had never gone to school.

Of course her mother had taught her to read, and from the time she could spell she was encouraged to read aloud. Against the dull rattle of harness being mended and the intermittent click-click of Mrs. Walker's scissors as she shaped the family wardrobe on the kitchen table, Mabel, in her childish resonant voice, read to them. Most of the classics were consumed in this manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker, throughout the entire period of their wanderings, had always subscribed to the best books and magazines. Articles and stories were read and discussed in detail. How the circulation departments of these publications kept track of their whereabouts is a matter of mystery and for tribute as well.

The Incident of the Butter Plates

Doubtless this close association with her parents during those early years did more for the formation of her character and mind than any systematized course of study. Her father was old-fashioned in only one respect. When occasion demanded he refused to spare the rod to spoil the child. But in her punishment alone was Mabel Walker treated as a mere child; otherwise she was an individual with opinions and questions to be respected and answered.

Yet in spite of their sincere efforts to keep pace with events in the world beyond, the Walkers were simple and naïve. They based their criticisms upon a natural good taste and an elemental appreciation of things they felt to be honest and fine. Of small social graces they knew little. There was the rather pathetic butter-plate incident, which Assistant Attorney General Willebrandt relates today with a smile of amusement.

It happened that they were living on a farm five miles off a bottomless mud road from Powersville, Missouri. A stranger en route from Chicago was to visit them for a few days. They considered her a rather important person and in her honor decided to buy a new set of dishes, which they immediately ordered from a mail-order house. When the dishes arrived, Mabel, with her father and mother, unpacked them. They were much admired until some tiny round plates appeared. They wondered at these for some time, and Mabel suggested hopefully they might be dolls' dishes sent by mistake. But her parents flouted this idea, believing, with all rural dwellers, in the infallible taste of mail-order houses. At last it was decided that they were some newfangled city style in which to set your teacup when you drank tea out of the saucer! The day the guest arrived the Walker clan grew fidgety. At table they waited nervously. The small plates were near the teacups. But the family followed suit when the guest casually helped herself to butter and deposited it on the small plate before her!

It was a part of the Walker credo that a girl should be brought up as independently as a boy, and fitted to earn her own living. In the free life of the country Mabel had to learn self-reliance, but now it was evident that the matter of education could be delayed no longer. This time the move to Kansas City was thoughtfully planned, and for the next six years Mabel Walker went to public school with the idea of later attending college. But an early marriage to a young man who was threatened with tuberculosis changed the entire scheme of her life. It became necessary to take him to a mild climate.

Experimenting in Methods

From Phoenix, Arizona, Mrs. Willebrandt turned westward to California. As she brought her husband back to health she felt for the first time the quick stirring of an initiative, a native executive ability within her. Between the hours of nursing and cooking, she had, by some superhuman effort, found time to attend the normal school at Tempe, not far from Phoenix. She wanted to be independent financially and this seemed the surest way for her to achieve that position. In 1910 she was graduated from normal school. Then it was, for no logical reason whatever, she and her husband decided to move to California.

Her first school was a small one in Buena Park, a suburb of Los Angeles, where she remained a year. Then she was appointed as principal of the Lincoln Park School in South Pasadena

At this time Mrs. Willebrandt believed she had found herself completely, that she had been born to teach the young idea. She had a natural love for children and made friends of them outside of school hours. She called upon their parents and organized a highly successful parent-teacher association. Her enthusiasm was endless and she claimed the confidence of every child she knew. Before she realized it she was the leading personality of the community.

As she grew surer of her ability Mrs. Willebrandt began to experiment in methods of teaching. Though she cherished no extreme ideas, it was obvious to her that many of the school textbooks on her desk were deadly dull. If they seemed so to her, what, she wondered, could they mean to her pupils? Instead of wading with them through long wordy paragraphs, she interpreted each subject in her own way and interpolated new ideas to interest them.

Her favorite study, civics, seemed the most abused of all. The textbooks on this subject then used in the public schools in California seemed to her heavy and sleep-inducing. She believed there could be only one effective way in which to teach this most important topic—in game form, with her pupils organized into groups whose activities should be planned especially to make them realize the true meaning of the science of citizenship. In this way only would the why and wherefore of the law be made a live and human element to them.

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If they could be taught civics as she planned they would realize full well that disastrous results must follow when the law was broken. She began by searching the public library for some work that might sketch or indicate briefly her ideas. But she found only more and more books of equal dullness. In despair, she decided to write the ideal textbook on civics herself. Suddenly the absurdity of her presumption dawned upon her. Why, even she as a teacher did not really know the law! Now that she was in that feverish state of wanting to write without having the proper tools of information at her disposal, she grasped at what first seemed a straw. She decided to study just enough law to enable her to write her textbook. Quite by accident, unconsciously, she took her first step toward the path of a legal profession.

She had been studying in the College of Law at the University of Southern California for two years or so, when Mr. James Pope asked her to join him in his work as assistant public defender. This work of defending indigent and inexperienced women who could not afford to hire counsel was then in its early experimental stages in Los Angeles. There was no salary attached to the work. Mrs. Willebrandt could not afford to stop teaching. Her days were well occupied as it was, and she had already had to sacrifice the principalship of the Lincoln Park School and take grade teaching in the Russian quarter. This was the only way she could fit her time to the schedule of the law classes at the university. But Mr. Pope did not have to urge Mrs. Willebrandt. She had been in this foreign neighborhood of the Utah Street School just long enough to observe scavenger lawyers as they preyed upon the ignorant poor. She was glad to have the opportunity to defend the helpless and destitute, and especially so because they were women.

Mr. Pope arranged for Mrs. Willebrandt to go to the police court each afternoon after school. Naturally she had never before had any direct association with women who had fallen upon such evil days. At first their sullen indifference, their attitude of suspicion baffled her.

"These women," she would tell herself over and over again, "are the same as I. Each has a story. I must make them feel that they want to tell it to me."

Slowly she acquired an approach and understanding which won their confidence. She went out of her way to prove she really meant to help them. She gave up her luncheon period at school in order to rush around Los Angeles in search of witnesses for them. Yet she did not seem to realize that in all this she was a lawyer in the making. As her mind rooted itself in the law she still dreamed of her textbook on civics.

Taking a Fling at the Law

Then she began to attract attention as a cross-examiner in court. Suave, quick, logical, she wasted no words. She displayed a controlled, almost white-heat temperature in her arguments, because she passionately enjoyed to plead. Her rigidly dialectical manner and her natural argumentative ability combined themselves with an impersonal quality that surprised everyone who heard her. She remembered her father's intolerance of other people's intolerance toward those whose advantages had been few. She knew that her quality of Galahadic championship for the oppressed was inherited from him. The newspapers now began to print accounts of her and she soon gained a reputation as an ardent feminist.

Mrs. Willebrandt had not been a public defender very long before one of those moral reforms which break out periodically like measles in all municipalities swept the city. Women were arrested and brought to the police court by the dozen on all sorts of charges. One of the commonest, of course, was prostitution.

Mrs. Willebrandt, unconsciously feeling the growth of her wings each day that she worked, believed—and still believes—that the law must be the most human of all sciences. She looked upon these wholesale arrests one afternoon in consternation. An idea came to her. The next day she questioned with unusual care several of the women whose defense she was preparing. She discovered that, although they must suffer arrest, no attempt was made to apprehend their companions. This official recognition of a double standard, the unfairness of it, angered Mrs. Willebrandt. In court she scathingly argued the impossibility of bringing to justice but one person for an act which constituted a crime only when it implicated two. Her contention was sustained, and the originality of her viewpoint won her recognition among many of the legal profession who hitherto had probably thought of her only as a woman aspiring to the law.

After passing her bar examinations Mrs. Willebrandt decided finally to take what she calls a fling at law. The truth was she had little faith in her ability to make enough money to support herself by it. She cautiously opened an office with two young men who had been fellow students at the university. She was frugal in every outlay, and as an anchor to windward took a position teaching night school.

From Schoolroom to Courtroom

Although most young lawyers are glad to accept small cases at the beginning of their careers cases of all types—it is to the woman attorney that the veriest crumbs of law work always fall. She must be satisfied to take them or else look for her opportunities in cases already considered closed.

Mrs. Willebrandt continued as a public defender, and the charity work she undertook as well, for the Los Angeles Federation of Charities, kept her busy, but gave her no income. In the two thousand and thirty-five public-defender cases she had handled she felt she had seen enough of the sordid side of life and the law. Now she wanted to be able to pick and choose. Her aim was to keep out of the criminal courts; she disliked divorce cases. She had her own ideals concerning the practice of law. If she could not keep them she would return permanently to the more humdrum life of the schoolroom.

Her first real case came unexpectedly a few months after she opened her office. The brother of a former pupil in her school in South Pasadena was in a partnership in the dairy business. Mrs. Willebrandt had voluntarily taught his sister English—they were foreigners—after school hours. He had not forgotten her kindness and now came to her for help. He wanted to get out of his partnership and he also desired an accounting. The amount involved was some eighteen thousand dollars. The case was heard before a referee whose decision was that the partnership should be dissolved and the accounting given, which meant, of course, that Mrs. Willebrandt had been successful. But the defendant in the action was dissatisfied and asked for a new trial. Under the judicial system of California, the motion was to come up before a court dealing exclusively with such matters. Mrs. Willebrandt knew the judge who would preside.

Judge Blank was irascible at times, and posed as a forbidding upholder of the law, but at heart was really quite genial. He lunched every day with various attorneys, his friends, who might or might not be on opposite sides of a case he was about to hear. He liked to talk shop and sometimes discussed the details of a case pending. This day when Mrs. Willebrandt and the other lawyers—there were six now against her—appeared before him, he listened in a bored manner for a minute or two. When Mrs. Willebrandt began to present her side of the case he leaned forward, fairly took the words from her mouth, then went on to discuss details which she knew did not appear in the pleadings.

"Your Honor," she accused in a clear ringing tone, "you have talked with someone from the other side of the case. I am compelled to ask for a change of venue."

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There was a complete silence. The opposing counsel looked uncomfortable. Judge Blank peered down at her from the bench.

"You are right," he admitted generously. "I'll have another judge pass on the motion."

This case attracted much attention in legal circles. But her victory was almost forgotten when her reprimand to Judge Blank was told about. Members of the bar and other judges chuckled; and Judge Blank repeated it, too, as a good story on himself.

Mrs. Willebrandt had worked for more than a year on this first case. Her fee was only six hundred dollars. She had been so grateful all along that her client had brought his case to her that she was actually frightened to send him a larger bill than that!

Now an established bank in Los Angeles began to give cases to her. None of these cases was especially spectacular, but she had a high percentage of victories. Then another large case came along. An elderly woman was seriously injured by a city street car. She sent for Mrs. Willebrandt. The company had quickly offered to settle all arguments for five hundred dollars. Mrs. Willebrandt advised her client to refuse. The case was intricate, because the injury had involved certain inner canals of the plaintiff's ear, which, however, were only affected at intervals.

To be able to place her points clearly before a jury, Mrs. Willebrandt studied medicine in its relation to her case. When, five months later, the case was called, Mrs. Willebrandt argued brilliantly, with medical as well as legal authorities at her tongue's tip. She won a ten-thousand-dollar verdict for her client.

Her practice began to grow rapidly. She drew to her office the type of practice she had faintly hoped for only in the beginning. Yes, she was taking her fling at law, all right—only flying higher than she knew. Damage suits, land-title suits, mortgage foreclosures, questions of guardianship—including property and child—and will contests came her way. She was fast becoming one of the busiest figures in the legal life of Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Bar Association mentioned her and she became a member of one of its important committees. That same year, 1918, she was placed in charge of one of the Legal Advisory Boards and made chairman of her district. She directed the work of thirty to fifty lawyers under her. She was also an active member of the large Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles. As a member of the Republican State Central Committee she went about making speeches for candidates and worked tirelessly for those in whom she believed. It is strange that she, herself, remained immune from all offers to run as a candidate.

A Good School for Self-Discipline

The fact that she was a woman in law seemed to enter her mind at the beginning of her law career as little as it does now. A lawyer first of all, she has always met men on their own ground, entirely unconscious of sex handicaps. There was, though, a certain judge in Los Angeles who made it evident, whenever a woman attorney appeared before him, that he thought little or nothing of her ilk. It was always with a peculiar relish that Mrs. Willebrandt tried cases in his court. The violent expressions—printed and verbal—which he gave out about suffrage and women jurors amused her. This was all right; it was his privilege; but in court it was most disturbing when he rustled papers and scratched his head and hollered at your witnesses in an impatient voice, "Get to the point! Get to the point!" There was no doubt about it, Judge X was very crotchety. Mrs. Willebrandt today considers the court over which he presided one of the best schools for self-discipline she could have attended. Of course it was pretty maddening the way he pried from your client all the things you didn't want to get into the records!

One day Mrs. Willebrandt sat in her office lost in the study of a new case. The telephone rang and a staccato voice irritably shouted her name through space. She immediately recognized the accents of Judge X.

"I just wanted to tell you I think I've been all wrong about you women," he explained in pernickety tones. "You're much better on juries and in court than I thought you would be." A pause followed, during which Mrs. Willebrandt nearly dropped the receiver from surprise and laughter. "You women lawyers have some sort of a society, haven't you?" he asked. Mrs. Willebrandt nodded over the phone. "Well, I will come to your next meeting. Yes, I should like to meet 'em all and tell them what I have just told you."

Given a Character

When Mrs. Willebrandt's name came up for consideration for her present appointment, judges and lawyers of standing all over the state of California voluntarily wrote complimentary letters to the Attorney General in Washington.

The following was received from Mr. James H. Pope, fate's agent in transforming her from a schoolma'am to an Assistant Attorney General:

July 11, 1921.

THE HON. HARRY M. DAUGHERTY,
ATTORNEY GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr. Daugherty: You have under consideration an appointment to a vacancy as an assistant or deputy in your office and I am informed that you are considering the name of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

On my own initiative and without Mrs. Willebrandt's knowledge or suggestion, I am sending you this letter.

Mrs. Willebrandt was in this office for about three years and I feel that I know her thoroughly. I want to say this: She is one of the most unselfish and hard-working attorneys I have ever met and if you make her a member of your staff you will have a live wire who will stay awake nights trying to think up new ways of gaining more credit for the office.

Mrs. Willebrandt's loyalty is of that rare type which spends itself in seeing that the head of the office gets his just dues. If she gets into your office you will discover that your reputation is getting the boost of its life.

Another point I want to mention to you is this: She is not a publicity grabber as we call it on the coast. She doesn't give a hang for publicity, yet gets it all the time.

I understand that it has been represented in Washington that Mrs. Willebrandt is "a lady public defender" and the person who hears it is then permitted to draw his or her own conclusions.

I want to clear that up. Mrs. Willebrandt was assistant police court defender in Los Angeles, but that work was done by her primarily because of her interest in unfortunate women. Her income is derived from a very high class law practice that she has built up. In this practice it is to be expected that women would make up the bulk of her clients, which is true, but she meets and competes with the best legal talent in Los Angeles.

You will discover, if she is appointed, that she is an attorney and not a woman who has ridden on the crest of a wave.

The only criticism which I have of her, and which I ought to state to round out a statement about her, is that in my mind she is a little too willing to go to the bat for other people who don't deserve half so much as she does. . .

In brief, Mrs. Willebrandt is a whole-souled person who has succeeded through tremendous effort from the time she taught school and attended law school at the university here at night up to the present time, when she is considered the foremost woman lawyer in Los Angeles.

We think so highly of Mrs. Willebrandt here that I would be willing to say that if you could take a vote of the judges and attorneys here you would find them 100 per cent for her.

This letter is much longer than I intended and it doesn't just say what I want to say. It doesn't seem quite to do her justice.

(Continued on Page 198)

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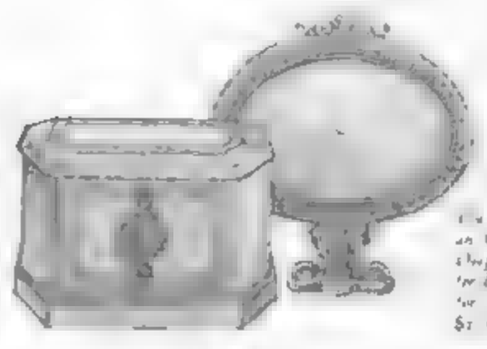

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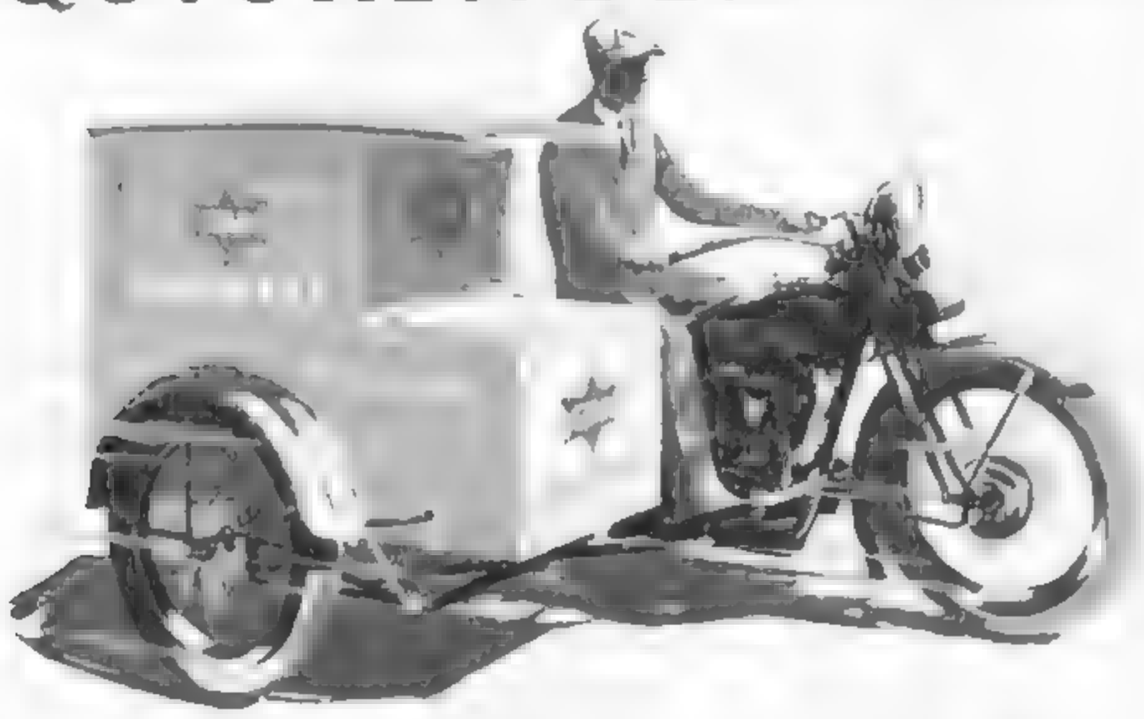

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The Torn-out Sheets that Women Save

Pages from booklets and catalogs that remind them what to buy when the family budget permits

YOUR wife tears them out. Every woman who manages a home and a family tears them out. You'll find them tucked away in the desk-drawer you seldom open.

Sometimes they are simply recipes telling how to use some manufacturer's food products.

Sometimes they are pages giving color suggestions that call for new draperies and furnishings. Often they are printed announcements of appliances that save her time and make housekeeping easier.

But they are all pages that tell about something she wants, something somebody makes, where to buy it, and how to use it when it is bought.

The printed literature that women get from manufacturers and merchants is often as necessary to the managing of the home as letterheads and envelopes are to the conduct of your office.

And if you are tempted to treat such printing as unimportant—well, throw away the booklet your wife wrote for and listen to the storm of protest that settles about your ears.

It's an American habit to learn from the printed word. The text-books of school days are supplanted after marriage by the text-books that business men wisely print telling how to use their products in the daily business of living.

If you are attempting to sell goods to Mrs. America, how long is it since you sent her some good printing describing your goods?

When did you last use your printer to start more housewives reading and saving pages telling how your merchandise could be used in their homes?

American women have more money, and more house-money, to spend today than ever before. And they are spending it wisely.

For the products they are buying are products which good printing has introduced and pictured to them and carefully told them how to use.

IT'S an American habit to learn from the printed word.

Have you any new printing—good printing, well illustrated on good paper—that women are likely to tuck away against future purchases?

The better the paper and the better the printing, the more women are likely to treasure it.

Call in a good printer today. Talk to him about your business. His experience and technical skill are invaluable when it comes to arousing interest in desirable merchandise through well-printed booklets, folders, broadsides—through the very printed pieces, in fact, on which American women largely depend to make them the best-informed housekeepers on the face of the globe.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Ways and methods of making printed pieces doubly effective have been under study for years by the S. D. Warren Company. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Some of these books are ready; some will be issued shortly. Copies may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

A Splash of Protection *after the shave*

The after-shave is half the shave

After a close, clean shave—splash on a few exhilarating drops of Aqua Velva.

At the first touch your skin tingles with new life. Razor nicks and cuts—visible and invisible—are gently sterilized and soothed.

And, more important, your skin is not only soothed but kept protected against the irritations of sun and wind, dirt and weather. All day long your face feels fit . . . well-groomed . . . just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. No powder or grease to collect dirt and dust, Aqua Velva leaves nothing to show.

After *87 years of study*, Aqua Velva was made expressly for after-shaving. Little wonder, then, that thousands of men now know that "the after-shave is half the shave."

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U.S.A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

Feel your face brighten up after you splash on—

Williams Aqua Velva

For Use After Shaving

FREE Trial Size Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard.

Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept 49B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1134 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

Continued from Page 194

But I have taken up much more of your time than I ought to have taken, assuming that you are still with me, so I shall simply say, we don't want to lose her, but you will certainly get the present of your life if you take her.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. POPE.

Although Mrs. Willebrandt's headquarters are in Washington, she travels from one part of the country to another as a representative of the Government. Because she has tried many of the prohibition cases in the various eighty-eight Federal Districts, her name is inevitably associated with the enforcement of prohibition. As a matter of fact, prohibition takes but about a third of her attention.

The professional lure which she followed to Washington—the opportunity of practicing before the Supreme Court of the United States—still holds first place in her enthusiasm. In fact, she has argued more cases before that great court than any save three other lawyers in the entire United States.

"It is not particularly gratifying," she says, "to be thought of merely as a Nemesis of bootleggers, a chaser of criminals."

Her attitude on the question of prohibition enforcement is quite simple. "The law," she explains, "must be upheld to retain the prestige and dignity of our nation. Whether you approve or disapprove has nothing to do with the case. You can, by proper steps, work for a law's change, but there must be no laxity or evasiveness in its enforcement. I am a lawyer, and it is my obligation to obey, and as an official to enforce the statutes.

"My real love is taxation work. It calls for more than mere cleverness. Taxation is the very lifeblood of the Government. Taxation cases are always technical, complicated and complex. They require detached and abstract thought, an intellectual exercise of which women were once thought incapable. When I win a taxation case I am not only sending more money into the United States Treasury but I am adding more money—eventually—to the pocketbook of every Tom, Dick and Harry throughout the United States."

There is a larger field today for women in the law, Mrs. Willebrandt believes, than ever before, because she feels we are at a psychological period when everywhere, not only in the profession of law but in all other civic fields, it is necessary to uphold ideals.

"Sex can no longer be a barrier," said Mrs. Willebrandt. "But temperament can be, and often is. And don't forget that there are weak sisters among the men of the profession, just as there are among women."

Untouched by radicalism, human enough to be alternately discouraged, tired and enthusiastic, Mrs. Willebrandt does her work without the belief that she has a divine commission as a reformer; she has too much sense of humor ever to consider it the most important work in the world. But the law is there, waiting—nay, begging to be enforced. It doubtless discovered six years ago that it could choose no better doorstep on which to wait than that of Assistant Attorney General Willebrandt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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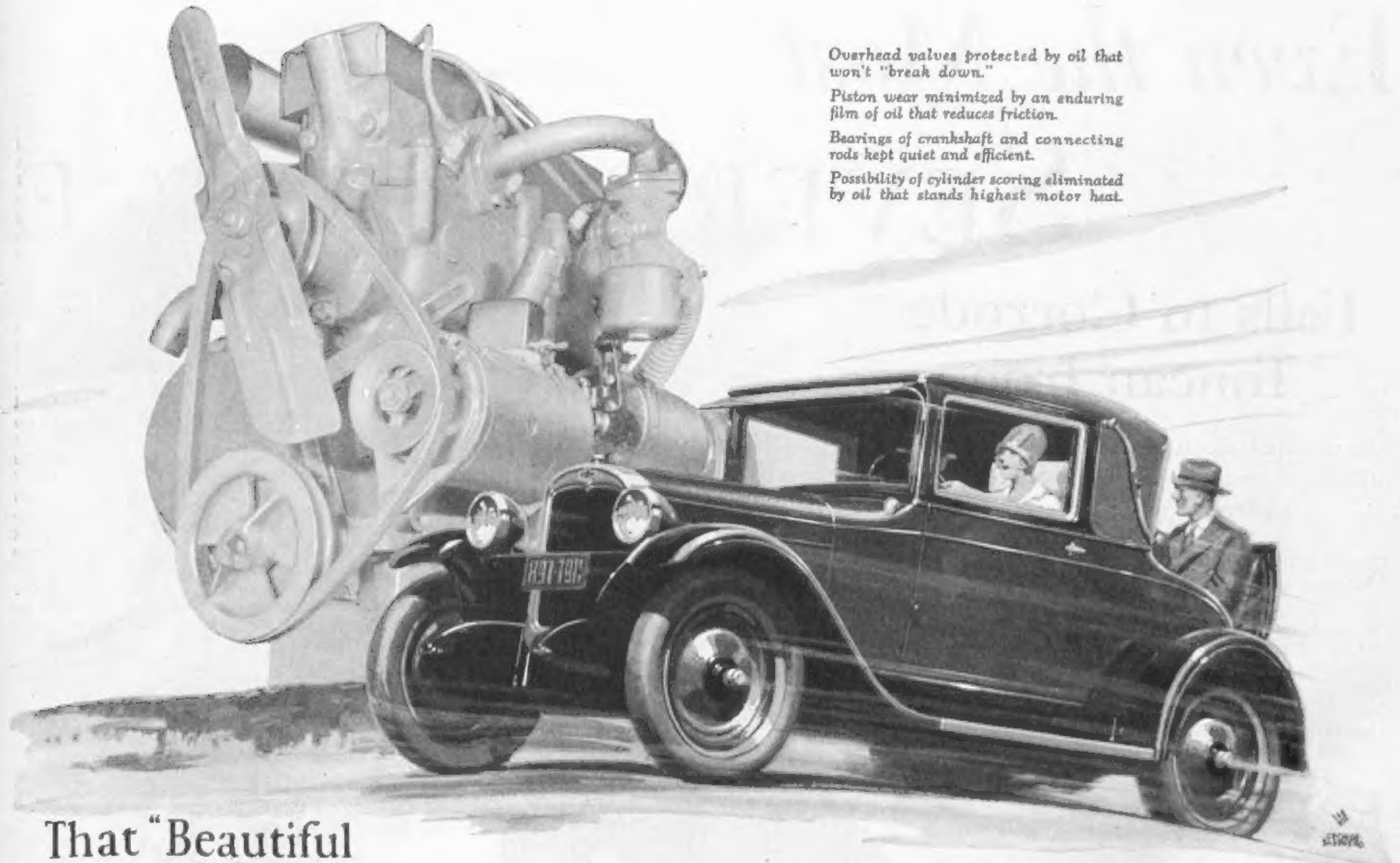
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Overhead valves protected by oil that won't "break down."

Piston wear minimized by an enduring film of oil that reduces friction.

Bearings of crankshaft and connecting rods kept quiet and efficient.

Possibility of cylinder scoring eliminated by oil that stands highest motor heat.

That "Beautiful Chevrolet"–

Keep Its Motor New

IT doesn't pay the owner of a good car to skimp on oil. Ordinary oil is far more costly in the end. Within the last few years this truth has dawned on millions of motorists who once thought all oils were alike.

That's why the demand for Pennzoil has grown so great—why this superb motor oil has won so many firm, fast friends.

There can be no better oil than Pennzoil. It is *100% supreme Pennsylvania quality*—produced by the exacting Pennzoil process—refined in the largest and most modern refinery in the world operating exclusively on 100% pure Pennsylvania oil.

Pennzoil wards off destructive friction. It cuts down wear and tear on your motor. It stands engine heat that quickly breaks down ordinary oils and makes them unsafe for use.

Give your motor the best oil you can buy. Stop at the Pennzoil sign. The dealer there is sincere in his service—conscientiously building business on the finest oil made for your motor.

Test It Yourself

The condition of the oil as it flows OUT of your motor tells surely whether good oil was put IN. After using ordinary oil for 500 miles, rub a drop or two of it between your fingers. Do the same thing with Pennzoil after using it a full 1000 miles. You can see the difference and feel it.

GUARANTEED 100% Supreme Pennsylvania Quality BY THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

THE PENNZOIL CO. • *Oil City • Buffalo • New York • Los Angeles • San Francisco*
Refinery: *Oil City, Pa.*

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

© 1927, The Pennzoil Co.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Even the Most SEVERE SERVICE Fails to Corrode Toncan Iron

Locomotive boiler tubes made of this super-iron are again put in use after 119,880 miles of service

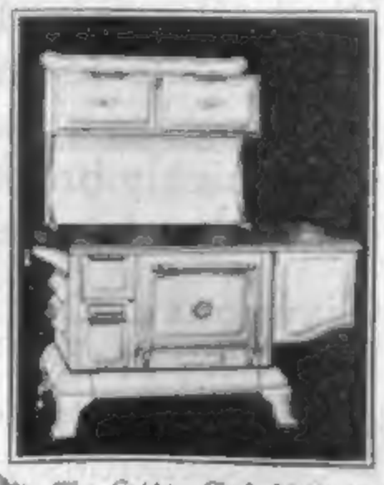
RECENTLY, one of America's prominent railroads whose lines run through bad water districts, removed the Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron tubes from a locomotive boiler to ascertain the extent of pitting and corrosion after 119,880 miles of service. In the same boiler were tubes of another analysis of iron. The Toncan tubes showed no pitting whatever and were put back for another hundred thousand miles of service. The other tubes were so badly pitted and corroded they had to be scrapped.

Those acquainted with the violent corrosive action of bad water when converted into steam need no further proof of the superior rust-resisting qualities of Toncan Iron.

Its unequalled durability is of vital interest to every architect who specifies material for exposed sheet metal work, such as cornices, roofing, siding, ventilating ducts and countless other uses. The sheet metal contractor who recommends it for furnace pipes, spouting and flashing raises himself above the competition of ordinary materials.

For refrigerators, stoves, washing machines and other household appliances subjected to heat, cold or water, the use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is a guarantee of long life. Oven and refrigerator linings resist rust indefinitely when made of this super-iron. And Toncan Enameling Iron, on account of its uniformity and soft, porous surface, improves the quality and lowers production costs of enameled products.

Write for the new Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence."



The Copper Clad Malleable Range Co. of St. Louis is one of many stove makers using Toncan Enameling Iron.

In spite of moist earth surrounding the outside and water laden with sand and grit flowing through, Toncan Corrugated Culverts last for generations.

The violent corrosive action of bad water when converted into steam quickly ruins the tubes of locomotive boilers. Yet, tubes made of Toncan Iron served 119,880 miles without pitting or corroding and were put back in service for another 100,000 miles.

Ventilators are exposed to all kinds of weather. They last much longer when made of Toncan Iron.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

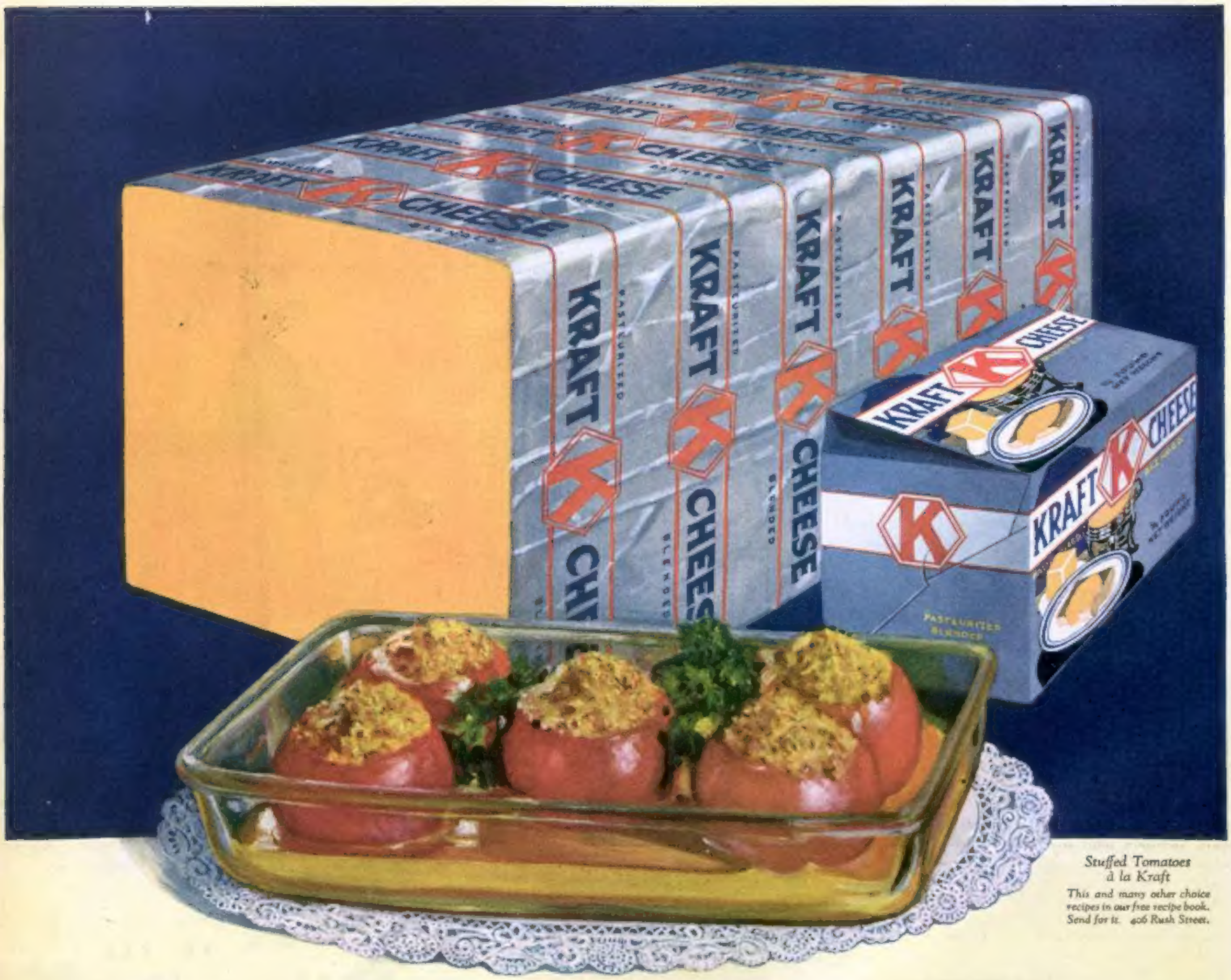
The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron.

ACATHON STEELS

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS


KRAFT
CHEESE
KRAFT
CHEESE
KRAFT
CHEESE

Old Dutch assures

Healthful Cleanliness

the main object of Housecleaning

Old Dutch Cleanser takes the hard work out of house-cleaning, chases dirt from every nook, corner and hard-to-clean place. It safeguards the home with that most important hygienic protection—*Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch does all of this because of its wonderful efficiency and thoroughness. It assures wholesome and hygienic cleanliness because it removes the unhealthful and often dangerous invisible impurities.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. It is distinctive in quality and character. The microscope reveals that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness without scratching. This is another Old Dutch safeguard because scratches are catchalls for dirt and impurities and scratched surfaces are harder to keep clean.

Use Old Dutch for all cleaning throughout the house. It acts like magic on painted walls and woodwork; Old Dutch just wipes off the dirt—you don't need to scrub—and it leaves the surface fresh and clean. Ideal for porcelain and enamel, tile, floors, mantels, windows, stone steps, etc. There is nothing else like Old Dutch Cleanser—keeps everything spick and span.

Chases Dirt—Protects the home

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